THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JUNE 26, 1926

5c. the Copy

Fou lin

Earl Derr Biggers—Austin Parker—Frank Ward O'Malley—Isaac F. Marcosson
Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg—Stephen Leacock—Henry Milner Rideout

A reproduction of this painting A-2 will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Painted by
Maud Tousey Fangel

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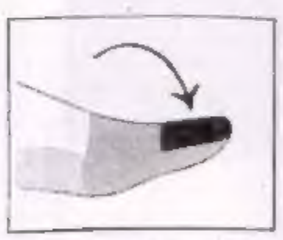

This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

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THE CHINESE PARROT

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ALEXANDER EDEN stepped from the misty street into the great marble-pillared room where the firm of Meek & Eden offered its wares. Immediately behind show cases, gorgeous with precious stones or bright with silver, platinum and gold, forty resplendent clerks stood at attention. Their morning coats were impeccable, lacking the slightest suspicion of a wrinkle, and in the left lapel of each was a pink carnation, as fresh and perfect as though it had grown there.

Eden nodded affably to right and left and went on his way, his heels clicking cheerily on the spotless tile floor. He was a small man, gray-haired and immaculate, with a quick, keen eye and the imperious manner that so well became his position. For the clan of Meek, having duly inherited the earth, had relinquished that inheritance and passed to the great beyond, leaving Alexander Eden the sole owner of one of the best-known jewelry stores west of the Rockies.

Arriving at the rear of the shop, he ascended a brief stairway to the luxurious suite of offices on the mezzanine floor where he spent his days. In the anteroom of the suite he encountered his secretary.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Chase," he said.

The girl answered with a smile. Eden's eye for beauty, developed by long experience in the jewel trade, had not failed him when he picked Miss Chase. She was an ash blonde, with violet eyes; her manners were exquisite; so was her gown. Bob Eden, reluctant heir to the business, had been heard to remark that entering his father's office was like arriving for tea in a very exclusive drawing-room.

Alexander Eden glanced at his watch. "In about ten minutes," he announced, "I expect a caller—an old friend of mine—Madam Jordan, of Honolulu. When she arrives show her in at once."

In About Ten Minutes the Door of Wong Ching's Shop Opened and a Man Came Out. He Stood Looking Cautiously Up and Down the Dim Street

"Yes, Mr. Eden," replied the girl.

He passed on into his own room, where he hung up his hat, coat and stick. On his broad, gleaming desk lay the morning mail; he glanced at it idly, but his mind was elsewhere. In a moment he strolled to one of the windows and stood there gazing at the façade of the building across the way.

The day was not far advanced, and the fog that had blanketed San Francisco the night before still lingered in the streets. Staring into that dull gray mist, Eden saw a picture—a picture that was incongruously all color and light and life.

His thoughts had traveled back down the long corridor of the years, and in that imagined scene outside the window he himself moved, a slim, dark boy of seventeen.

Forty years ago—a night in Honolulu, the gay, happy Honolulu of the monarchy. Behind a bank of ferns in one corner of the great Phillimore living room, Berger's band was playing, and over the polished floor young Aleck Eden and Sally Phillimore danced together. The boy stumbled now and then, for the dance was a newfangled one called the two-step, lately introduced into Hawaii by a young ensign from the Nipsic. But perhaps it was not entirely his unfamiliarity with the two-step that muddled him, for he knew that in his arms he held the darling of the islands.

Some few are favored by fortune out of all reason, and Sally Phillimore was one of these. Above and beyond her beauty, which would have been sufficient in itself, she seemed, in that simple Honolulu society, the heiress of all the ages. The Phillimore fortunes were at their peak, Phillimore ships sailed the seven seas, on thousands of Phillimore acres the sugar cane ripened toward a sweet, golden harvest. Looking down, Aleck Eden saw hanging about the girl's white throat, a symbol of her place and wealth, the famous pearl necklace Marc Phillimore had brought home from London,

"As I Hurried Away, the Man With the Black Glasses Came Up. 'Taxi, Mister?' Said Cauliflower Ear, and Old Glasses Got In"

and for which he had paid a price that made all Honolulu gasp.

Eden, of Meek & Eden, continued to stare into the fog. It was pleasant to relive that night in Hawaii, a night filled with magic and the scent of exotic blossoms; to hear again the giddy laughter, the distant murmur of the surf, the soft croon of island music. Dimly he recalled Sally's blue eyes shining up at him. More vividly—for he was nearly sixty now, and a business man—he saw again the big lustrous pearls that lay on her breast, reflecting the light with a warm g'ow.

Oh, well —— He shrugged his shoulders. All that was forty years ago, and much had happened since. Sally's marriage to Fred Jordan, for example; and then, a few years later, the birth of her only child—of Victor. Eden smiled grimly. How ill advised she had been when she named that foolish, wayward boy.

He went over to his desk and sat down. No doubt it was some escapade of Victor's, he reflected, that was responsible for the scene shortly to be enacted here in this office on Post Street. Yes, of course, that was it. Victor, lurking in the wings, was about to ring down the final curtain on the drama of the Phillimore pearls.

He was deep in his mail when, a few moments later, his secretary opened the door and announced, "Madam Jordan is calling."

Eden rose. Sally Jordan was coming toward him over the Chinese rug. Gay and sprightly as ever—how valiantly she had battled with the years! "Aleck, my dear old friend ——"

He took both her fragile hands in his. "Sally, I'm mighty glad to see you. Here." He drew a big leather chair close to his desk. "The post of honor for you, always."

Smiling, she sat down. Eden went to his accustomed place behind his desk. He took up a paper knife and balanced it; for a man of his poise, he appeared rather ill at ease. "Ah—er—how long have you been in town?"

"Two weeks—I think—yes, two weeks last Monday."

"You're not living up to your promise, Sally. You didn't let me know."

"But I've had such a gay round," she protested. "Victor is always so good to me."

"Ah, yes, Victor—he's well, I hope." Eden looked away, out of the window. "Fog's lifting, isn't it? A fine day, after all."

"Dear old Aleck." She shook her head. "No good beating round the bush. Never did believe in it. Get down to business—that's my motto. It's as I told you the other day over the telephone. I've made up my mind to sell the Phillimore pearls."

He nodded. "And why not? What good are they anyhow?"

"No, no," she objected. "It's perfectly true—they're no good to me. I'm a great believer in what's fitting—and those gorgeous pearls were meant for youth. However, that's not the reason I'm selling. I'd hang onto them if I could. But I can't. I—I'm broke, Aleck." He looked out the window again. "Sounds absurd, doesn't it?" she went on. "All the Phillimore ships, the Phillimore acres—vanished into thin air. The big house on the beach—mortgaged to the hilt. You see, Victor—he's made some unfortunate investments."

"I see," said Eden softly.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking, Aleck. Victor's a bad, bad boy. Foolish and careless and—and worse, perhaps. But he's all I've got since Fred went, and I'm sticking by him."

"Like the good sport you are," he smiled. "No, I wasn't thinking unkindly of Victor, Sally. I—I have a son myself."

"Forgive me," she said. "I should have asked before. How's Bob?"

"Why, he's all right, I guess. He may come in before you leave—if he happens to have had an early breakfast."

"Is he with you in the business?"

Eden shrugged. "Not precisely. Bob's been out of college three years now. One of those years was spent in the South Seas, another in Europe and the third in the card room of his club. However, his career does seem to be worrying him a bit. The last I heard he was thinking of the newspaper game. He has friends on the papers." The jeweler waved his hand about the office. "This sort of thing, Sally, this thing I've given my life to—it's a great bore to Bob."

"Poor Aleck," said Sally Jordan softly. "The new generation is so hard to understand. But it's my own troubles I came to talk about. Broke, as I told you. Those pearls are all I have in the world."

"Well, they're a good deal," Eden told her.

"Enough to help Victor out of the hole he's in. Enough for the few years left me perhaps. Father paid ninety thousand for them. It was a fortune at that time, but today ——"

"Today," Eden repeated. "You don't seem to realize, Sally. Like everything else, pearls have greatly appreciated since the 80's. Today that string is worth three hundred thousand if it's worth a cent."

She gasped. "Why, it can't be! Are you sure? You've never seen the necklace."

"Ah, I was wondering if you'd remember," he chided. "I see you don't. Just before you came in I was thinking back—back to a night forty years ago, when I was visiting my uncle in the islands. Seventeen—that's all I was—but I came to your dance, and you taught me the two-step. The pearls were about your throat." Then he added, "One of the memorable nights of my life."

"And of mine," she nodded. "I remember now. Father had just brought the necklace from London, and it was the first time I'd worn it. Forty years ago—ah, Aleck, let's hurry back to the present. Memories—sometimes they hurt." She was silent for a moment. "Three hundred thousand, you say."

"I don't guarantee I can get that much," he told her. "I said the necklace was worth it. But it isn't always easy to find a buyer who will meet your terms. The man I have in mind as a possible purchaser ——"

"Oh, you've found someone?"

"Well, yes, I have. But he refuses to go above two hundred and twenty thousand. Of course, if you're in a hurry to sell ——"

"I am," she answered. "Who is this Midas?"

"Madden," he said. "P. J. Madden."

"Not the big Wall Street man—the plunger?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"Only through the newspapers. He's famous, of course, but I've never seen him."

Eden frowned. "That's curious," he said. "He appeared to know you. I had heard he was in town, and when you telephoned me the other day I went at once to his hotel. He admitted he was on the lookout for a string as a present for his daughter, but he was pretty cold at first. However, when I mentioned the Phillimore pearls he laughed. 'Sally Phillimore's pearls,' he said. 'I'll take them.' 'Three hundred thousand,' I said. 'Two hundred and twenty and not a penny more,' he answered, and looked at me with those eyes of his. As well try to bargain with this fellow here." He indicated a small bronze Buddha on his desk.

Sally Jordan seemed puzzled. "But Aleck, he couldn't know me. I don't understand. However, he's offering a fortune, and I want it badly. Please hurry and close with him before he leaves town."

Again the door opened at the secretary's touch. "Mr. Madden, of New York," said the girl.

"Yes," said Eden. "We'll see him at once." He turned to his old friend. "I asked him to come here this morning and meet you. Now take my advice and don't be too eager. We may be able to boost him a bit, though I doubt it. He's a hard man, Sally, a hard man. The newspaper stories about him are only too true."

He broke off suddenly, for the hard man he spoke of stood upon his rug. P. J. himself, the great Madden, the hero of a thousand Wall Street battles, six feet and over, and looming like a tower of granite in the gray clothes he always affected. His cold blue eyes swept the room like an arctic blast.

"Ah, Mr. Madden, come in," said Eden, rising. Madden advanced farther into the room, and after him came a tall languid girl in expensive furs, and a lean, precise-looking man in a dark-blue suit.

"Madam Jordan, this is Mr. Madden, of whom we have just been speaking," Eden said.

"Madam Jordan," repeated Madden, bowing slightly. He had dealt so much in steel it had got somehow into his voice. "I've brought along my daughter Evelyn, and my secretary, Martin Thorn."

P. J. Madden

"Charmed, I'm sure," Eden answered. He stood for a moment gazing at this interesting group that had invaded his quiet office—the famous financier, cool, competent, conscious of his power; the slender, haughty girl upon whom, it was reported, Madden lavished all the affection of his later years; the thin, intense secretary, subserviently in the background, but for some reason not so negligible as he might have been. "Won't you all sit down, please?" the jeweler continued. He arranged chairs. Madden drew his close to the desk; the air seemed charged with his presence; he dwarfed them all.

"No need of any preamble," said the millionaire. "We've come to see those pearls."

Eden started. "My dear sir, I'm afraid I gave you the wrong impression. The pearls are not in San Francisco at present."

Madden stared at him. "But when you told me to come here and meet the owner ——"

"I'm so sorry—I meant just that."

Sally Jordan helped him out. "You see, Mr. Madden, I had no intention of selling the necklace when I came here from Honolulu. I was moved to that decision by events after I reached here. But I have sent for it."

The girl spoke. She had thrown back the fur about her neck, and she was beautiful in her way, but cold and hard like her father; and just now, evidently, unutterably bored. "I thought, of course, the pearls were here," she said, "or I should not have come."

"Well, it isn't going to hurt you, is it?" her father snapped. "Mrs. Jordan, you say you've sent for the necklace?"

"Yes. It will leave Honolulu tonight if all goes well. It should be here in six days."

"No good," said Madden. "My daughter's starting tonight for Denver. I go south in the morning, and in a week I expect to join her in Colorado and we'll travel East together. No good, you see."

"I will agree to deliver the necklace anywhere you say," suggested Eden.

"Yes, I guess you will." Madden considered. He turned to Madam Jordan. "This is the identical string of pearls you were wearing at the old Palace Hotel in 1889?"

She looked at him in surprise. "The same string," she answered.

"And even more beautiful than it was then, I'll wager," Eden smiled. "You know, Mr. Madden, there is an old superstition in the jewelry trade that pearls assume the personality of their wearer and become somber or bright, according to the mood of the one they adorn. If that is true this string has grown more lovely through the years."

"Bunk," said Madden rudely. "Oh, excuse me. I don't mean that the lady isn't charming. But I have no sympathy with the silly superstitions of your trade, or of any other trade. Well, I'm a busy man. I'll take the string—at the price I named."

Eden shook his head.

"It's worth at least three hundred thousand, as I told you."

"Not to me. Two hundred and twenty—twenty now to bind it and the balance within thirty days after the delivery of the string. Take it or leave it."

He rose and stared down at the jeweler. Eden was an adept at bargaining, but somehow all his cunning left him as he faced this Gibraltar of a man. He looked helplessly toward his old friend.

"It's all right, Aleck," Madam Jordan said. "I accept."

"Very good," Eden sighed. "But you are getting a great bargain, Mr. Madden."

"I always get a great bargain," replied Madden, "or I don't buy." He took out his check book. "Twenty thousand now, as I agreed."

For the first time the secretary spoke; his voice was thin and cold and disturbingly polite. "You say the pearls will arrive in six days?"

"Six days or thereabouts," Madam Jordan answered.

"Ah, yes." An ingratiating note crept in. "They are coming by ——"

"—— by a private messenger," said Eden sharply. He was taking a belated survey of Martin Thorn. A pale high forehead, pale-green eyes that now and then popped disconcertingly; long, pale, grasping hands. Not the jolliest sort of playmate to have around, he reflected. "A private messenger," he repeated firmly.

"Of course," said Thorn. Madden had written the check and laid it on the jeweler's desk. "I was thinking, chief—just a suggestion," Thorn went on. "If Miss Evelyn is to return and spend the balance of the winter in Pasadena, she will want to wear the necklace there. We'll still be in that neighborhood six days from now, and it seems to me ——"

"Who's buying this necklace?" cut in Madden. "I'm not going to have the thing carried back and forth across the country. It's too risky in these days when every other man is a crook."

"But, father," said the girl, "it's quite true that I'd like to wear it this winter."

She stopped. P. J. Madden's crimson face had gone purple, and he was tossing his great head. It was a quaint habit he had when opposed, the newspapers said.

"The necklace will be delivered to me in New York," he remarked to Eden, ignoring his daughter and Thorn. "I'll be in the south for some time—got a place in Pasadena and a ranch on the desert, four miles from El Dorado. Haven't been down there for quite a while, and unless you look in on these caretakers occasionally they get slack. As soon as I'm back in New York I'll wire you, and you can deliver the necklace at my office. You'll have my check for the balance within thirty days."

"That's perfectly agreeable to me. If you'll wait just a moment I'll have a bill of sale drawn, outlining the terms. Business is business, as you of all men understand."

"Of course," nodded Madden. The jeweler went out.

Evelyn Madden rose. "I'll meet you downstairs, father. I want to look over their stock of jade." She turned to Madam Jordan. "You know, one finds better jade in San Francisco than anywhere else."

"Yes, indeed," smiled the older woman. She rose and took the girl's hands. "Such a lovely throat, my dear—I was saying just before you came, the Phillimore pearls need youth. Well, they're to have it at last. I hope you will wear them through many happy years."

"Why—why, thank you," said the girl, and went.

Madden glanced at his secretary. "Wait for me in the car," he ordered. Alone with Madam Jordan, he inquired grimly: "You never saw me before, did you?"

"I'm so sorry. Have I?"

"No, I suppose not. But I saw you. Oh, we're well along in years now, and it does no harm to speak of these things.

(Continued on Page 56)

"Presently I Saw the Man I Took to be Mr. Chan Come Down the Plank, But I Never Stirred. I Watched Him While He Looked About. Still the Mysterious Gent Behind the Windows Stuck Closer Than a Bill Collector"

LAND OF PLENTY

By Albert W. Atwood

IN THE past few years the actual subdivision, settlement and occupation of land have been more intensively carried on in Florida than anywhere else. But the value of Florida's agricultural products, as compared with those of either California or Texas, is slight, and the development has not been nearly so largely agricultural in Florida as in either of the other states.

From year to year California averages about fourth in the rank of agricultural states, being exceeded by Texas, Iowa and Illinois. But its position is in a sense more important than its total output because of the variety of its crops and its supremacy in so many of them. Due to its size and climatic diversity, it boasts of more different commercial crops, some 180 in all, than any other state in the Union, or perhaps any other part of the world. Extending as it does from the latitude of Savannah, Georgia, to that of Boston, and with its extremes of altitude, California has developed into a sort of agricultural kaleidoscope or melting pot.

It produces a bewildering variety of so-called specialties, such as walnuts, almonds, raisins, dates, figs, oranges, lemons, avocados, olives, artichokes, head lettuce, cantaloupes, apricots, prunes, peaches, grapes, cherries, pears, beans, cauliflower and asparagus, although, of course, a number of these are raised in large commercial quantities in other states.

But the state ranks first in some twenty-five crops, and there are others that may come on—the pomegranate, persimmon, loquat and guava, while in the more distant offing, the South American feijoa, the Chinese jujube, the Mexican sapote and the cherimoya from Ecuador and Peru are at least suggested as eventual possibilities.

Thus the picture is one of peculiar interest, both because of the exotic variety of its pigments and the rapidity with which these have been thrown together. It is a land of agricultural plenty, contrast and diversity. Nowhere is the visitor so struck with the number of tiny pocket-handkerchief farms, and yet nowhere are there more spectacular large holdings in so many different kinds of crops. An insignificant factor in hog production as compared with other states, yet it is said to boast the largest single hog farm in the entire world.

A Crop Cycle

TEXAS and California must settle between themselves which is the most prodigious state. Texas wins on mere acreage, but California has the same quality in its agriculture. One of its counties contains a city of more than 1,000,000 population, and yet at the same time is the leading agricultural county in the nation.

Almost yearly California surges up into first place in the production of some kind of fruit, or perhaps of a vegetable or nut. True, much of this represents a veritable translocation of horticulture from the East to the Pacific Coast. In 1918 the three Pacific Coast states furnished 28 per cent of the fresh fruit and vegetable tonnage in interstate commerce, while in 1923 they furnished 40 per cent. Between 1919 and 1925 there was an increase of nearly 20,000 farms in California.

Although many staple crops are raised, the peculiar and characteristic development is that of the one-variety community product. As you travel from county to county, or even from town to town, you pass successively from one agricultural realm to another. You go from lettuce to melons, to oranges, to lemons, to beans, to raisins, to prunes, to peaches, and so on through the gamut.

"We reach from the Imperial Valley to the perpetual snows," as one loyal son remarks. "We have 180 crops, a complete cycle."

What makes this whole subject of more than statewide or even sectional interest is the fact that so many of these crops are what are known as intensive. A few acres represent values equal to many times their number in general staple farming. In proportion to the acreage, the volume of production is enormous.

There is a correspondingly rapid increase in community wealth and population, which challenges nation-wide attention. But it is a fair question to raise whether there is not at least a partial offset in the strain which intensive agriculture imposes upon marketing facilities, seasonal labor supplies and the available water resources. Agriculture so highly expanded and so intensive must needs summon to the fray the finest of human abilities.

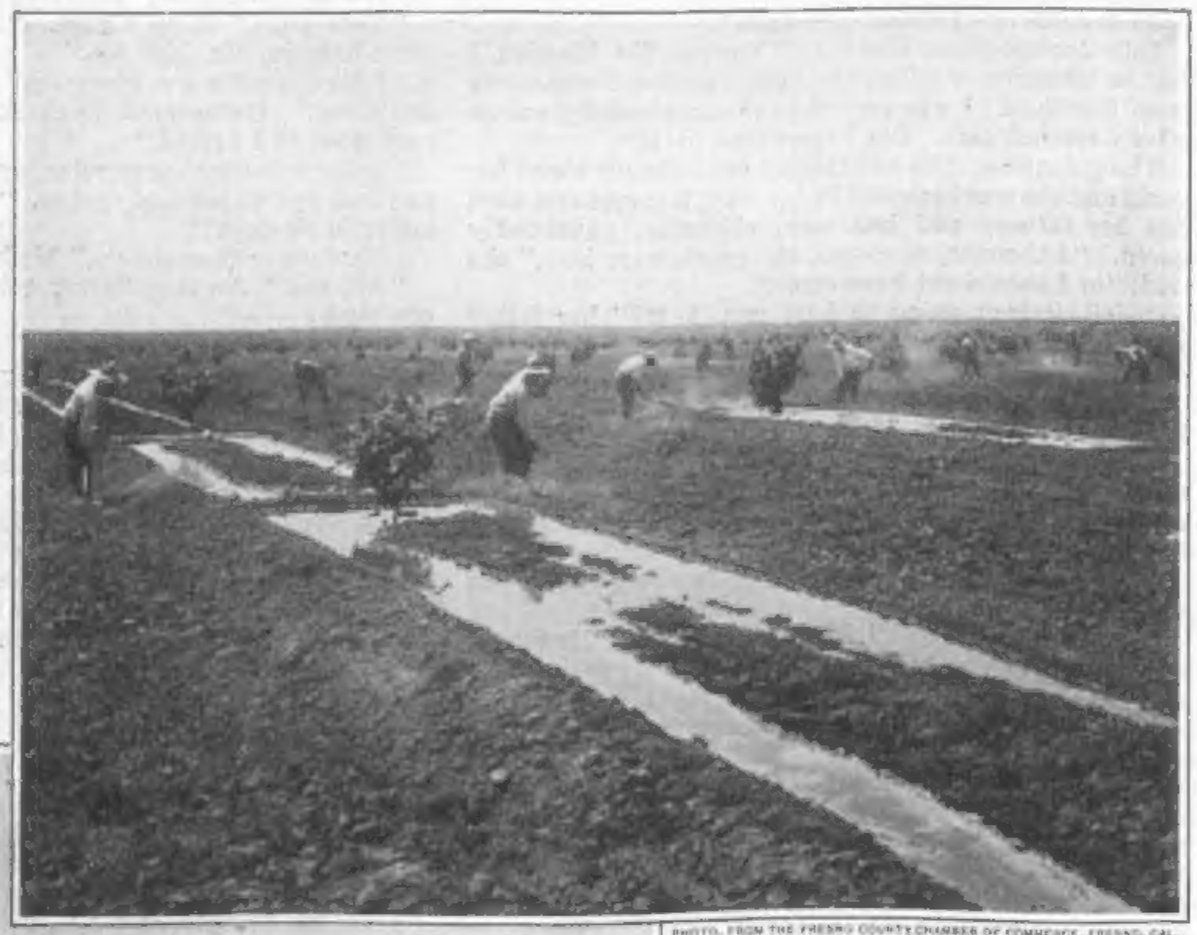
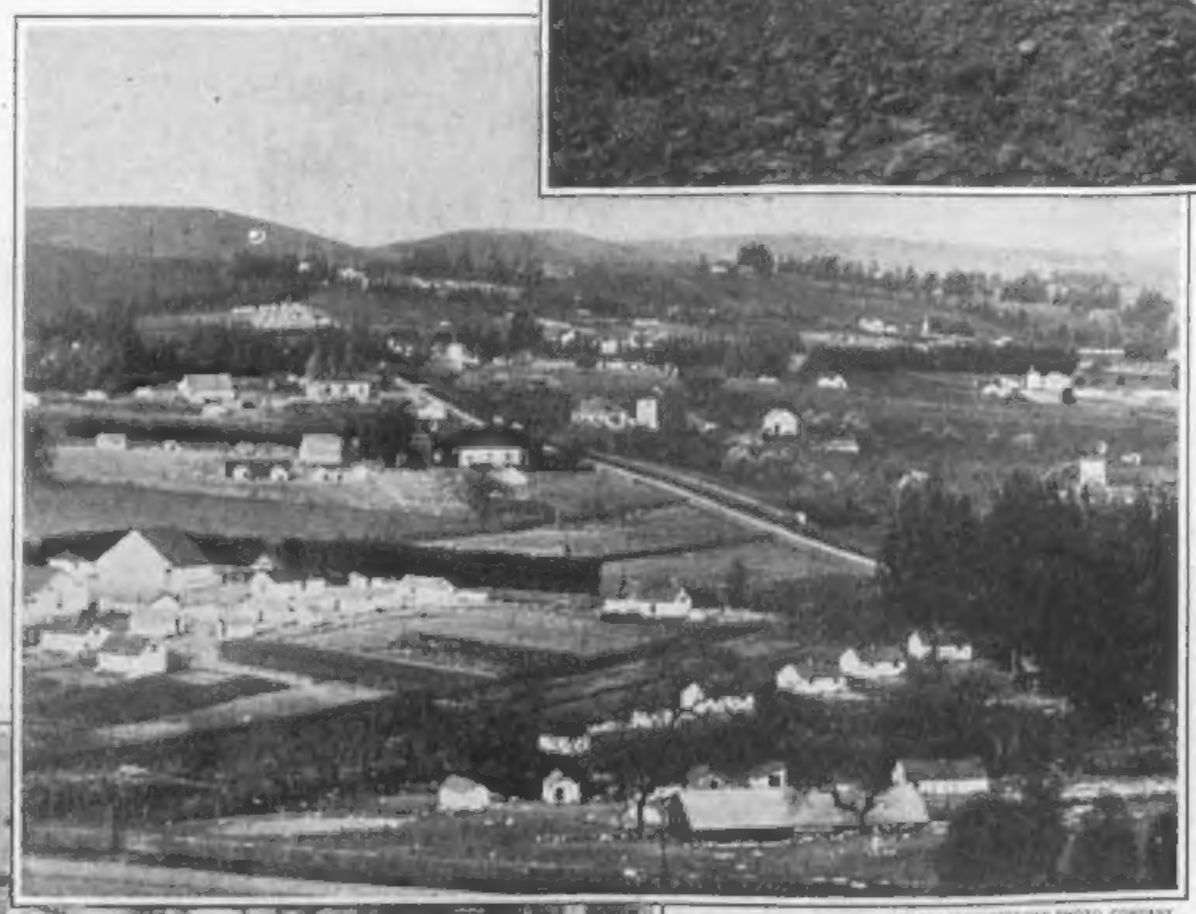
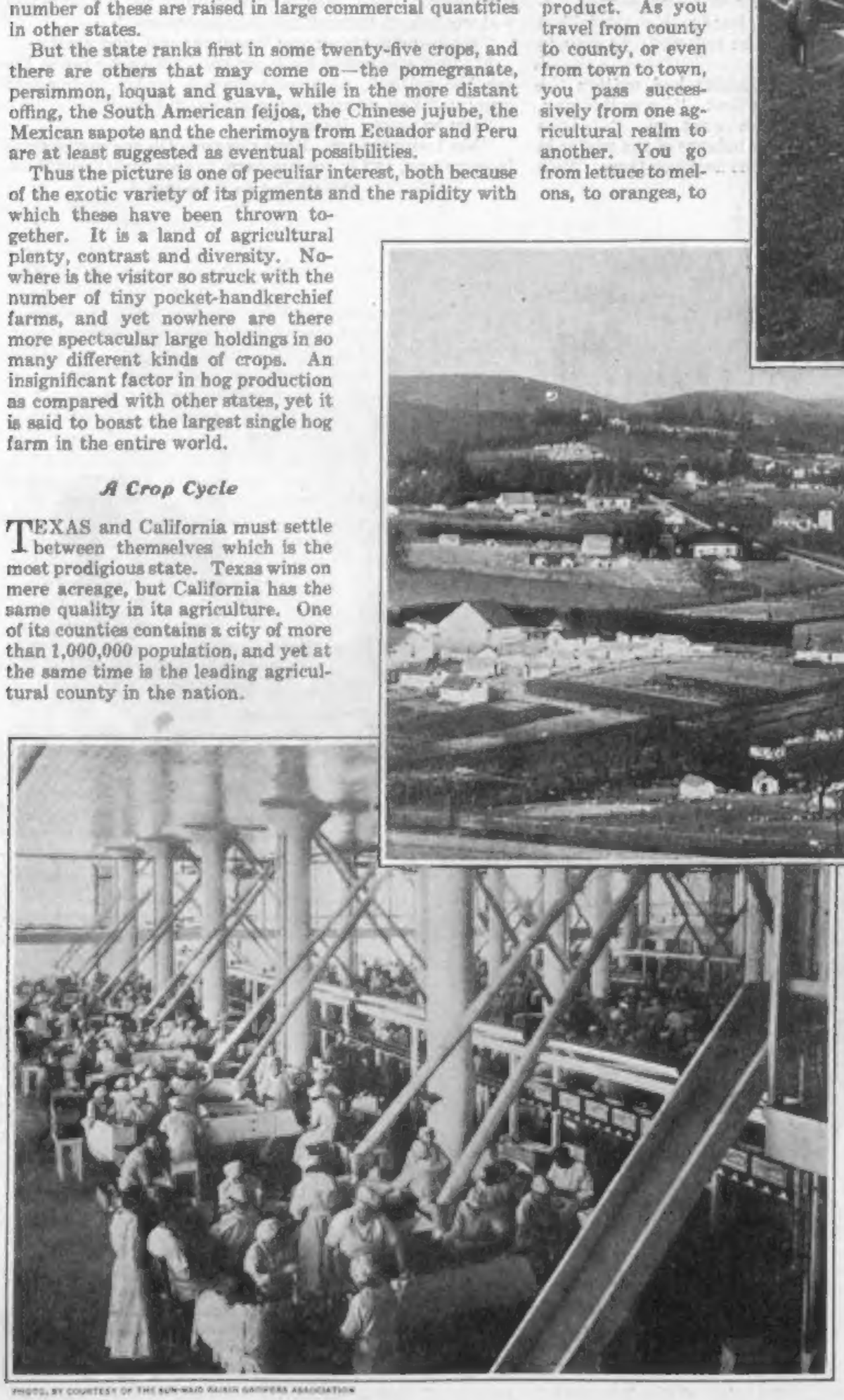


PHOTO FROM THE FRESNO COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, FRESNO, CAL.

A Crew of Irrigators at Work in a 12,000-Acre Young Fig Orchard Near Fresno





PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE SUN-MAID RAISIN GROWERS ASSOCIATION

PHOTO FROM FRIEDMAN PHOTO COMPANY

Chicken Ranches Near Petaluma, California. At Left—The Interior of a Modern Raisin-Packing Plant

It is difficult to convey a clear picture in only a few words of the extent to which this recent expansion has been carried. Grapes are a striking example. During four days last September California shipped, almost entirely to points east, more grapes than the combined total shipments of all the other leading grape-producing states during their entire shipping season.

The Grape Flood

THERE are only 180,000 refrigerator cars in the country, yet last fall this one single California farming industry demanded 2000 cars a day and for some time actually sent out 1300 a day.

A report of the State Department of Agriculture for 1924 told how 92,246 additional acres of grapes would come into bearing in 1926 and 50,779 more in 1927. The drought of 1924 was referred to by the report as being a good thing for the industry. Even with the drought, the department stated that the tonnage for 1927 "will run into amazing figures."

Last year more than 30,000 cars of wine, or juice, grapes were shipped, and at a farmers' meeting this spring it was stated that judging from present indications it would take 50,000 cars to move the wine grapes in 1928. This is in addition to the raisin and table grapes.

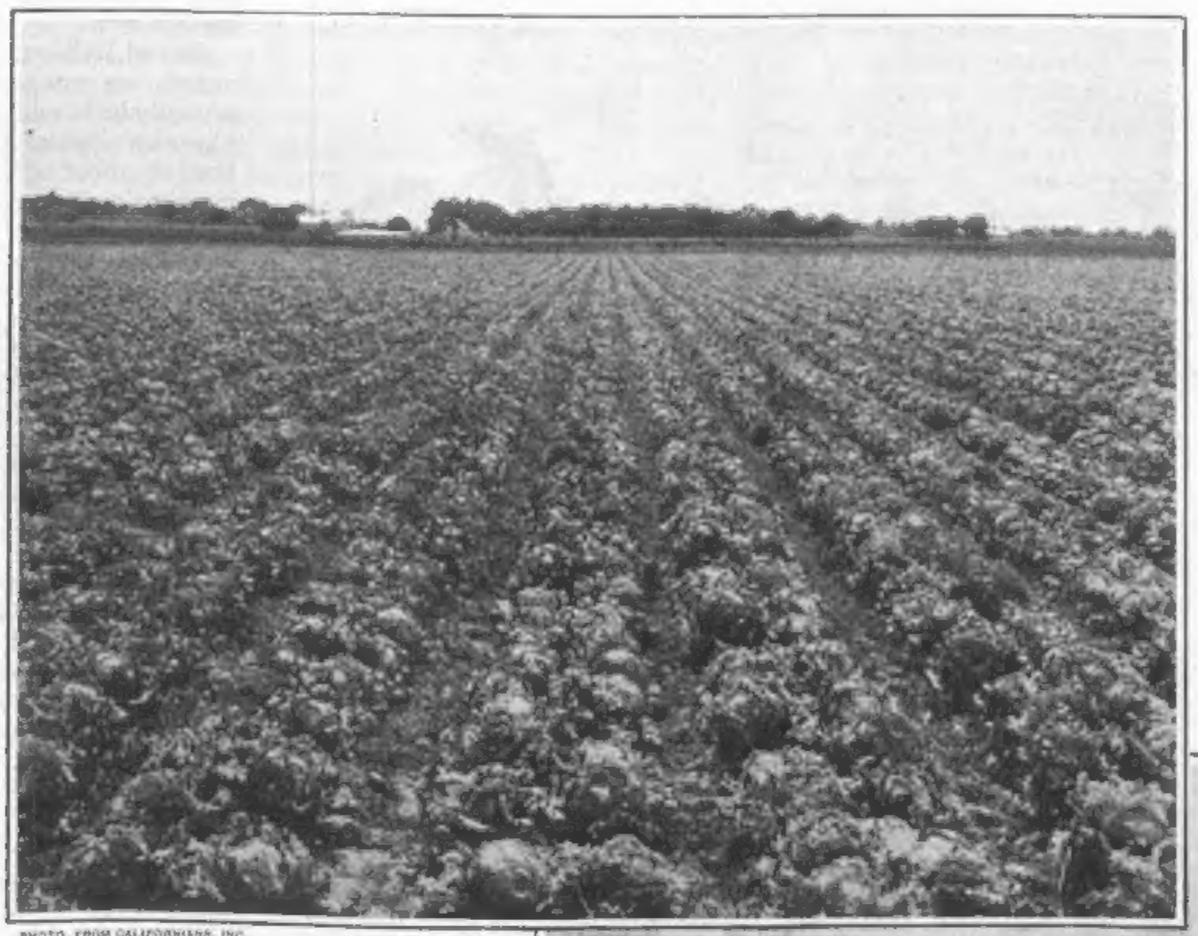
Last year thousands of carloads were not shipped, owing to congestion in shipping and harvesting. Yet at an important farmers' meeting a report was read showing that many thousands of carloads had been shipped that should not have been sent at all. There might have been some difference of opinion as to the exact figures, but there can be no doubt as to the amazing growth of the grape industry.

The country affords no more dramatic story based upon the soil than that of the raisin branch of grape culture. A few years ago losses of serious proportions seemed inevitable. During and immediately after the war, growers

rushed into the industry literally by the thousand. First of all, foreign supplies were cut off by German submarines, and then a little later there was a boom in raisins for wine making. Prices soared from four to fifteen cents a pound, and then came down like a rocket.

At one time there was on hand at least double the quantity of unsold raisins ever before disposed of in several years' time. A whole section of the state faced bankruptcy, and only the unwavering courage and persistent ingenuity of its business leaders prevented such a calamity.

At one time there were nearly 20,000 raisin growers in the great central valley. Many of the less competent and resourceful, as well as those who had entered the game at the top, were frozen out. But 15,000 or more still remain, and competent business management, by heroic efforts in the development of world-wide markets, has gradually worked the industry back toward a normal financial standing.



PHOTO, FROM CALIFORNIANS, INC.

A Field of Lettuce on a Garden Farm in the Natoma Irrigation District

The product, at one time a luxury and later a booze adjunct, by sheer force of business development, has been raised to the standing of a food specialty.

Acres of Melons

THE bulk of the grapes are grown in the great central valley. Much farther south, close to the Mexican border, in the Imperial Valley, is the seat of the head-lettuce industry. In 1918 car-lot shipments were about 2000; in 1924, 18,000; and in 1925, 21,000. Shipments may increase by a fifth more this year.

Almost the same story can be told of melons in the Imperial Valley, and of asparagus in the delta regions around Sacramento and Stockton. The planting of peach and pear trees also has been going on at a tremendous rate. A recent estimate is that 1,000,000 acres are given over to various kinds of trees and vines in bearing, and that another 1,000,000 acres are under way.

Yet in spite of all this extraordinary expansion, California agriculture has been on the whole notably successful. Says Secretary of Agriculture Jardine: "Pacific Coast farmers suffered less in the depression than those of other states." There have been no such epidemics of bank failures as in portions of the Northwest, and no such fall in land values as in certain other distinctively farming regions.

It is true that the profit from a crop depends upon the adaptability of soil and district. For instance, while grapes can be grown in every county, the district which produces an early quality or an out-of-season grape is naturally in a better position than those which produce when all other districts are at the peak.

But allowing for losses here and there, if the whole gamut of variegated products be considered, the record has been a good one. There is an enormous variety of crops, and numbers of them are not competitive with those in other parts of the country. As the result of a long hard struggle, there have developed more than elsewhere strong marketing organizations, able to find new avenues of consumption.

The food specialty does not seem to follow the world-wide movements of staple crops like wheat. The consumption of oranges has almost doubled in four years because the American people have discovered vitamines. The use of hard-heart lettuce has increased even more rapidly, evidently because it was a new thing to be eaten in a new and convenient way. We may call these specialties luxuries or not, but will people deny themselves such products, once they have learned to eat them? The popular food specialty, unlike the staple, can be substituted for other articles of diet.

With incontestable facts like these before us, what might be called the expansionist school of thought, or subdivision social philosophy, so typical of Far Western states, and particularly of California, deserves a mighty respectful hearing. The senior economist of the United States Department of Agriculture recently referred to those who wish to continue the land-settlement movement in the West as resting their case on "the American tradition of boom, boost and bigness."

It is easy enough to belittle such a tradition and mode of thinking, but if it bring results the critic may find himself confounded. If land settlement and increased agricultural production make a state great and render its farmers happy and prosperous, quite obviously there is much to be said in their favor.

The settlement, subdivision and cultivation of land to intensive crops always mean an increased production per acre. But those who favor bringing in new settlers are quick to resent the suggestion that this production is a mistake. They not only admit an increase in production; they boast of it.

How do we know, they ask, what a growing and prosperous nation will consume in the way of food in future years? It is argued that the conditions which affect consumption are so complicated, numerous, variable, unmeasurable and unforeseeable, that no one can say that there are too many raisins or lettuce heads or pears or anything else.

The unexpected nearly always happens. Before the war, the foreign population of Eastern industrial centers ate beans, but became so prosperous that they changed their diet to steak. In the South, the consumption of one kind of bean depends upon the cotton crop. How can we foretell the future consumption of any agricultural product? Note the increase in the use of milk products, such as ice cream.

What's the Hurry Back to the Land?

WHAT effect will improvements in storage, preservation and the development of by-products have on the dreaded carry-over and surplus? We may increase the radius in which perishable products can be moved and popular taste may shift in untold ways. What effect will new ideas on food values, the balancing of rations and the housewifely budget have?

No one can tell the farmer what to plant and what not to plant. He must rely on ability, quality, good land, low capital and operating costs, and the like.

J. V. Mendenhall, president of the California Approved Land Settlement Association, a group of landowners desirous of attracting more settlers to the state, has developed these and similar ideas in cogent detail. He says:

"We ought to take the long view of things. This passing temporary distress in connection with some crops is due to special causes. We must look ahead in preparation for the millions that are to come. They will come anyway, so why not hasten their coming and relieve the irrigation and reclamation districts and land companies which have developed land and prepared for their coming?

"I wish I had time to take the per capita consumption of each one of our 180 crops and try to work out what crops there would be which would have to be increased, and what crops there would be a proportion of which would not have to be exported, if we had a sudden increase of 2,000,000 people in the state, divided on some reasonable assumed basis, as between the manufacturing and agricultural classes.

"In other words, I believe in bringing in new capital, new consumers and new ability as the quickest way in which to overcome the postwar depression. Cutting down production and protecting the average farmer is a wrong theory economically."

There are powerful sentimental reasons in all parts of the country to induce people to settle on the land, to become farmers. A large farming

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PHOTO, FROM THE LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

A Wholesale Vegetable and Fruit Terminal Market in Los Angeles. At Right—Packing Table Grapes in Southern California

PHOTO, FROM THE LOS ANGELES CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

MAMMA'S YOUNG MAN

By Mary Lowrey Ross

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THE sharp crack of a revolver punctuated the silence In an instant he was beside her, towering over her in the darkness.

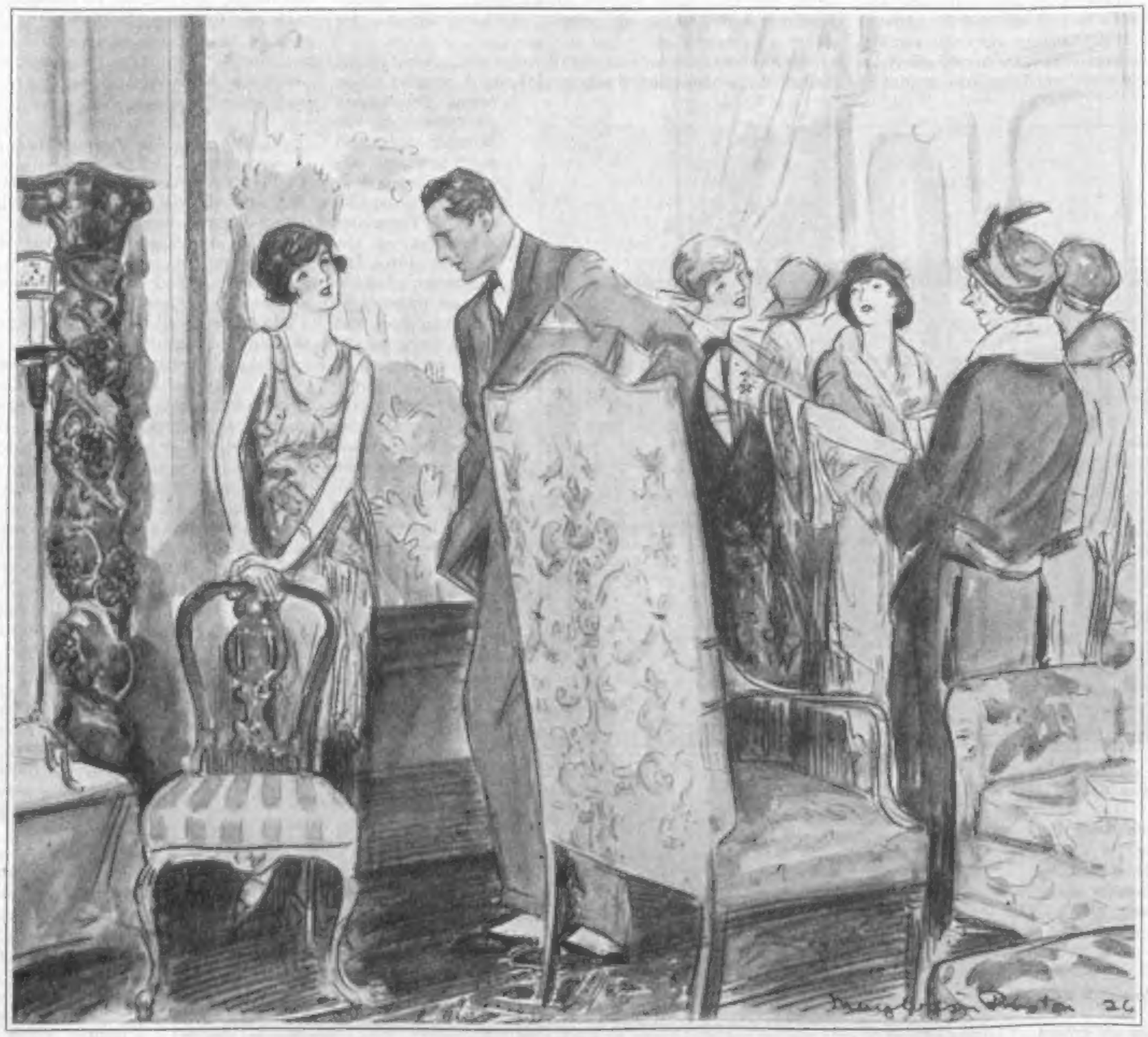
"'You devil!' he ground out, and gripped her by the shoulders. 'You little devil!' —"With a long shuddering sigh, she relaxed against his breast. . . ."

Mr. Waldo Parker flung the copy of Walker's Weekly on the table and smiled bitterly down on the Women's Arts and Letters Club.

"And that," he said, "represents the literature of eighty per cent of American citizens. It represents eighty per cent of American literature."

The sober hatted heads of the Women's Arts and Letters Club nodded sadly in unison, and the impersonal chairwoman's smile on the face of Mrs. Philip Ponton deepened to an ironic melancholy.

Mr. Parker poured himself a glass of water, drained it quickly and set it down. He was a slender young man, rather brightly dressed, with a lively glance that ran over his audience like the dancing reflection from a mirror. And everywhere it touched, it met sympathetic understanding, until it rested on Roberta over by the wall in the back row. And the look in Roberta's eyes was a bright banner of disdain. His glance lingered there for a moment, then resolutely withdrew. He picked up the copy of Walker's Weekly again.



"Anyway, You're a Great Deal Nicer Than Most of Mamma's Young Men," She Said

"To combat the vast mass of stupidity represented by such writers as this," he went on smoothly, "there are a few who are trying to express themselves through a technic which summarizes more or less completely the ideological and spiritual complexities in the midst of which we as human beings find ourselves, while omitting those transitions whose only use, after all, is to supply superfluous bridges—superfluous, that is, to people with sufficient intellectual equipment to make the leap without them."

He drew a deep breath, raising his chest and pressing his knuckles firmly against the walnut table. There was a sense of deepened gravity, of gathering brows, of the quietly tense resolution with which serious people approach the principles of art. Only Roberta remained outside the circle of attention. Roberta had, in fact, detached herself so completely from both lecture and lecturer that Mr. Parker had lost, first his substance, then his voice, then had vanished from her consciousness altogether. She was thinking that the hats of the audience looked like the hats of people sternly aware that something was wrong with modern fiction, and she wondered that they could be so much concerned with what was wrong with modern fiction and so little concerned with what was wrong with their hats. There ought to be a law, thought Roberta, against women with high blood pressure wearing red roses in their hats.

She yawned a little and shifted her feet to the top rung of the chair in front. She wondered whether Mrs. Edward Phillips had had a mustache at the time that Mr. Phillips wooed her, and speculated without delicacy on the details of that remote courtship. She noted that over by the radiator Mrs. Roscoe Frazer, the secretary, was beginning to nod, the look of avid intellectual curiosity on her face fading gently into the look of a middle-aged lady soundly and pleasantly asleep. She looked at mamma. Mamma sat gracefully erect in the president's chair, her clear intelligent gaze lifted to the profile of Mr. Parker.

"Well, one thing certain," thought Roberta, "she isn't worrying any about what is wrong with modern fiction."

She came back to Mr. Parker.

"There you get the method," Mr. Parker was saying. "The idea is not simply and slavishly to reflect life, but by certain shadings and significances to create a new reality, corresponding to nothing in the world outside the imagination of the reader. It is along this line of effort that the hope—if, indeed, there is a hope—of American letters lies."

He blew his nose, energetically stuffed his handkerchief into his upper pocket and sat down. Mamma arose gracefully and began a little speech: "I am sure we appreciate very, very deeply ——" Mrs. Frazer awoke and hid a slight confusion by searching frowningly in her bag for the glasses on her nose.

The first tentative movements of adjournment began. They came up and surrounded the speaker.

"So splendid!" they said. "Simply to defy the old conventions and invent one's own form." And "But what can you do? People will buy these terrible periodicals. Coming up in the street car yesterday—our car was laid up for the day—I counted four of them!" And " . . . a younger group that meets at our place on Sunday afternoons. Really splendid youngsters, though the language they use —— You must feel free to drop in any Sunday."

Roberta came up, too, to secure the copy of Walker's Weekly; for she was fond of reading in bed. But mamma captured her as she was sidling to the table and drew her over to Mr. Parker.

"My little girl," said mamma, though Roberta was taller than her mother by two inches, and could meet Mr. Parker's gaze without raising her own.

He had, Roberta noted, an unexpectedly lucid and pleasant gaze. Unlike most of mamma's young men, he had none of the more obvious stigmata of genius. His looks were expressive and cheerful and he was beautifully clean.

"I noticed you at the back," he said. "I'm afraid I wasn't helping you to enjoy yourself much." Mamma had stepped aside to talk to Mrs. Frazer, and now, by a dexterous flank movement, he had cut off the rest of the company, isolating Roberta against the wall. "These women's-club lectures are the devil," he confided.

"Then what do you give them for?" asked Roberta.

"For fifty dollars apiece," he answered sadly, "and that's the only reason."

"Well, I wouldn't worry," said Roberta kindly. "You're probably a lot more interesting than your lectures."

"Thank you," said Mr. Parker without irony, and Roberta was moved to further encouragement.

"Anyway, you're a great deal nicer than most of mamma's young men," she said.

"What are the others like?" asked Mr. Parker.

Roberta's look was expressive. "Simply terrible," she said. "The first time Edgar Forsythe, the black-and-white artist, came, he went around looking at the pictures and saying, 'Good Lord!' And he took the Borzoi group off the mantel and put it behind the telephone screen. And Foster Fisher came in with his garter undone and pretended he couldn't fix it. He kept saying, 'Oh, damn the thing!' But I saw him undoing it himself in the vestibule."

And at that moment mamma herself came up and slipped an arm about Roberta's waist.

"This huge child is mine!" she said, laughing, and gave Roberta's waist a little squeeze. "She's getting so big I'm terrified of her."

Roberta, who had stopped growing two years before, moved a little restively under the encircling arm and mamma withdrew it.

"What I wanted to talk to you about," she said, and lifted her pretty, serious face to Mr. Parker's, "some of us are thinking quite seriously of starting a little *Tendenz* magazine, a real departure, with a poetry and a music and perhaps even a cookery department, and you have such splendid ideas ——"

It became increasingly clear to Roberta that she had nothing to contribute to the conversation. She stood beside mamma, feeling stiff and a little childish, and presently she excused herself and went away.

One by one the members of the group took farewell. They went up and shook mamma's hand, and mamma smiled and let her hand linger in theirs a moment, then turned back to Mr. Parker. Her face lifted to his was very sweet, grave and gay by turns. They moved out into the hall, and Mr. Parker picked up his hat from the newel post and his cane from the banister.

Roberta lingered in the drawing-room doorway, and without listening to what they were saying, she could follow up and down the melodic line traced by mamma's voice. She moved a little nearer.

"Not a bit too soon," mamma was saying. "Tomorrow afternoon then, about 4:30?"

"I'll be here," said Mr. Parker, and suddenly smiled past mamma at Roberta. "Good-by!" he said.

"Good-by!" and Roberta came up and slipped her hand into his. This time she stayed by mamma's side until the front door had closed on him. Then she turned and went up to her own room to bed. She was just stretching up her arm to turn off the light beside her bed when mamma's voice sounded at the door.

"Awake, darling?" asked mamma.

"M'm," answered Roberta, and put her arm back under the clothes.

Mamma came in, and sitting down in a big rose-chintz chair, pulled her feet up and wrapped her arms about her knees. "Well," she said, "how did you like my new young man?"

"All right," answered Roberta guardedly. "Where did you get him?"

"I think he's a nephew or a cousin or something of Mrs Roberts," said mamma. "We had to have an author for the open meeting, and she said to get him. I was terrified at first when I saw his tie and handkerchief. He looked as though he might write publicity for hotels and summer resorts. But I thought he turned out quite a success."

She stretched, got up and, going over to Roberta's triple-mirrored dressing table, sat swinging the glasses thoughtfully backward and forward, studying herself in full face, three-quarters face and profile. "I'm afraid I've got it too short in the back this time," she said a little worriedly.

"Oh, well, it will soon grow," comforted Roberta.

"My dear, did you notice his eyelashes?" asked mamma. "They were positively half an inch long."

"Were they?" said Roberta. She lay there regarding mamma thoughtfully, and presently, "I hope you aren't thinking of upsetting him the way you did the Reverend Treadman," she said.

Mamma turned away from the mirrors and looked at Roberta, half smiling, half mournful. Between them there arose, there at the foot of the bed, the somber memory of the Reverend Treadman, dark-browed, tragic, stormy-eyed. Yet mamma had merely been kind to him, she hadn't meant in the least to be over kind, up to the point where she got interested in Foster Fisher and landscape gardening. After all, it wasn't her fault that hardy-perennial borders appealed to her so much more than the unregenerate of Formosa. And to make a scene, to go tramping up and down the living-room floor, fiery-eyed, gesticulatory, calling to repentance like a major prophet

"Anyway, he got over it," mamma extenuated herself. "It wasn't six months before he married that girl from the deaconess home, and I don't suppose she knew night cream from vanishing cream, so she probably made him a lovely wife."

She turned back to the dressing table again and smiled secretly at the mirror. And the mirror smiled back, forgiving her for the Reverend Treadman.

"It isn't my fault that they're so absurd," she said a little complacently, and shifted the glasses to and fro until they brought into focus Roberta lying in bed, looking at her thoughtfully, hands clasped behind her dark head.

"Well, you certainly don't take any chances that they won't be," said Roberta unsympathetically.

Mamma laughed.

"Naturally, it's amusing to be admired by a nice young man, even at forty," she said.

"Especially at forty," added mamma, and got up, yawned, kissed Roberta good night and went away.

Roberta slid out of bed and, going over to the mirror, sat down and looked at herself critically and a little wistfully She wasn't as beautiful as mamma. It didn't need the old family friends—those roguish and privileged elders who were always reminding her jovially, "Well, Roberta, you aren't as good-looking as your mother yet"—to tell her that. And yet there was a good deal about her face—certain amenities of brow and chin, a pleasant brightness of eyes and lips and hair, a promise of humorous intelligence in the way the corner of her mouth lifted in a smile.

Her chin in the palm of her hand, Roberta practiced lifting the corner of her mouth in a smile. She tried a look of faintly smiling amusement, of intimate knowledge tolerantly withheld. She tried raising one eyebrow quizzically, but it wasn't a success, as she had to hold the other down with her finger. Presently, becoming conscious of the chill of the floor under her feet, she turned out the light and went to bed.

At twenty-five minutes past four the next afternoon, Roberta sat in the living room waiting for Mr. Parker. Mamma was in the room above with Miss Henderson, the

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"Funny Roberta!" Laughed Mamma

ABSOLUTE' GUARANTEE' ANTIQUE, M'DAME!

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

Europe Is No Place for a Man With a Wife Whose Vice Is Large, Weighty Antiques

SOMEHOW a rumor seems to have preceded us and spread all over Europe that Belle, the missus—or Auntie Bellum, as everybody calls her—and I are in the market, over here in Europe, for authentic Tuscan tombatones, old Brittany church bells, guaranteed Roman baths, medieval coast artillery, Provençal lamp-posts, early Spanish dentist chairs, or what have you? Merely one of the serious outcomes of this hefty antique-collecting mania of mother's over here has been a deplorable accident that included the tragic shedding of native blood on French soil.

I should explain in the beginning that as an antique collector my missus is none of your average lah-de-dah Chippendale or Sheraton hounds. She runs toward the weighty, massive stuff.

I have a suspicion that secretly she thinks that a woman of her Junoesque physical proportions might look—well, let us say too ample in a living room furnished with anything less dainty than an original Bucks County back-yard bread oven of brick or an early Victorian hand-pumper fire engine.

Maybe for once she is right. Nobody can always be wrong. And I'll admit that I never saw the missus look better than she did when, sailing out of New York Bay for Europe one day recently, the missus and the Statue of Liberty momentarily met. And often, as I look at her, over here in France, surrounded by these spindly legged, gold-painted little Looie Cans doodads, I can't keep down the thought that maybe Jack Dempsey has the right idea in just sticking to the private-life stuff and minding his own business

The missus and I had been married for some time before I dropped to the fact that her idea of a real pleasant afternoon was messing round the sort of virtu one usually finds cluttering an American colored gentleman's back stoop. She was bitten from head to foot by the antique bug at birth, and she must have fairly well filled the crib, even in earliest infancy; but it was not until she really began to fill out and loom to her present statuesque proportions that she started to aspire to the bulky-antique heavyweight championship of the known world. And Europe is no place for a man with a wife whose vice is large, weighty antiques. When these old birds over here made a thing, believe me, they certainly did make it!

A Breakdown in Wormhole Land

WE HAD not been married so very long, however, before girlie, as I sometimes call her even yet, gave me an exhibition of her field work in flushing antiques. While touring one day a few summers ago we happened to blunder into Southeastern Pennsylvania, and ——

"Enough! I know all!" cry you. Oh, hush! I haven't even started.

We had arrived at the crest of a hill on the top side of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, that summer day when the engine of our car, which was a real antique in those days, and still is, died on us like a dog. This Doylestown place, as everybody must know, is the center of the antique bridal-chest belt. The sole industry of the entire region is wormholes. And now, with the car engine deader than old Tommy Sheraton himself, there was no way of avoiding Doylestown. So we slid down by gravity in search of a mechanic, our old boat clanking down a winding main street that was lined on both sides by little front stoops all jumbled up with prop spinning wheels and similar truck—the sort of tangle of left-overs one usually finds behind the kitchen sheds in towns where the fire-prevention laws are not properly enforced.

"Must be Clean-the-Back-Yard Week in this burg, eh, ma?" I observed with my usual naïve, trusting innocence, speaking back over a shoulder in the general direction of the rear seat, where the missus always prefers to sit and supervise my driving. "Poor destitute devils, with furniture like this, it ——"

A sudden realization that I had been able to put over one fairly complete sentence and part of another without interruption caused me to jam on the emergency and foot brakes and look round in alarm. Sure enough, the rear seat was vacant.

I was really frightened that day. Nowadays whenever it dawns upon me that the rear seat has quieted down I don't bother even to look round. The way mother can silently snap out of a back seat of even a fast-moving car and drop to the roadside, at sight of a spinning wheel and the cadavers of two kitchen chairs on a vine-clad veranda, is amazing, especially for one designed along girlie's pure Doric style of architecture. So whenever I now find myself talking without interruption I merely slow down the car and turn it round. Then I drive back along the oil blobs of our car's spoor, searching the roadside until I come to the firmly implanted and absolutely unmistakable footprints. I never have trouble in back-trailing the missus. Say what you will about our old car's many mistakes, the old boat certainly can spoor.

I had to back-trail on foot up the hill, of course, that day at Doylestown. When I found her at last, she was all crouched down on the front stoop of some perfect stranger, and she was making funny noises over the *corpus delicti* of a once solid-looking something with both hind legs gone but otherwise complete, except that the seat was missing. Weeping beside her was a tall, spectacled, long-haired mess, but wearing masculine pants and probably of the male sex. It was a perfect stranger to me. And both of them would look at the paintless débris and make the funny gurgling noises, the missus finally doing a flop to her knees that set the indoor old brasses to jangling—mother prostrate at last on the ruin and sobbing as if her great heart were busting.

That was the real beginning of what, in time, was to develop to an extreme which finally necessitated the all but forcible removal of mother from America. Hence our present trip to Europe. Doylestown, unfortunately, is only a morning's run, even in our car, from Brielle, our home town on the Jersey Coast. Worse still, just about the time we first blundered into this Doylestown catastrophe we were finishing up our new place at Brielle.

A Breakfast Stall

OUR place at Brielle was not exactly new. The missus had talked me into buying a house at Brielle that was built in the 70's or 80's. It had a mansard roof and was all draped along the eaves with the wooden-lace effects of the Early Long Branch Period, the only early American architecture that really appeals to me; therefore I was perfectly satisfied with the house. But the minute I had the deed for the property in my hands, what does the missus up and do but break the news to me that she wanted the place only because of the barn on it! The big two-story cow barn far back of the house, it seems, still had all its original hand-hewed oak beams intact and was the only cow barn that had escaped the great Brielle fire of 1799.

The house must come down and the barn be moved forward to the place of honor and revamped as a residence! Can you beat it? And one word led to another, until one day mother, working herself up into one of her pets, just grabbed at the veranda wooden lace nearest at hand and ripped off yard after yard before I could stop her. And she slammed herself into the car and, broken spring and all, tore into town and returned with an advance guard of the American Federation of Labor.

So I finally consented to demolishing the house and moving the big cow barn forward, and we moved into the barn as soon as it was habitable. You know what it is to share your residence with the American Federation of Labor; for weeks I couldn't move in my own house without being blocked by a sign reading FRESH PAINT, always with the capital N turned the wrong way; for weeks my place at breakfast always was arched by a stepladder supporting somebody named Eddie and his ever-present excellent five-cent cigar. Toward the bitter end I subsisted in desperation on thickly cupped coffee and slabs of apple pie at our local owl wagon Quick & Dirty.

But I'll hand it to mother for the glistening new hardwood floors—another obsession of mine—that gleamed all over the places the cows used to be, not to mention the love of a dining room, crackling with new paint and varnish, that mother and the federation made out of the former henhouse. In fact I was so pleased with the results that secretly I decided to get mother away on a little trip and

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A Diary of the League of Nations

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT GENEVA

By Stephen Leacock

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

GENEVA, Monday. I must say everything looks fine with the League this morning! A lovely spring day, the fountains playing in the gardens and the Swiss cactus in bloom on the main street. The distant view of Mont Blanc, with the What's-the-Matterhorn peeping shyly through the clouds, and the sound of cowbells and the yodel of the mountaineers floating on the still air, give a touch of peace and tranquillity, wonderfully inspiring to our work.

Passing down the main street to the offices of the League, the delegate from Siam bowed to the delegate from Brazil and said, "It is a fine morning." The incident was at once reported in the press and will do much to reassure international good will. The announcement later in the day that two delegates from Persia had played pinochle last night with the colored deputation from Liberia gave an added glow of friendliness.

Geneva, Tuesday. Our highest expectations, based on yesterday's outlook, have been more than fulfilled. At one stroke the peace of the world has been achieved forever. It has been well known that Lord Chambergown, on behalf of England; Monsieur Friand, on behalf of France; Signor Spizzolini, for Italy; and other leading European statesmen, have been seeking for a formula that will be acceptable to all the nations. Again and again it has been reported in the press that a formula had been found. The greatest minds of the League have been working for months to mix up a suitable formula. Ever since the disastrous collapse of the Locarno arrangements the need for this formula was felt to be greater than ever. This morning, to the delight of all concerned, Lord Chambergown, on entering the council room of the League of Nations, announced that he had found the formula. He had sat up all night and got it. Amid the greatest excitement, Lord C. laid the formula on the table. All crowded round to take a peep at it.

As soon as they saw it, all the delegates greeted it with shouts of acclaim. The formula reads: "The nations all pledge themselves that they will never go to war again unless they see an absolutely sure chance of winning."

A scene of almost frantic enthusiasm followed. The delegates crowded round Lord C., the French representative begging for the privilege of kissing him first. Afterward the delegates embraced him in alphabetical order, from Albania to Zanzibar.

In the brief speeches that followed, the representative from Brazil said that Lord Chambergown had expressed the sentiments of Brazil to a hair. Representative Zchokk, of Czecho-Slovakia, said that England and Czecho-Slovakia were two great nations, so closely alike that he hardly knew which was which. Monsieur Friand said that France would acquiesce in the new formula. France, he said, was not a militaristic nation, and if any nation doubted it let them come on and try. France, he repeated, stood for peace and was prepared to maintain it at the point of the sword. The president of the session, in a flood of tears, invited the whole crowd to step over to the Café Guillaume Tell and take something.

Geneva, Wednesday. In the midst of rejoicings over the new peace a slight cloud has appeared on the calm horizon. The Windbag of Hash, the new Arabian kingdom, arrived in town today, having missed yesterday's session. It appears that no one had noticed his absence. The secretary of the League admitted the oversight. He acknowledged that Hash was in the League, but said that he had clean forgotten it or had mixed it up with the United States, which he thinks is not in the League. As the League can only act in unanimity in regard to world peace, the absence of the vote of Hash invalidated the whole pact.

Meantime the Windbag of Hash, who represents an absolute sway over two million of the most fanatical Gum Arabics of the Arabian Desert, in a country so wild that no one has ever seen it, is a factor in European diplomacy not to be ignored. If irritated, he might start a holy war, which is about the worst kind there is.

Geneva, Thursday. Things look a little better. The situation is clearing. There may be peace yet. Lord Chambergown, who is tack itself, invited the Windbag to breakfast, and after breakfast smoked a chibouk with him. It is privately reported that the Windbag is appeased. If he will now throw in his lot with the peace move, he can undoubtedly carry with him the support of other League potentates of his own clan, such as the Gimlet of Irak and Wedj of Hooch. With this assured, nothing is needed but to gain Germany, France and England.

Geneva, Friday. More trouble. This time with Spain. It appears that the delegates had not read the formula right. They claim that it should read the other way. Spain, they say, is too proud and too chivalrous to go into any war unless she is assured of being licked. They appeal to history.

Geneva, Saturday. Everything is fine again. Peace this time has definitely come. Lord Chambergown and Monsieur Friand and the other universal delegates have assured the Spaniards that the words objected to were not meant in the sense objected from. The Spaniards are satisfied. And in the meantime the Windbag of Hash, the Gimlet of Irak and the Wedj of Hooch have agreed to compromise all difficulties. England is to give them each a subsidy of a million pounds sterling and they in return promise to introduce Christianity, local representative government and proportional representation.

At a banquet given tonight to celebrate the first evening of universal peace, Lord Chambergown, speaking with characteristic caution, said: "I may say that I know nothing which would not be inoperative to render ineffective anything, or indeed nothing, that we have left undone."

Geneva, Monday. Universal peace is held up. Misunderstanding with Siam.

Geneva, Tuesday. Siam fixed up. It was a mistake; the trouble is with Guam.

Geneva, Wednesday. Universal peace in sight again. Guam all right.

Geneva, Thursday. Peace hopelessly postponed. Trouble about the Dantzic Corridor. Poland wants it repapered.

Geneva, Friday. League rapidly going to pieces. Nothing but a new formula can save it.

Geneva, Saturday. Another brilliant diplomatic success has just been scored by Lord Chambergown. He has found a new formula. Recognizing that the League never quarrels except when it meets, he has suggested that in the interest of world peace the League had better not meet until after world peace begins. It is agreed on all hands that if the members don't see one another they get along better. Meantime it is unanimously resolved that the salaries of the delegates continue until peace is universal. The council chamber of the League will remain, for gratuitous service, under the name of Café des Nations.

The Delegates Embraced Him in Alphabetical Order, From Albania to Zanzibar

SARAH'S JIMMY

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

SARAH was six. She had been told that she mustn't go where the big boys were playing, but the game of wild Indian proved so alluring that she discovered herself in the very midst of a ferocious attack. One of Jimmy Byrne's arrows whizzed in her direction just as she stepped from behind a tree to run, and drove its sharply whittled point into the calf of her leg. She stopped short, gazed at the arrow in terrified silence before she uttered a little squeak. Then Jimmy came running up, eyes wide with horror, flung himself upon his knees to examine the wound. The arrow had penetrated perhaps an inch and was hanging.

"Stand still!" he ordered brusquely. She was beginning to dance and whimper. He grabbed the fat brown leg with one hand and the arrow with the other, pulled. Blood came bubbling out of the round hole. "Gosh!" exclaimed Jimmy. Inspiration came in that moment of wild casting about for a clean bandage. He yanked up his shirt and ripped off a piece that had been protected from the hazards and dirt of warfare.

Sarah Cronkite became so interested that she forgot to cry while he drew the bandage tight. It really didn't hurt much. Before she knew quite what was happening, Jimmy lifted her in his arms and broke through the circle of boys at a jog trot, carrying her to the road.

Dulbecker's grocery wagon came along. He hailed it, gave the driver orders and they started for Doctor Binney's house. The little girl's eyes were upon him in a wistful expression of fright and astonishment. Things had happened so rapidly.

With the child thus expeditiously delivered into the care of Doctor Binney, Jimmy Byrne had nothing to do but loiter outside, contemplating the awful fate of those who shoot other people. It was a black world that he gazed upon, not the bright, happy Blueport he had always known. From the gray-glass window which opened upon the lawn from the doctor's office Sarah's full-lunged sobs poured out—the antiseptic was hurting, stinging—and Jimmy's heart ached.

Down the street, toward the yacht-club pier, he saw Sarah's father loitering along with two other men. Jimmy prepared to face the worst and trotted down the street to meet them.

"Mr. Cronkite," he panted, "I—I shot Sarah!"

Dan Cronkite's horrified "Wha-at?" sounded for a good block. It boomed and reverberated in Jimmy's ears.

He gave a desperate nod. "In the leg. With an arrow. She's at Doctor Binney's."

The man broke into full gallop, with the culprit, unheeded, positively neglected in his guilt, jogging behind him. Minutes of agony passed before Dan Cronkite came out.

The boy confronted him. "Shall I give myself up?"

"What?" demanded Sarah's father.

"Give myself up—to the police?" he gulped.

"Well, no, Jimmy. But you might ring the bell when the carriage comes. I've telephoned for it."

"Is she all right?"

"Yes, it isn't so serious as it might have been, thank the Lord! Jimmy, you kids have to be careful when there are children about. Whose idea was it to bring her directly here?"

"Mine. After I pulled the arrow out and bandaged the wound, Dulbecker's wagon came along and I commandeered it."

Mr. Cronkite nodded. "You commandeered it, did you?" he said, smiling for the first time. "That was quick work."

When the carriage had arrived, Sarah emerged, riding in her father's arms, displaying an impressive white bandage.

"Yes, I Forgive You," Answered Eve, Laughing. "I Have an Engagement Myself. Otherwise I Wouldn't"

"I'm awfully sorry, Sarah!" offered Jimmy.

She turned a pair of tear-wet brown eyes upon him. "You didn't hurt much. The doctor hurt," she said accusingly.

Doctor Binney laughed. "I see who gets blamed. But you're right, Mr. Cronkite; we'll have to do something about it. Good day. Bye-bye, Sarah. I'm sorry I hurt."

Jimmy ambled along to meet the bunch and tell them that she was still in the land of the living. He pondered over the doctor's remark that they would have to do something about it. That sounded ominous. The something-about-it turned out to be a general ban, from which there was no appeal, upon bows and arrows in the summer colony of Blueport. There was, it appeared, among a certain class of careful parents an aversion to arrows, which have been known to do such things as put eyes out. Each warrior had it straight from his own headquarters that Indian campaigns must henceforth be conducted with high-power wooden rifles.

The boys blamed Sarah for that. If she hadn't been snooping around where she wasn't supposed to be ——

It was the beginning of her championship by Jimmy Byrne. "She was a darn game kid not to cry," he announced in the voice of one who seeks only the boon of fighting for his opinions. He selected Tobey Leonard. "You, Tobey—if you got an arrow run in you that far you'd bawl your head off."

"I would, would I?" demanded Tobey, bristling.

"Yes, you would, would you?"

The outcome of that was the usual assortment of blacked eyes and cut lips; but Jimmy was the victor and Sarah was victorious with him. She became the bat boy and mascot of Jimmy's baseball team. Jimmy entered the nightly prayers directly behind father and mother, and had God's blessing called down upon him fervently.

"Sarah dear," asked her mother one day toward the last of that summer, "are you sure the boys like to have you around with them so much?"

Sarah, who was waiting for her nurse to take her to the ball game, responded, "Oh, yes," with an easy conscience. Then her face took on an incandescent beam. "I'm Jimmy's slave," she explained, as though that made all the difference in the world.

Sarah was nine. She sat at the dinner table solemnly, gazing out over the darkening harbor, eyes dull with unhappiness. Twice, already, her mother had recalled her to the difficult task of eating, and now the brown, rough little hand that held the fork was listless again.

"Sarah dear," said her father.

She looked at him, startled. "I guess I'm not very hungry," she said apologetically; then, with a sudden intensity, as though fate itself depended upon the answer, she asked, "Do you mind if I don't eat—if I truly don't want to?"

"No, I suppose not."

The answer really was important, for eating had always been compulsory. Like it or not, children had food stoked into them.

Only grown-ups were allowed not to be hungry.

She ventured further. "Could I be excused? I think I'd like to go to my room and read a book."

There was an exchange of glances between her father and mother. "Yes, you may be excused."

She made a grave exit, and they heard the slow tread of her feet upon the stairs.

"What's the trouble?" asked Mr. Cronkite.

"I don't know for certain, but I can guess. It's Jimmy, I think. I'm afraid that Jimmy's reached the girl age. There's a lovely little blond thing visiting the Lennons and Jimmy's fallen heavily. Sarah doesn't understand."

"Poor kid! Of course it was bound to happen. They couldn't go on being youngsters always." His voice sank. "That troublesome old bird, Biological Urge. Kind of tough, isn't it? She's been his Girl Friday now for three years."

"Jimmy's been very good to her," she said thoughtfully. "It must be perplexing to Sarah to have him suddenly become a young man, while she is still a little girl. I'll go up and talk with her later."

"Yes, it may help if she can spill it out in words."

It was nearly dark when she went to Sarah's room. The girl was curled up on the window seat—a slender, wiry-muscled little child, with an unopened book beside her. Mrs. Cronkite sat down, took one of the limp hands in hers, pressed it.

"I've told Anna to bring up some sandwiches and a glass of milk. I thought you might be hungry later."

"I don't have to go to bed at nine?" Sarah's voice quavered anxiously.

"No, you're getting to be a pretty big little girl now."

"Mother"—the dam broke—"I don't think that Elinor Coakley is fair. I don't!" Elinor was the captivating blonde. "She doesn't play fair. This morning Jimmy didn't whistle for me to go swimming with him, and I was up at six o'clock and in my bathing suit, waiting. He didn't come because Elinor doesn't like to go swimming in the morning—because she likes to dance at night. And this afternoon I went and sat down beside Jimmy at the tennis court and she was horrid. She was! She called me 'that funny little child'—oh-h!" Her voice was breaking into sobs. "And it isn't fair of her to come to Blueport and take Jimmy! He's my Jimmay!" The tousled brown head flopped down upon her mother's lap.

The blond siren's visit came to an end, and the morning after her departure the Cronkites heard Jimmy's shrill

morning whistle from the roadway, then the excited patter of Sarah's sandaled feet upon the stairs.

II

"MR. CRONKITE would like to see you."

"Right!" Jimmy Byrne, bond trader for Cronkite & Scott, pushed back from his desk and sat there, damply crumpled in the torpid air of the late August afternoon. The market had closed in an unexpected flurry, and now for the first time in two hours he rose and stretched his long body. Hours at the telephone, bickering in the clipped, precise jargon of Wall Street. Blood rushed to his head and he grabbed the back of his chair to steady himself through a moment of giddiness, grinned wanly at the blurred face of Johnson, his trading clerk.

"I'm a rag," he announced, and turned away toward the neat row of private offices.

Dan Cronkite was at his desk, hands clasped before him on the clean sheet of glass, head slightly bowed, with a long thin cigar sticking out like an antenna.

"Close the door and sit down."

Byrne noticed that the old man didn't look any too happy. Probably some jam or other. But he was confident that it wasn't in his own department.

"So you've been taking a flyer of your own, eh?" asked Cronkite, voice dry.

Jimmy Byrne's face hardened. "Why do you ask that?" he demanded.

The elder man hung fire for a moment, studied Byrne's expression, judged its ill-temper and resentfulness. "No need of any mystery about it," he said finally. "As I was coming in from luncheon I heard the girl at the switchboard call Longworth's number. I asked her who wanted it, and she said that you did. What about it?"

"Yes, I've been doing some speculating." His tone repeated by implication Cronkite's question—"What about it?"

"I thought so. Margins, of course, if you're dealing with Longworth."

Jimmy let that go by default. What business was it of the old man's, anyway, in a world where nothing succeeds like success?

"Would you mind telling me what stuff you've been playing with?" asked Cronkite. "I'd like to know—just out of curiosity."

A smile, slightly sardonic, touched the corners of Jimmy Byrne's mouth. "Tana Rubber and Van Eyck."

Cronkite's eyebrows twitched with surprise. "Lord knows, that's no stuff for widows and orphans," he mumbled.

"I don't consider myself in that class," answered the young man.

There was belligerency in his voice; ill-temper and exasperation that came from hot, fretful, worried hours of executing orders in the face of an uneasy market.

"I suppose not," said Cronkite. Then he asked bluntly, "Have you been using office information?"

Byrne flushed at the charge of double-dealing.

"I've been using whatever my eyes and ears have told me, like everyone else on the Street. No one is down here for his health. I'm here to make money."

"That doesn't answer my question."

Byrne shrugged. "I know there is a combine on in Tana, and that you're in it. I don't know what you plan to do, but if I happen to be on the right side, that's my good judgment—not office information."

"Good judgment when you win and bad luck when you lose, eh?" suggested Cronkite bitingly.

"At any event," answered Byrne, lips tightening, "it's my own affair."

"Is it? You know the policy of the firm toward speculating."

Byrne nodded slightly, as though he weren't deeply interested in the policy of the firm, and let the remark go by. If there was to be no speculation in the saintly domain of Cronkite & Scott, the partners had better set the example. He knew the firm was in Tana and Van Eyck up to its eyebrows.

"And you stand a good chance to get your fingers burnt, playing with stuff of that kind."

"As a matter of fact," began Jimmy Byrne, "I've cleaned up ——"

"Look here, Jimmy," interrupted the older man, voice quickening with exasperation, "I'm not a bit interested in whatever small change you've managed to pick up playing with those stocks. I'm not even thinking that Cronkite & Scott, not to speak of our customers, have a right to all your time and all your effort while you're in this office. The thing I'm thinking about is you. I've known you since you were a freckle-faced kid at Blueport, and I don't want to see you make a fool of yourself. Wait a second, Jimmy, I'm talking."

Byrne, on the verge of a retort, subsided grimly.

"You've had one of the best opportunities down here that a young fellow could hope for, and you've made good on it. But don't think for a minute that you haven't had luck, and don't think that, because you've picked up a little money on the side, you haven't been playing in luck. You're no genius.

"You came here as a trading clerk when you scarcely knew the difference between a bond and a share. When you stubbed your toe and balled up your selling orders, you had luck enough to do it in a rising market and came out ahead. Don't think we didn't notice and have a laugh to ourselves. Then Harris fell sick and you had to pinch hit for him. Murphy got sorehead and quit. And then Harris died.

"Was that luck, to fall heir to a job held by a man old enough and with experience enough to be your father? Bond trader at your age, with a half-million trading account?"

"I didn't ask for any consideration because I was young," said Byrne, anger boiling.

"No," agreed Cronkite, and his voice turned to acid; "but you got some, all the same—and you needed it. We were willing to let you hold down that job and take some losses here and there, that an older man might have saved

(Continued on Page 120)

"Say, Jimmy, I Hear They Took It Away From You Today."
"They Left Me Subway Fare and That's About All"

SPECIAL SERVICE

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

AN INCIDENT, trivial in itself but not at all trivial in its possible consequences, occurred at the Montview Hotel, Denver, during the first week of July. It so aroused the curiosity of Goebel, the resident manager, that he referred it to Steve Faraday, owner of the Montview and half a dozen other Faraday hotels, when Steve made his regular visit a few days later on his midsummer swing of inspection.

"Our register for March fifteenth, three years ago, has suddenly become mighty important to somebody," Goebel reported.

"How important?" asked Steve.

"This is all I know now: Last week—Monday, it was—a good-looking, very attractive young fellow—English-looking and speaking like an Englishman—came in when I happened to be in the front office. He asked for our register for March, three years back; said he was an attorney for a party in a lawsuit and wanted to prove by our records that a Franklin Smith was in New York, and not in Denver, on March thirteenth. I sent to the file room and let him look at the register."

"All right," said Steve attentively.

"He appeared all right," Goebel continued. "So I did not watch him. He looked over the book for a few minutes and turned it back to me, thanking me very politely. I remember I asked him, 'Was your man here?'

"'He wasn't. That's what I wanted to show,' he said. Then he went out; and no one here saw him again; but on Wednesday night the book was taken."

"How taken?"

"It was stolen from the file room. The clerk in charge reported to me a volume missing. It was that book for March, three years back."

"You had returned it to the file room?"

"Yes."

"Nobody on the staff had taken it out again?" asked Steve. The loss of a register, three years old, would not have impressed him as important except for Goebel's evident interest. Steve considered, however, that Goebel, though an excellent manager, was likely to exaggerate small incidents.

"No; nobody of the staff had it out," replied Goebel positively. "The file-room clerk is sure it was taken outside the house. Naturally, I thought of the Englishman who'd asked for it Monday. It looked to me that, being interested in a lawsuit, he'd wanted some record destroyed. But the next night the book was back."

"Who returned it?"

"We don't know. There it was in its place again."

"With all its pages?"

"Yes; nothing torn out."

"What was done to it then?"

"I looked first on the pages for March thirteenth. My idea was that he'd taken it to change some entry about his Franklin Smith. There was no Smith on the pages for the thirteenth; but on the fifteenth was this":

Goebel opened the big book, bulky in its permanent binding, and Steve ran his eye down the list of names in the different individual hands of the guests of three years and four months ago:

A. G. Sprague and wife	Pueblo
H. E. Henty	St. Louis, Mo
Arlo Kane, Mrs. Kane and maid	N. Y. City
L. B. Hougham-Stearns and son and manservant	London

"Those are Just Family Letters—My Father's Letters to Mother and Hers to Him Before They Were Married"

"Fourth line," Goebel directed, and he held for Steve a magnifying glass. "Now look at it."

"Name looks all right."

"But after it 'and son and manservant.' Isn't the 'and son' crowded and the ink in those two words newer?"

"You mean you think this has been changed since the original entry, which was 'L. B. Hougham-Stearns and'——"

"——'and manservant,'" said Goebel. "But originally I think there was a little blank space left between the name and 'and manservant'; and somebody recently wrote in 'and son.' I've looked through the rest of the book since I saw that. There are other crowded entries and several erasures; they plainly were made in the regular course of business; but this one, I'm sure, is fresh."

"What do you make of it?" asked Steve, still doubtful whether the entry had been changed.

"I make it mighty important for somebody to want to be able to prove that the son of L. B. Hougham-Stearns, of London, was here with him three years ago last March as well as the manservant. So he, or someone else for him, came in and had a look at the entry, saw how it might be changed, got the book, made the change and returned it to our possession so that he can prove by it, later, whatever it's important to him to prove."

"H'm—who's L. B. Hougham-Stearns, of London?"

"I don't remember him at all; but you can see from the register he had our best suite; and day before yesterday this was in a newspaper." Goebel handed Steve a clipping from a Los Angeles newspaper and Steve read:

"Sussex House in Southern California, the home of L. B Hougham-Stearns, who came to California from London about three years ago, is reported to be for sale. Mr. Hougham-Stearns came to California because of conditions of health and was so improved that he decided to settle and he made immense land purchases. Recently, his health has again failed; and though he finds California most delightful, sentimental ties recall him to England."

"H'm!" said Steve, considering. If the entry in the register really had been changed, the appearance of such an item at this time suggested a design of importance. On the other hand, Steve wondered whether Goebel had been so certain that there had been a change in the entry after Hougham-Stearns' name before he had discovered the newspaper item

"What'd we better do?" asked Goebel.

"Nothing," said Steve, "except keep this to ourselves. If this entry has been changed and the book is wanted, we'll hear from it. By the way, did you by any chance take any action which would have informed the thief—I mean the borrower of the book—that you missed it?"

"No."

"That's good," said Steve. "Then whatever's coming if anything does come—is sure to come to us."

Steve Faraday, who was twenty-six, had, you see, inherited his hotels. They had come to him from his father as going concerns, financially successful and with a perfected organization; so upon Steve had devolved their development along their newest and, to him, most interesting phase—the ministering to the tastes, individual needs and even fancies of his guests

Sooner or later, Steve knew, nearly everybody in the civilized world stops at a hotel, and often at the most critical period of their lives. Steve found the strange, unexpected and unpredictable events constantly occurring among the ten thousand persons who nightly sought the shelter of his roofs the most fascinating feature of his business; and to the precepts left by his father to the organization, and repeated and quoted, he had added another of his own invention which he thought particularly applicable to such cases: "Service which exceeds the guest's expectation is the most efficient, although silent, advertising."

At his hotel in St. Louis, where he had been four days before his arrival in Denver, for instance, a guest—a woman—had attempted suicide. Revived and restored to herself in the hotel hospital, she had refused to give any reason for her act or any particulars about herself. The incident made a five-line paragraph in the newspapers. It had not become known outside the hotel that the initials on her hand baggage corresponded, not with the name she had signed upon the register, but with those of one of the characters in a famous divorce case.

On leaving Denver, Steve went to Chicago, where, at his house, the Tonty, the problem of procedure momentarily

concerning the management was the question whether a huge black-bearded man who had registered as D. Cozene, of Belgrade, and who spoke no English, had liberty of movement or was in fact practically imprisoned in his room by the intimidation of his two attendants. This doubt Cozene himself cleared up, the day after Steve's arrival, by going out alone. And leaving for Cleveland on the second evening later, Steve's thoughts turned to his Cleveland house, the Commodore Perry, and to the counterfeit money which had caused its management so much annoyance.

Bills of twenty-dollar denomination, so excellently made as to make detection difficult, had appeared in circulation in the hotel just previous to Steve's stopping there on his way west some two weeks previous. Numbers of them had appeared in the receipts of the various cashiers; some had been refused in the hotel's deposit at the bank; and, what was more serious, many of them had found their way from the cashiers into the possession of guests. The money loss to the hotel had been only a few hundred dollars; the annoyance to his guests Steve could not regard so philosophically. Not less than a dozen letters had been received from departed guests, inclosing one or more of the bills which they had received in change at the hotel. Steve readily could put himself in the place of one who, leaving the hotel with perhaps eighty dollars in his pocket, found half of it bad. Then the bills had stopped.

Steve had left it to Claflin, his manager at the Commodore Perry, to determine their source and whether a guest or a member of the staff had put them in circulation; now he remembered that he had heard nothing from Claflin in regard to it

Arriving at the Commodore Perry in the morning, Steve greeted his manager in the front office

"Send Ebor a dollar," Steve directed one of the clerks on duty. Ebor was the taxi starter. "He paid for my cab."

Claflin drew him aside quietly. "Have you a big bill on you?" he asked in a low tone. "Fifty or a hundred? Change it yourself then at the front cashier's window."

Steve looked at him quickly. "You mean it has begun again?"

"Since yesterday."

"The same bills as before?"

"Yes; twenties."

"And you suspect one of the staff?"

"It looks like it."

Steve moved to the front cashier's window with curiosity as to whom he would find on duty.

"Why, Mr. Faraday!" a girl's pleasant voice greeted him from behind the grating; and Steve faced, to his surprise, not a stranger, as he expected, but a girl well and most favorably known to him.

"How do you do, Clara?" he asked, reaching under the grating to shake hands with her. His feeling chiefly was irritation at Claflin, who, if he suspected this girl, must have made a mistake. She was a very good-looking girl, with large brown eyes, brown hair and a pretty skin; intelligent and with a nice manner. She was Steve's own age and he had known her since she was sixteen, when she was a check girl in Chicago. Since then she had worked up to her present position as front-office cashier.

Instinctively Steve recoiled from the test of her; but he went through with it, and after a few words he handed in a hundred-dollar bill.

"I need a dollar, please," he said. He noticed, as she counted out the money, a small diamond on her left hand; then she returned him four twenties, a ten, a five and five ones

Claflin led him thereupon into the private office, where two strangers—a shrewd-looking man of twenty-four and a portly gray-hair—were sitting. The young man arose, but the older one sat estimating Steve with his even gray eyes.

Steve had not yet put away his money. "You just got that at the front cashier's window?" the gray-hair asked, after the door was closed.

"Yes."

"Keep it separate."

"Mr. Faraday, this is Captain Norton, of the United States Secret Service," Claflin somewhat nervously introduced the gray-hair. "Mr. Ashlander is on this case with him. They both know who you are."

Steve pocketed his money. "I've heard of you often, of course," he said to Norton. His irritation against Claflin was increasing, as his mind went back for the moment to the brown eyes and pleasant appearance of the girl in the cashier's cage. "You asked the Government in on this matter then, Claflin?"

"No." Claflin was a wiry, uneasy, spectacled man of forty. "No," he repeated; "they came here of themselves this morning."

"The cashier of the Guardian Trust, your bank, reported to us a number of counterfeits in your deposits of last night, which the bank refused," Ashlander explained easily. "The same thing, according to him, occurred in larger number between two and three weeks ago."

"Yes," Steve admitted. He was not actually resenting the appearance of the government men in the case; his hotels, to be sure, usually handled their problems for themselves and called for outside help only after they knew what action would be necessary. It was their mistake regarding the front-office cashier that he resented.

"Captain Norton and I came over this morning and did a little work," Ashlander continued; and Claflin drew open a drawer of his desk and extracted a little packet of new bank notes which he spread out on the table before Norton and Ashlander

"Twenty-dollar Federal Reserve notes on the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, check letter A, plate number 121; Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury; John Burke, Treasurer of the United States; portrait of Cleveland," Ashlander announced quietly

"Counterfeits?" asked Steve, fingering one.

"Very good ones; excellent; unusually deceptive, and they all came out of your front-office cashier's cage this morning."

"They're the same, are they, as those you took up before?" Steve asked of Claflin; but it was Ashlander who answered him

"Off the same plate, Mr. Faraday. We've examined the other ones. They're from an engraved steel plate made by an expert, with very minor errors. The faults in the portrait of Cleveland are a slight narrowing of the chin and in the line of the temples. Compared with a government note of that series, you can scarcely see the difference; it's almost microscopic.

"The seal and numbering also are very good; and the bills have been numbered serially. The paper is not quite so good. It is too stiff and brittle and the silk fiber is bunched more than in government paper. But it's an extraordinarily good counterfeit. Only an expert could detect it."

Steve glanced at Claflin; he drew from his pocket the crisp bank notes handed him a few minutes before by the brown-eyed girl at the cashier's window of the front office He sorted out the four twenties and compared them; then shook his head.

"What are mine?" He referred to Ashlander and laid the bills before him

Ashlander bent and examined them carefully. "She gave the boss a fifty-fifty break, Mr. Claflin," he reported to the manager. "These two are government engravings, these two are off that plate." He gestured to the row of counterfeits. *(Continued on Page 144)*

Her Defense Broke; Suddenly She Was So Weak That Steve Caught Her in His Arms and Half Carried Her to a Chair. "Oh, it Is! It Is!"

HEY, TAXI! — By BOYDEN SPARKES

Fifth Avenue and Broadway at Twenty-third Street, New York City

IN THE big Eastern city of which Mrs. Eliza Jackson, hand laundress, is one of the gayest members of the middle-aged colored set, there is only one large taxicab company. This is a partial explanation of how come Mrs. Jackson's lingerie-wearing clientele had so much trouble recently in communicating with her by telephone. Now there is a new telephone number listed in the book opposite the name of Mrs. Eliza Jackson.

The rivals of this large company are a legion of independent drivers, banded together in an association for the more economical purchase of gasoline, oil, insurance and tires. About two-thirds of these independent operators have sought to reap a benefit from the large company's well-advertised reputation for honest and safe taxicab service by counterfeiting the distinctive coloring of its cabs and the uniforms of its drivers. For this there seems to be, in this particular city, no remedy at law. The big company's lawyers began to admit that much several months ago, because a color may not be copyrighted or registered as a trademark, or otherwise protected short of strong-arm methods, in which this company refuses to indulge. But the executives of the big company did seek to make the most of their telephone number. Through every advertising device they could think of, or which was presented to them by enthusiastic salesmen, they strove to engrave that telephone number upon the memories of all potential patrons. It was a sort of mnemonic casting of bread upon the waters, and a short-memoried public was just beginning to understand that the acid test of a cab was the telephone number on the doors and the rear, when Mrs. Eliza Jackson became a factor in the situation.

Camouflaged Phone Numbers

FOR all who draw their livelihood from a large fleet of taxicabs, the telephone number of the fleet is a vital force. It is a magic phrase that, uttered, again and again releases cabs from immobile enchantment at public hack stands; but even so, the bulk of the sales of taxicab merchandise—metered miles—is accomplished by shrewd cruising where the crowds are found. Counterfeit cabs, greatly outnumbering the legitimate, were profiting on the street by the advertising expenditures of the big company. Finally inspectors of the company brought word to headquarters of the ultimate in this counterfeiting.

Suppose we agree that the number of the company was Dorman 0300, and that the inspectors reported that the imitation taxicabs were emblazoning on their cab door Dorman 0900, partially erasing the left side of the loop of the nine so that it seemed to be a three to a person waiting on the curbstone to hail one of the trusted cabs of the Dorman 0300 species out of the traffic streams.

"I don't see how the telephone company was persuaded to give such a number to a garage," complained the president of the taxicab corporation when the news was brought to him. "What is the name of the subscriber who has that number?"

"We haven't found that out," confessed the subordinate who had reported the disturbing fact.

"Well, find out!" The boss was angry. "Here, I'll call it myself," he said, and growled into the transmitter on his desk, "Dorman 0900."

Traffic at a Standstill on Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia

As he waited he chewed a cigar in a fashion that suggested he was in a mood to commit mayhem on the person to whom he was telephoning. Then:

"Is this Dorman 0900? . . . Yes? . . . Well, who is this, please? Mrs. . . . Eliza Jackson, eh? . . . Will you send a taxicab to —— What's that?" With an angry gesture he snapped the receiver back on the hook and again addressed himself to his subordinate.

Strategy

"IT'S a colored woman, I gather from her voice, and she is operating a hand laundry. She seemed quite peevish, too, because she had been called away from her work. Get up there and see her. She must be within a mile or so of this office. Wait a minute!" He thumbed through his telephone book.

"Here it is: 'Mrs. Eliza Jackson, —— Third Avenue, Dorman 0900.' See the telephone company also and explain the situation."

Late that afternoon a crestfallen assistant returned to his chief's office.

"Mrs. Jackson is a colored woman and a mean one, I'm here to testify "

"What's the matter?"

"I suggested as politely as I know how that it would help us if she would consent to accept another telephone number."

"Yes?"

"She offered to drown me in a clothes boiler full of scalding hot water."

"What about the telephone company?"

"They say they can't do anything about it. This woman has had the same number for several years."

"We got to do something. I guess I'll have to do it myself. I'm going to see this Mrs. Jackson."

The president of the company never took anyone into his confidence as to the details of his encounter with Mrs. Jackson, but he did learn that a gentleman friend of the laundress had agreed to pay her thirty dollars a month for the privilege of painting her telephone number on some taxicabs. The president also got a promise from the telephone company that if Mrs. Jackson ever was induced to accept another telephone number, Dorman 0900 would be canceled from the switchboard. Determination was written in the set of the president's jaws.

It was about six o'clock next morning that Mrs. Eliza Jackson's telephone bell began to ring, which was precisely thirty minutes earlier than her alarm clock was set to make a similar clamor.

"Dorman 0900?"

"Wha' yuh want?" Mrs. Jackson was annoyed

"Please send a taxicab ——"

The connection was broken by Mrs. Jackson, who slammed her receiver back on the hook.

Just five minutes later the telephone bell began to ring. At ten minutes past six it rang again. It rang at quarter past six and again at twenty minutes past. Mrs. Jackson had answered it twice more before her alarm clock put an additional tax

on her temper. Every time she had lifted the receiver off the hook she heard a voice say, "Please send a taxicab to ——" The addresses to which she had been asked to send a taxicab varied. So did the voices, although there had been some repetition; but how much Mrs. Jackson could not say.

Once she had let the phone ring. She stood it for four minutes before surrendering to its command. That time there was only an interval of a single minute before its clamor began again. Mrs. Jackson thought she would stuff some rags around the bell clapper and still its racket, but then she thought a second time and realized that by so doing she would shut off not only the annoying pleas for taxicabs but also the calls of customers with soiled linen for her empty tubs.

If a graph could be made showing accurately the heights to which Mrs. Jackson's temper rose before that day was over, it would be a drawing acutely interesting to any psychiatrist in possession of all the facts. Such a graph would show on the part of Mrs. Jackson incredible resistance to apoplectic seizures. At ten minutes past ten that night Mrs. Jackson did stuff a piece of cloth about the bell clapper, and further relieved her overwrought emotions by hitting the unfeeling instrument with the stick she used to stir boiling clothes. Then she went to bed. All through the night her slumbers were disturbed by a clicking, bubbling sound in the throat of her telephone as that abused mechanism struggled to make itself heard in spite of its gag.

The next day was quite as maddening, and Mrs. Jackson received some insults difficult to swallow that were delivered through chauffeurs and maids on behalf of her limousine-riding patrons. Why did she not answer her telephone? Why had she failed to deliver Mrs. Blessingham-Houghton's camisoles and et ceteras?

Twice before the end of the second day Mrs. Jackson had appealed to the telephone company for relief. The official with whom she was finally placed in communication apparently never had heard of her before. He promised an investigation. The second time she called him up he asked her if it was not true that she had given an association of taxicab chauffeurs permission to have her telephone number painted on their cabs. Mrs. Jackson admitted the charge.

"Then, Mrs. Jackson, we can do nothing for you. The public display of that number is an invitation to the public to call your number. That is something you should have thought about before you entered into such an arrangement. Sorry."

Victory

EARLY on the third day Mrs. Jackson directed the telephone operator to give her the highest official of the telephone company who was available. She explained that she desired to have her telephone number changed, and sighed with relief when she was told the change would be made within a few hours because the company appreciated Mrs. Jackson's patronage.

At the headquarters of the taxicab company, along about five o'clock that afternoon, one of four men who had been engaged for three days in calling Dorman 0900 at five-minute intervals in order to ask "Will you please send a taxicab?" encountered a bit of delay when he made the call.

Then another operator, higher in authority, came in on the line and asked, "What number did you call, please?"

"Dorman 0900."

"Dorman 0900 has been changed to Dorman 4275. Will you please give the new number to your operator?"

"No, I won't!" roared the weary but triumphant employe, and proceeded to deliver the good news to his chief.

Three days later the police had ordered every one of the chauffeurs of counterfeits that were displaying Dorman 0900 on their cab doors to remove that dishonest sign or suffer revocation of their licenses; and the order was obeyed, although not cheerfully.

The free-lance operation of single taxicabs is becoming a thing of the past all over the United States. There are still myriads of free-lance owners; but most of these are banded in associations that provide many of the buying economies of a single big business, without the discipline and division of profits that go with a job with one of the larger companies. Between these large companies and the associations of independent drivers runs the frontier of competition.

Columbus Circle, New York. More Autos Pass Here in a Day Than Any Other Spot in the World

Gold Mines in Junk Piles

CHICAGO at intervals in recent years has been the scene of bitter wars between rival companies in which every taxicab was a combatant vehicle, but with both companies employing wrecker cabs that operated as tanks, crashing into the vehicles of opponents with weaker bumpers. Noisome smoke bombs have been thrown, tires have been needled, chauffeurs have been slugged; passengers have been assaulted in violation of every sound rule of business.

Yet in spite of all this senseless expression of the competitive spirit, there is more business on the streets of Chicago than there are cabs to haul it. This is so because in every large city in the United States taxicabs have become a vital part of the transportation system.

Business men who have entered the field of large-scale taxicab operation have gained riches by making an attack on waste. They have found fortunes in the drain pipes and the junk heaps behind their garages just as definitely as placer miners find gold in gravel beds. Their profits have all come through the elimination of waste, and the story of the economies they have effected in the operation of swarms of automobiles is something to arouse envy and wonder in the breast of anyone who owns an automobile. They know only one unit and that is the mile.

Clean shiny cabs are better revenue producers than those on which dirt is allowed to accumulate, besides which a clean cab has a longer life, if for no other reason than that its driver is more inclined to take care of it than he would be if he drove a dirty cab.

In one Middle Western city which operates about 100 cabs, the washing of those cabs requires a full nine hours every night. Through the installation of a high-pressure air-wash system, employing sprays of kerosene and of water, the cost of the washing operation has been cut one-third; and

(Continued on Page 133)

Auto Traffic on Fifth Avenue

MARTINET

By ARED WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

The Adjutant Sprang Into the Hole and Shouted the Situation to the Prostrate Closney

OFFICERS' call, followed by the staccato notes of double time, and blown from the wavering lips of a bugler who was either inexpert or very nervous, brought the officers of the newly formed ——th Infantry to regimental headquarters with a feeling of mingled interest and trepidation.

Whether it was from intuition or a portent put into the air by the bugle, they turned out with a sudden feeling, one and all, that there was blood on the military moon; and each of the officers, from lieutenant to major, searched his conscience carefully as he hurried toward the regimental brain center, adjusting coat and collar, checking bronze buttons and running a nervous hand over that part of the face which is supposed to be scrupulously shaved.

They milled for a few moments about regimental headquarters, wondering what this peremptory summons was all about, until one by one they became conscious of a stiff, bristling figure of a man standing a dozen paces to the left of the regimental headquarters door. Sight of him, with his critical, almost sinister air, brought them to rigid attention. Even before they glanced at his shoulders and saw those glittering new silver eagles, they sensed a personage to be reckoned with.

"It's our new colonel," whispered someone in awed tones; and though the words were barely audible, they reached the hearing—or the mind—of the whole group of ninety-odd officers of the ——th Infantry regiment.

If the little man had been a military statue he could not have stood more rigidly in place, glowering upon them. As the moments went by, the silence became painful. Why the severity of his manner? Why, now that they were duly assembled, did he not speak his mind at once? Presently he shifted ever so slightly from one foot to the other, and tension had become such that the officers looked quickly at his knees as if startled by the movement. They in turn shifted from one foot to the other in sheer nervousnesa.

He moved his eyes slowly back and forth across the ranks, searching their faces with a piercing, unyielding glare. Many looked him full in the eyes, wonderingly, half bewildered. Other eyes fell before that withering blast. There was no resentment of his uncompromising attitude, of the manifest bad humor of this newcomer—only wonderment. These officers were new in the service, barely out of those emergency training camps where the latent germs of leadership among soft civilians were being developed into full-fledged battle efficiency in ninety intense days.

They had learned the intricacies of deploying a squad, operating a machine gun, directing the fire of a platoon or a war-strength company, writing messages and reading maps; but the stuff that higher commanders are made of was still a baffling mystery to them. Just at a time when they might conclude that severity—relentless, arbitrary severity—was part and parcel of this mysterious profession of arms which they so lately and temporarily had adopted under the urge of their country's call, along would come some genial whole-souled high-ranker to put them at sea again by his friendly human conduct. Rather exceptions, those congenial souls, to be sure, but sufficient in number to add to the confusion of sheer amateurs in this grim, uncharted game of war.

"I am Col. Martin E. Closney, assigned to command of this regiment," he announced at the end of a period that had seemed interminable. He spoke in sharp, crisp tones, through barely opened lips—almost in a snarl; then lapsed back into that inscrutable foreboding silence, waiting for the full import of his announcement to become thoroughly understood.

They looked at him with renewed intensity. He had confirmed their first suspicion. So this was their new regimental commander—or rather their regimental commander. The regiment had just been completed from the second draft levies and had been under the temporary command of a kindly but disgruntled old file who nourished a deadly grudge against the world because the War Department had refused him stars and relegated him to unenviable training duty with depot brigades. The new colonel was a man in early middle age, thickset, squatty of build, and with the physical lines of a soldier from his square shoulders to his trim, dashingly bowed legs. His neck was thick and leathery, his jaw deep-set and heavy, his mouth thick but straight, with a downward twist at the corners. Yet there was that about the mouth which gave the impression that its corners were forced down by muscular effort rather than by natural set. And the scornful fires that now burned intensely in those rather large brown eyes of his were not so much the fires of a hard unyielding nature as they were the flames of arrogance.

"I want to compliment you on having about the rottenest mess of a regiment it has ever been my privilege to observe," Colonel Closney announced in the same acrid voice. He lapsed again into silence, as if the import of his words must have full time to sear itself upon their souls.

"Pride of regiment," he went on, pausing impressively after each phrase, "is a first essential. You naturally can't be proud of a regiment until it is worth being proud of. I am going to make this the best regiment of the Army instead of the worst. Those of you who prove fit to remain with such a regiment will be here to be proud of this regiment. The rest of you will be kicked out of the service. I'll not have weaklings or incompetents in my regiment. Have I made myself clear?"

He looked back and forth along the line again, the corners of his mouth sinking lower into a scornful finality that seemed to forbid anyone to answer his question.

"That's all!" he whipped out suddenly in the way of a dog snapping at a pestiferous fly. He returned their solemn, studied salute with a contemptuous toss of his gold-headed riding crop, turned smartly on his heel and strode into regimental headquarters, looking neither to right nor left.

The ninety-odd officers of the newly formed ——th Infantry stood as one man under the spell of this unwonted, unprecedented interview, then broke confusedly to the right and left, bumping into one another as they left. No one spoke. There was no criticism. They went into this thing knowing war was a grim undertaking and that their lives were the stakes. Obedience—blind, unquestioning obedience to the will of the commander—was the very foundation of this exacting new business, they had been told. Perhaps this was what they should have expected by way of a colonel. Perhaps this was the regular manner of a regimental commander. A business that takes men away from their schools, their offices, their professions, to face bullets in a foreign land can hardly be a lark or call for handshaking congeniality in its leaders. Only—the thought

lay unexpressed in every mind—they had hoped the man whom fate and the War Department would send to pilot them across the broad waters and lead them through the crimson turmoil of the great adventure would be a creature less apart; something less uncanny, less inscrutable.

Captain Davis, regimental adjutant, stood alone in front of regimental headquarters, his sensitive mouth agape, his eyes staring in a half frightened way. Others might take refuge in the barracks when the blast was over, but he must live close to this strange creature. He pulled himself together with the recollection that his commanding officer at the training camp was much like this newcomer, yet had turned out to be fair, efficient and lovable. The half smile of youthful light-heartedness returned to his boyish face and he walked boldly in to greet his new colonel and report formally as adjutant.

He was a slender, frail-appearing youngster of twenty-four, straight as an arrow since his three months of training. His eyes, sky-blue, and with an innocent, untroubled cast, looked out from under handsomely arched eyebrows, their color enhancing the pink and white of a flawless complexion—a complexion almost too flawless for a male of the species. His wrists were little thicker than the two middle fingers of a strong man's hand, and their frailty was only accentuated by the heavy leather-incased wrist watch over his left hand. Someone in the regiment had bestowed upon him the nickname of Sally, and it stuck to him despite the power of his place as regimental adjutant—an assignment that had come to him by reason of his civil occupation of public accountant and therefore his adaptability for mastering the multitudinous and involved reports required of regimental headquarters. In this work he had proved his adaptability already in an emergency army that must needs make the maximum use of the previous civilian training of a most unmilitary people under the exacting stress of a sudden national crisis of the first magnitude.

Colonel Closney was making a minute inspection of the files of orders that had been attached to improvised filing boards and arranged in a neat row on the wall. Captain Davis noted with a hopeful feeling that he had lighted a cigar and that his campaign hat now sat on the back of his head.

From his observation of men he had gleaned that men who smoke and relax usually have human qualities. He drew himself together again and approached the colonel with a show of friendly high spirits.

"I am Captain Davis, your regimental adjutant, sir, and I'm glad to see you," he exclaimed, extending his hand

The colonel turned slowly and scrutinized him coldly from head to foot.

"Remove your hat!" he snapped.

Captain Davis turned violently red, and a feeling of helplessness shook him as the recollection stood out amid the confusing flood of emotions that he had neglected to take off his headgear on entering. He dashed the hat from his head and muttered a confused apology.

"I'd be glad to see you, too, sir," the colonel added bitingly, the severity of his manner increasing, "if you had had a shave recently. Are you raising a beard, captain?"

The young adjutant's hand went involuntarily to his face, then his confusion took on a touch of resentment. His face was smooth. He had shaved two days before—and then amid the jests of his fellow officers; for only the veriest fuzz ever had adorned his youthful blond face. Once a month had been often enough for a shave before he came into the service, and now once a week had struck him as sufficiently frequent to keep his face sleek and clean.

"Sir, I did not think I needed a shave," he stammered, his voice confused but not apologetic. "I shaved this week, and my face ——"

"You'll shave every morning in this man's army—yes, twice a day if you need it, or every hour if I say so. Now get out of here and take a shave!" Colonel Closney commanded.

Captain Davis drew himself erect. He looked the colonel straight in the eye, firmly, manfully, and raised his right hand to a splendid salute.

"Yes, sir," he replied, bringing his hand smartly to his side, executing an about face and walking for the door.

He had learned something of the meaning of discipline, if little else, at the officers' training camp. He had learned, too, that war is no time in which to challenge the opinions, whims or idiosyncrasies of one's commanding officer.

"Another thing, captain ——"

The colonel's voice arrested him as he was closing the door gently behind him. The voice stopped until he had returned to a place directly before those chilling eyes.

"Another thing you'd just as well understand if you expect to remain with this regiment," Colonel Closney said through his compressed lips, "and that is I'm not running a debating society here. Understand me? No debating society, captain. So when I tell you anything after this, don't try to debate it—get me? Don't debate it. Do it. That's all."

"Yes, sir." Captain Davis suppressed hot resentment, pressing his teeth into his lips in the effort.

"Don't bite at your lips that way—you might get blood poisoning," the colonel sneered.

That night after mess, Captain Davis pleaded with a group of his brothers in arms.

"For heaven's sake, fellows, cut out that nickname Sally you gave me; I nearly got busted today over not shaving regular, and I've got a tough row to hoe as adjutant of this regiment. The new colonel hasn't taken much of a shine to me as a soldier, and it ain't going to make it any better to find out this silly nickname you've hooked on me."

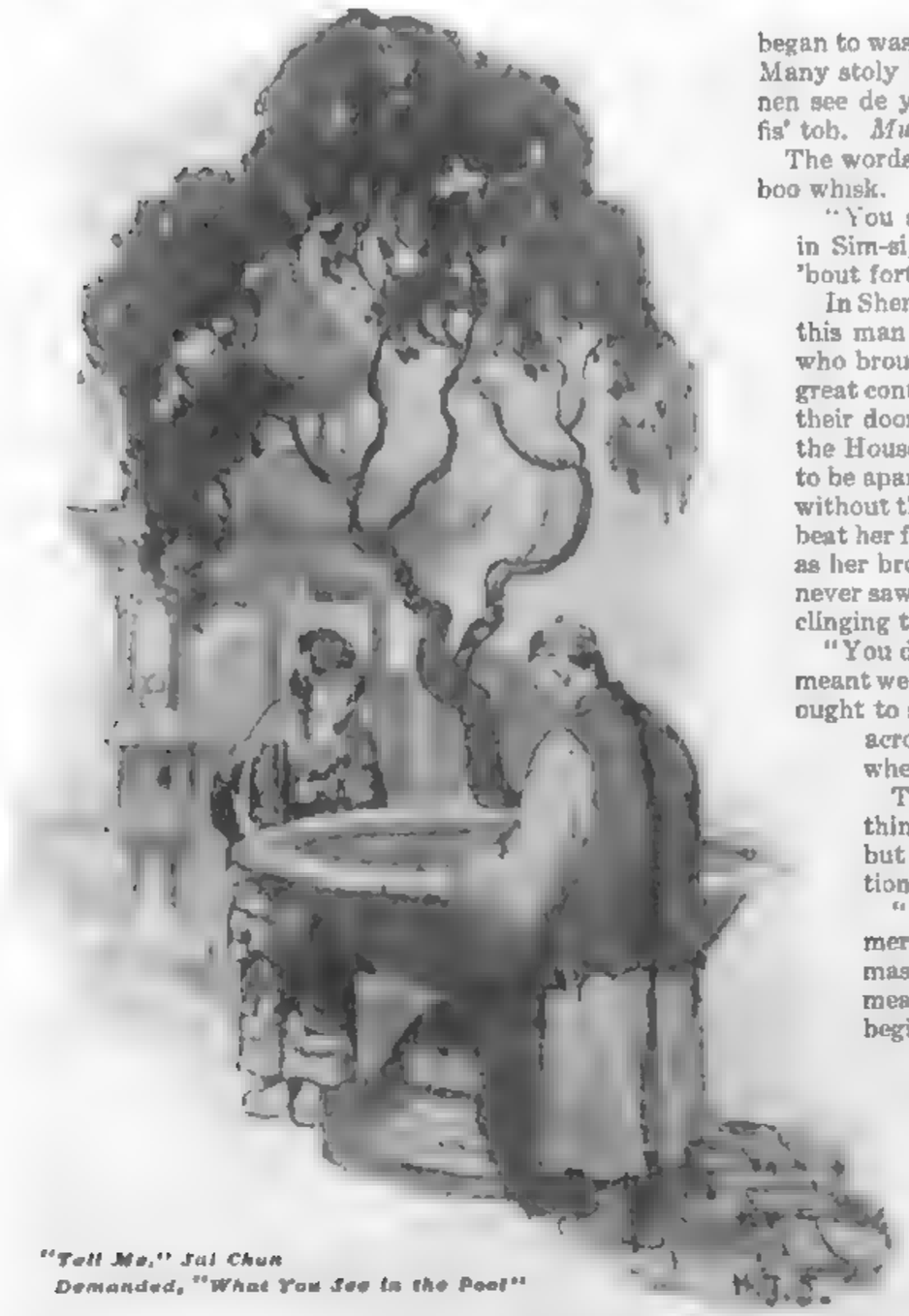
"Sally" was given a willing and sympathetic burial then and there. *(Continued on Page 160)*

When the Men Saw How it Was Done, the Machine-Gun Nests Failed to Stop Those Whom They Failed to Destroy

THE SUNNY POOL

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



"Tell Me," Sai Chun Demanded, "What You See in the Pool"

NO, NO, NO! *Mho!* Nodda kine. He's name *mui fa.* No fluit. You see, I tole you!"

Controversy raged on a high bank in the garden. Yi Tao, with a tin watering pot hooked over one arm, waved a nasturtium leaf as round as his face and laid the law down from above. He barked, a little watchdog of wisdom buttoned in a white tunic. From beneath, Oto, the Japanese gardener, made reply:

"No frower?"

"Ho! Plenty flowlah!"

The argument could turn serious. A grand hotel once got no dinner and a cook was nearly carved to death, because China and Japan, behind a swinging door, could not agree how to spell the word "box."

"M'm-m?" Oto, among plants thigh-deep, only shrugged his flat khaki back, then went on trimming geranium with a pair of enormous clippers and tearing out groundsel. But his whine, like a mosquito's, infuriated. "M'm-m? I don' tink so."

Tao gathered breath, second wind, for louder barking.

"Shu! You clazy! *Mui fa, hung fa,* plenty flowlah, no fluit!"

Oto erected that military back, and shears in hand, looked upward to begin a hot answer. Men fight chiefly—if Elihu Vedder was not wrong—about religion and spelling; here it grew possible that botany might do, and they find quarrel in a straw.

"You look-see!" cried Tao. Against his middle he hugged the watering pot, on the front of which his finger traced a crosshatching, then another—two Chinese characters.

"Jixy lek!"

The finger left no mark. Oto followed its movement, however, and gaping up the bank, read an idea.

"So? Ah-h-h! Iss-yiss-yes!"

For once the written word held a little victory, defeating the spoken, while both men cackled and enjoyed their mistake. Yi Tao laughed until he rolled at the hips, his eyebrows went up slantwise and his hands waved in short jerks.

It was all about some kind of flowering apricot, almond or quince. At night in the kitchen he explained.

"Oh, lartchee offin see-em, olo gardin, welly nice." Tao bore off a remainder of apple betty with hard sauce, put it to bed in the outer dark, clanged a door shut, returned grinning, caught up what might have been the stump of a shuttlecock but was a frayed whisk of bamboo splint, and began to wash dishes like a juggler. "Welly beauty. Shu! Many stoly 'bout, song alloso. Lek de girl hang she se'f, nen see de yong fella he's face down de water, de waze, fis' tob. *Mui fa* in he's gardin too."

The words came faster than the revolution of the bamboo whisk.

"You see, som'tam 'go, befo' olo country; empelo' in Sim-si, Chang-An, woss one man woss 'bout aitch 'bout forty year ol' ——"

In Shen-si, when the emperor held court at Sian, lived this man of forty, a brilliant scholar and a gentleman who brought his family up well. Their days passed in great content, so tranquil and happy that men going by their door admired it and notified strangers: "Behold, the House of the Evening Sun." They could not bear to be apart, the man and his wife, nor to walk anywhere without the children—a girl thirteen years old who could beat her father at chess, and even read any book as well as her brother, a thoughtful comic imp of seven. You never saw this man but he had his daughter and his boy clinging to him, right and left.

"You do them injustice," complained his elders, who meant well. "You live at ease and bury your name. It ought to shine abroad, growing effulgent, a brightness across the nation, a pride to your darlings here when at last they are gray folk like us."

The man laughed. He knew, among other things, all the history in the Grove of Tablets, but knowledge had given him humor, not ambition.

"These effulgences!" he replied. "The glimmer of rotten wood! One flower, one petal mashed in a hot little hand bringing it with love, means more than the word 'viceroy.' Let's not begin to cant."

"Be a viceroy and have your flowers too."

"Incompatible."

Friends hauled and pried and levered under the base of his happiness until one day over they toppled him, rejoicing. In Sian the emperor's learned men were to hold another great examination.

"Well, you pestering uplifters"—the victim yielded with a smile—"if a buffalo cannot enjoy his native pond, but must go drip and bellow in the courts of heaven, so be it. For your sake I will play the fool."

Up they went to Sian, father, mother and children, as for a holiday. The chief of the servants, who came after, an old man, Level Heart by name, turned to look back at their house and gave a sigh. The girl caught him in the act.

"Are you tired already?"

"No," said Level Heart. "Thank you, no."

The children's journey went merrily, for the Wei River and the white plain were new to them, full of enchantment. When they reached the moat before Sian, the bridge, the walls and the many-windowed gate rearing so vast, so high, they hugged their father to make sure that all this grandeur was not a dream.

"It must be the workshop where people are made," whispered the boy, as their cart jolted through crowds within. "Too many, too many. Sister is frightened, and so am I—almost."

The house where they went to sleep, and woke next morning bewildered, had a cage of linnets; other children who lived next door owned a live turtle and could play not only Butcher's Bill but the Water Demon Seeking His Den; once Level Heart took them to see the Drum Tower; so that every day brought fresh marvels and would have seemed a golden time had father been there to partake. He was gone.

"When will the Dragon Throne let father out of his box?"

"Pretty soon. He writes by a lamp," said Level Heart, "all day and all night. He will come from his box a great man."

"How great?" asked the boy. "Will he go by us without speaking? And have cymbals ahead?" Their mother explained. "We shall be very, very proud of him."

It was a relief when he sauntered home quite unspoiled, rather pale and tired, but as always full of fun. "How now, toadlings?" he cried. "Let us hear all the mischief you've done. Tomorrow we shall —— Wait! What says mother? Oh, that! Passed, I believe. . . . To-morrow shall we go to the Mountain Pool of Lintung, and picnic?"

Outings together, walks, talks, visits in quiet gardens, brave sights, flashes of imperial splendor marching through a city gray with legend, made the summer fly. Then one day as autumn turned sharp, the girl saw her father come in wagging his head and heard him speak after a new fashion, playful, but cross.

"Well, wife, is the divine craving fulfilled and history made glorious? Our Dragon Throne orders me to Pu Chow, as a judge of life and death, a prefect."

"Oh, husband! Oh, my children! Is it true? Now grandeur opens, the world praising you as I have wanted."

"All that," said father. "Buy the wardrobe. Do any of you fortune tellers know if we shall see home again?"

The girl, whose name was Bright Honor, so adored him that—although his face, the handsomest of lively faces, with great sparkling eyes, drolled upon her while he joined hands and laughed—she felt a pain as of doubt.

"Is my father to be unhappy?"

Three days afterward they were climbing over the gunwale of a boat. Down the Wei meanders it would carry them, among barbarous hill gorges, and up the Yellow River toward unknown Pu Chow. A floating hovel, greasy, dark, with roof of plaited bamboo swollen round like the belly of an upturned monster, it waited to engulf them. Coolies and boatmen scrambled upon it, yelling. Family and servants crept down from sunlight under the arch of its maw.

"Is my father unlucky?" She hung back, putting her question to Level Heart, the dearest creature left in view. When a baby, she had gone holding his forefinger.

"Would you make him so?" Level Heart frowned, and swung her angrily on board. "Hush! No! Never!"

"Then why are you sad, too, if he becomes great?"

The man gave her an answer both hurried and vague:

"It is not the same thing. Go below."

The cabin, a dark vault of wood and bulging wicker, had room for their family, with a box or two. Old barley, old millet, droppings of former cargo, reeked from the bilge and tainted all the gloom like yeast gone sour; a tiny god, blue and gilt, perching aloft on a bulkhead, enjoyed his elfin meditation; and under him a bead of flame threw light that quavered. The first act of Level Heart, down here, was to walk roughly over master and mistress, ignite a sandalwood splinter and leave it burning gray coils before the god.

"So prompt?" said father indulgently. "What is your vow?"

The second act of Level Heart, without reply, was to bound up through the hatch. A squawk rose to high heaven. Down into their cabin he jumped again, carrying by one leg a white fowl that kicked its other and poured blood from a headless neck. He caught the blood like gravy in his palm, smeared the hatch, top, edges and threshold, threw out the feathered bundle of sacrifice, and after it pack on pack of firecrackers lighted at the god's lamp, till everybody sat coughing in gunpowder drift.

"So Then, After All," Continued

"Why," asked father, "all this blood and racket?"

"I have set up the Color of Life," growled the steward, "for our voyage."

The captain of the boat leaned his face down the hatchway—a hard brown face, bony and smiling.

"All well," he inquired, "with Your Excellency?"

The face having drawn up from smoke to sunlight, and away, Level Heart growled again:

"For luck on our voyage. It's needed."

"Wherefore?"

"I like neither Captain Hooknose nor his crew."

"They are not silk flower maidens." Father laughed. "Sailors very seldom are."

"My part's done then. I say not a word."

This flurry at their departure—noise without end of servants and boatmen talking on deck; a causeless fear which kept mother trembling at first, then weeping, though father lay close by to comfort her: so much, nothing more, could Bright Honor afterward recall of their voyage down the Wei. How many days it lasted, or in what weather, she forgot. Late one afternoon they floated past the dark, surly crag and gray fortress of Tung-Kwan, veered away north, and with sunset like a flame on the port hand, began toiling up the wide, muddy current of the Yellow River.

"Tonight," sighed Level Heart, "there will be frost."

He stood guard beside her. The western glow faded, the river turned from bright saffron to oily black, on the surface of which faint upcurling mist gathered and drifted like steam from tea.

"Water devils breathe—men who were drowned, for hundreds and hundreds of years. When you see their breath smoke so early after sundown, there will come frost."

The girl may have shivered. Her old friend at once dropped nimbly down into the cabin, brought a fur cloak and wrapped her warm. Then, while the night deepened with stars innumerable, keen and sparkling, he told her in more cheerful vein the long, long tale of an ancient hero who mounted this Great River—"just as we now sail, toward the Seven"—who found the head of it, the fountain source in the Milky Way, and whom an astrologer spied on his track as a new star erring near the Blue One, straight overhead. "Therefore," Level Heart reasoned, "we know it is true."

Meantime, their boat, having glided under the shadow of a sand bar, lay moored for the night. Her bow contained a fire pot burning, shifting red gleams across a hint of men—bronze faces, bronze elbow or knee where the crew huddled at supper—now flaring into life, now extinguishing them, wild as a picture of goblin market. Smoke, smells from cookery, and voices flitted aft:

"Many, many."

"Many boxes; the fool must be rich."

"When did our skipper intend ——"

"Clap your mouth shut, Frog. You want them to hear?"

It was only the crew at supper, gabbling.

"Are you cold again, young mistress?"

"No; frightened," said the girl. "This world is too big." Her servant laughed.

"It need be nowadays, to hold us all. Fear nothing, child. I sleep athwart the hatch."

Her own bed lay in a dark corner of the cabin, against the forward bulkhead. Tremulous but deep, a band of shadow covered her, the shadow of the bracket where the godling sat throned above his lamp. On that night she was the last of the family awake, for in the open air voices chattered, while underneath her, as if the boat were moving, lapped and gurgled the Yellow River. Shadow and sound intermingled ran dimly to an end. A scream woke her.

"Devils! Come, oh, come! Dev——"

It was choked off. The lamplight reeled in a gust. Her father lay upon torn bedding, face upward; her mother, face down, a heap across his knees. Never before had the girl seen death; but now, in one glance of nightmare, she knew it. Near them her little brother, with chubby arms and legs fighting it off, wrestled in the grip of a horror, a man, who suddenly drove down at him a long knife, wrenched it out and threw him on the pile. The horror laughed or panted.

"That all of 'em? No, another."

It stood peering. The glimmer from the shrine gave it feature, a likeness, hook nose and crafty eyes, the face of the captain of the boat. He saw her in her dark corner, frozen to the bulkhead.

"Aha! Yes, you!" He bent and dragged her forth with a wet hand, the knife as it whirled up sprinkling her forehead. "You're the lot."

"Save!" With all her power she cried on gods and men, were any left, to annihilate this present dream, restore the past, their waking world. "Save, save!"

The wet hand caught her under the chin roughly. Hot, swimming, drunk with blood, his eyes held her in mockery.

"No, I do not kill you—no," he grunted. "Too pretty for that. You shall be my second wife, young lady."

Then, as another voice bawled something down the hatchway, he flung the girl back toward her corner and leaped into a white smoke of dawn. She knew how and with what his bare feet were mottled as they whipped from sight, recognized pain far away as her head crashed on planking, and felt the bottom of the dark yawn round a giddiness like a falling feather.

It was day when they hauled her up and out on deck. Sunshine blinded her. Men laughed. Bright as mustard and lofty over the gunwale curved a sand bar that hid all upon her right but sky; on her left ran vacant river, mud boiling into motion, chipped with waves.

From Under Her Barrow, She Crawled to the Gate, Then Stood Up and Fingered the Latch With Care

"Good morning, my own." By the steering oar sat the captain. He glittered, for he had on her father's new robe, the silk of a judge. It made him both handsome and terrific. Behind him stood the crew, gorgeous in her father's livery. "Why not speak? You are rude. Tell me, if I bring you alive to Pu Chow, who are your father's friends there?"

The men gripping each arm crushed her down to kneel on deck.

"What friends in Pu Chow?"

Despair, not fear, compelled her groan of truth. "None."

Everybody cackled in jubilation.

"I thought so. Very good. None," said the captain. "Hearken well, therefore. Last night my name was Jeong Hsu. Your father last night had the name Jo Peng. The world goes changeable now. This morning my name is Jo Peng, with a robe of office that you behold; the new prefect, with a letter of authority signed by the emperor. You are a girl from nowhere whom I take along, my second wife. Second or third, no matter, you are lucky."

The glittering murderer turned, spat and looked for approval. His gang laughed as they gave it. A bilge-rat fellow crept up toward him and suggested, "Here's a dead one we forgot."

"Chuck him over," commanded Jeong Hsu. "Tie a bag of sand to him like the others, and heave away."

From an autumn sky of brilliant blue, the sun flooded this cove where their boat lay hidden. Morning stillness, warmth and purity drenched the world in a golden calm. Something heavy, near by, went "pomph!" into the water; drops flew on board; out of muddy waves a face, a whitened caricature of Level Heart's face, regarded heaven patiently for a moment and sank.

"So then, after all," continued the captain, "you shall enter Pu Chow as a lady of high degree."

Vertigo and darkness again conquered. A dreadful globe of passion

(Continued on Page 152)

the Captain, "You Shall Enter Pu Chow as a Lady of High Degree"

The New Commodity Freedom

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THOSE stout-hearted patriots who sat in Independence Hall in 1776 and declared the independence of the colonies did not go the whole way, because they achieved only political liberty. Recent events have proved that, economically, the great nation that sprang from the original thirteen units is still in bondage not only to England but to various other countries. This dependency rises out of alien monopolies in essential commodities which are enhanced by more or less arbitrarily operated government controls.

Because of the squeeze in rubber, American industry has reached the point where another declaration of independence is being written. It relates to those needful raw materials which we do not produce at all, or in insufficient quantities. The skyrocket price of rubber and the advance in coffee cost brought home the situation acutely because they touched the pocket nerve vitally and spectacularly. A world-wide offensive is now on and it may have far-reaching effects upon both the producer and the consumer.

Acquiring a Taste for Rubber

THE trouble with such emergencies is that though an immense amount of publicity and resentment is kicked up at the time, we are apt either to take it all out in talk or fall back on the line of least resistance. Rubber, however, promises to be an international irritant for some time. The primary reason is that it takes at least six years to get into commercial action, once plantation production is started. The second lies in the fact that the British have lately announced a tightening of restriction in case the price goes below forty-two cents during the quarter which began on May first.

If this goes into effect indignation is likely to be heightened again. The crude product, figuratively, will therefore serve as fuel to keep the pot of agitation boiling.

Thus a new economic freedom is in the making. Whatever the consequences, one invaluable formula has been laid down. Our commodity emancipation is being left to the industries themselves. Tire and automobile manufacturers, for example, are coördinating to obtain some of their own supplies of rubber. Such procedure not only eliminates the paternalistic element but opens the way to unlimited initiative. Another distinct asset is the enlistment of public opinion, which means that a far-reaching moral support will back the movement.

What are we doing? What are the possibilities? It is with the answers to these questions that the final article of this series is concerned.

First and foremost among the raw materials in which we pay costly tribute to foreign sources is rubber, which has taken the premier place in point of value among our imports. Moreover, it is indispensable to a dominant American industry, whose expansion has been the marvel of these industrial times.

A Guayule Plantation in California. Above—Natives Hoeing Young Rubber on an American Plantation in Sumatra

Many people wonder why we did not go into rubber growing from the beginning of the motor era. The truth of the matter is that automobile development was so rapid that a forecast of needs was well-nigh impossible. As everybody knows, the point of saturation has not been reached, even with a car for approximately every six persons in the United States. The bus and truck field is scarcely scratched.

In the earlier day of gasoline transport, wild rubber, which came mainly from the Amazon area, was almost sufficient for our needs. Later, when the British and the Dutch started plantations in the Middle East—they now provide nine-tenths of the world supply—we looked to them. With the exception of two large American tire companies that had the courage to go on their own, we have in the main depended on alien growers ever since.

A factor that has operated strongly against extensive American rubber production is, as I have already pointed out, that it takes the tree six years to become tappable and ten years to be full bearing. Each acre put down in rubber represents an investment of not less than $500. The average American is not willing to plant his money over so long a period without return, or have it venture so far afield. The rubber-plantation empire is in Malaya, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra. On the other hand the British and the Dutch are good stayers once they get into the rubber game

With an American owned or controlled output of 100,000 tons of rubber a year, which is one-fourth our consumption, we could influence the price perceptibly. Figuring on an average production cost of one dollar a pound, this would mean a minimum outlay of $200,000,000. To begin with, this is no inconsiderable sum. Second, you must consider that investors would have to forget it for six or seven years and not draw a cent of income during that period. To raise this 100,000 tons a year would mean the development of not less than 700,000 acres. Now you can see why rubber growing must become a sort of acquired taste, so to speak.

Picking the Best Bet

ALTHOUGH the boom which made rubber a real international issue did not begin until July, 1925, when the price rose to $1.21 a pound, the operation of the Stevenson scheme to restrict British exports, effective in November, 1922, first brought the American rubber industry to the realization of what it was up against. A strong remonstrance was registered against the measure, but since we were practically growing no rubber at all, it was a futile gesture. Had we then gone in for planting on a big scale, it is doubtful if the plan would have reached its present state of effectiveness. By 1928 we would have been in a position to contest British supremacy in terms of a considerable production.

The Stevenson restriction worked no hardship for several years because of accumulated stocks, evasion of the law through smuggling, and production in the non-restricted territory. Farseeing manufacturers, however, sensed the ultimate danger. One of the first to protest was Harvey S. Firestone, who conducted a campaign on his own to arouse public and legislative interest. Later he interested Secretary of Commerce Hoover, at whose instigation a congressional appropriation became available for a thorough study of rubber and other essential materials in all parts of the world with a view of discovering possibilities for independent cultivation. A crude-rubber section was organized in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce under the direction of H. N Whitford, who had been attached to the Yale School of Tropical Forestry.

Four exhaustive surveys were made by the Department of Commerce. The first was carried on by David Figart in the Middle East. The second, led by W. L. Schurz, explored the Amazon area. A third, headed by J. C. Treadwell, investigated the countries bordering on the Caribbean Sea; while the fourth, in charge of Charles F. Vance, covered the Philippines. The findings of each expedition were set forth in comprehensive reports which have benefited the whole American industry. Moreover, they have been of enlightening assistance in the offensive for relief which the high prices of the past eight months precipitated.

Before going into the specific operations it may be well to make a general survey of the most likely places where we can grow rubber. Because of intensive cultivation by the British and the Dutch, the Middle East would seem to be the best bet. All rubber grown under the British flag is subject to restriction, and this would cramp our style from the start. In discussing this phase, one of the best known of American rubber experts said to me in London:

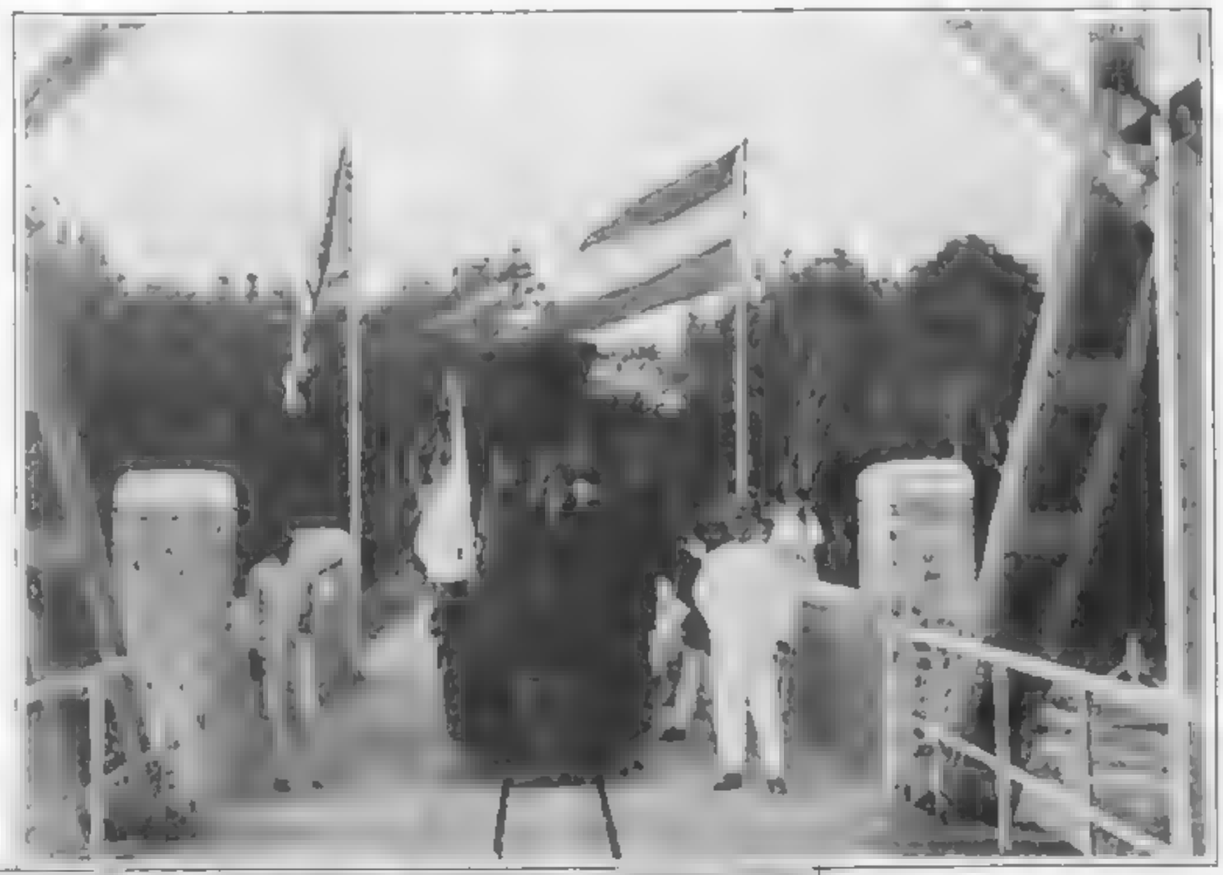
"When the Yankee begins to grow rubber on a big scale my advice to him is to keep away from British possessions. It would mean escape from panicky legislation and inelastic restriction."

Hence the Dutch East Indies, and especially Sumatra, which is regarded as one of the ideal areas for rubber growing, offer an attractive location. Climate, soil and labor are all that can be desired. The attitude of the Dutch Government is friendly toward American enterprise. The American estates already under development out there have taken the lead in scientific development and practical management. Vast areas of land are available in Sumatra and can be opened up without much difficulty. Also an immense reservoir of labor is available in the Dutch East Indies; Java alone has nearly 40,000,000 people. Most of it is indentured. Taxes are higher in the Dutch East Indies than in the British possessions, but as far as rubber culture is concerned, they constitute a much lighter burden than heretofore.

Philippines

IN MALAYA and Ceylon the tax situation is less onerous, but labor, generally speaking, is not on a par with that in Sumatra and Java. There is practically no indigenous labor. The plantations are therefore worked by coolies imported from India. There is also a smattering of Chinese. All the labor in the British colonies is free.

More important, however, are the possibilities for rubber growing in the Philippines, which offer an admirable field for development. Not only are natural conditions favorable but the output would be under the American flag. By a curious irony, prospective growers there have gone up against two serious handicaps. One is that



The First Train Which Brought the Ladies to a New Bridge on an American Owned Plantation in Sumatra

immigration law prohibiting the entrance of Chinese labor into the United States and its territories. This, of course, is applicable to the Philippines. An arrangement between the American and the Dutch governments might permit Javanese coolies to come in.

Southward Ho!

INVESTIGATORS report, however, that with a native population of about 12,000,000 to draw from, it would not be difficult to mobilize 100,000 laborers for plantation work in the islands. The Filipino could easily adapt himself to rubber cultivation. When the tree reaches the bearing stage the operation of tapping is light. It means skilled labor and there are short hours. All this appeals to the native classes throughout the East.

A long series of experiments has demonstrated that the southern Philippines, and especially Mindanao, which is outside the typhoon belt, are ideally adapted for rubber growing. Any consideration of these possessions with a view to Yankee rubber expansion inspires the thought that independence of the islands would seriously interfere with our development. Herein lies one of the best and most practical arguments for continued American sovereignty.

Behind our possible exploitation of the Philippines as a rubber region is a fact of international significance. If you study the evolution of what might be called British world economics, you discover that she is turning from coal, the backbone of her one-time far-flung might, to tropical products, of which rubber is the most conspicuous example. If we go in for rubber we shall be doing very much the same thing, although our dependence upon the black diamond has never been so great as that of Britain. It means that all nations with equatorial or near-equatorial possessions are realizing the value of tapping the great tropical reserves.

Central and South America are available rubber areas. For many years the Amazon wild product supplied the bulk of all the crude product. Plantation rubber in the Middle East came along and almost put it out of commission. The Brazilian output is considerably less than 10 per cent of the total. There are many who believe that a scientific development of the old wild rubber areas under American auspices could produce from 60,000 to 70,000 tons a year. There will be a more detailed account of these Brazilian

(Continued on Page 175)

A Drainage Canal Through an American Owned Rubber Estate in Sumatra

under existing Philippine land laws the holdings of individuals or corporations are limited to approximately 2500 acres. This condition could be altered, of course, by the native legislature or by act of Congress. The Firestone interests, failing to procure a long lease on a 20,000-acre plantation because of acreage restriction, have for the moment eliminated the Philippines from their rubber-growing considerations.

The second barrier is the section of our

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Bringing In the Latex on an American Rubber Plantation in Malaya

MINUS THE MOUNTEBANK

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

A Throng About a Street Vender in Rome

TO ONE who, by nature and by training, loves to delve into the amusements of a nation, or having come to expect certain national pastimes as an accepted thing from the traditions which have grown for centuries about them, there are many surprises and not a few disappointments in the present-day Europe. Conditions have changed within a comparatively short length of time; provincialism departing, sophistication making itself apparent even where sophistication would seem unknown. But then there is an explanation. It was the war that did it—when one seeks a reason in Europe, there is always the war.

But here, it seems, the war forms the logical explanation for the death of distinctly European things which had survived many other European conflicts without the slightest abatement; which even survived the war itself, that they might die in its aftermath—the traveling mountebanks, the strolling players, the wandering jugglers and comiques, the owners of the tiny puppet and marionette shows, who once formed the entire amusement world for the hamlets and villages of France, of Italy, of Germany and Belgium and Spain, who took their part in legends, in story, even in history. But now, as an institution, they are gone. And within a few years.

Fun Makers of the Past

EVEN until the end of the war, they seemed to exist. Upon many a market place in 1919 one could see them—a magician, with much shouting and hullabaloo, drawing colored flowers from a battered tin container; a ragged man playing upon an accordion while a moth-eaten bear danced to his tuneless music; a clown in motley, telling jokes; a one-man band, with a mouth organ fastened to his head, a bass drum attached to his back and its stick and cymbal striker controlled by a string which led to one foot, while the hands were occupied in the playing of a guitar; a dancer; a *guignol*, or theater for puppet shows—these were the things which made a market place lively on Saturday, or helped out the innumerable fêtes, the performers gaining what livelihood might be theirs by voluntary contributions.

Persons of a past were they, for they had existed since the feudal times. They were such men and women, for instance, as lived in the days of which Hugo wrote in his Man Who Laughs. Persons who played their part in the history of nations—especially the Latin ones, who took their political part in the red days of French history, as, traveling from town to town, they carried onward the tales of the indiscretions of Louis XV or surreptitiously distributed the pamphlets which bared the scarlet antecedents of Madame du Barry. They strengthened the distrust of the weakling Louis XVI and hatred for the haughtiness of his Austrian consort, Marie Antoinette. They chanted The Marseillaise with a knowledge of showmanship which sent many a slower brain to frenzied action, or mimicked the aristocrats as they ascended the scaffold of the seemingly insatiable guillotine in the blood-red square that is now the Place de la Concorde of Paris. They played their parts as exponents or opponents of every political movement, acting as personal observers who brought new views from afar. They even did their bit in the eternal game of spying in the service of the country whence they had come. They flourished, century after century, and survived even the war itself—then disappeared. For things changed when the men came home.

"It's not hard to explain," said an exceedingly well-educated American, who, strangely enough, preferred to remain abroad when his work in the A. E. F. was over; and having remained, took unto himself a little farm and a peasant wife—together, of course, with her family—in the region of Luce le Bocage, France. "When the war came, it naturally called every possible man from every portion of Europe. It mingled them, and for the first time in many a decade, the Latin, the Teutonic and the Anglo-Saxon were literally put side by side in a confluence of ideas. I include the Teutonic, because the prisoners of war who traveled into Teuton camps carried their ideas with them. The Teutons who formed the P. G.'s, or prisoners of war in the hands of English, French and American troops, could not help gaining ideas which they took home to a country that was already more than willing to receive them. It has resulted in a new sort of idea concerning amusement, especially of the common people, in Europe."

The American Massacre is a Great European Attraction

Par Le Knock-Out

"IT CAME about simply enough, especially with the entrance of America into the war. Before that, of course, there were the British, watching out for the morale of their men by every possible sort of English amusement that could be brought to them. Naturally, these amusements traveled farther: other combatants enjoyed them also, and came to like them. But the real overflow came with the Americans, the rush and hurry for amusement of every sort, the getting up of camp shows, the importation from America of entertainers, the shiploads of motion pictures, the constant preaching of propaganda, wherever an American mixed with a man of another nation, in defense of the forms of play indulged in by his nation; and believe me or not," he added with a smile, "give an American half a chance to blow off steam and he'll talk about the wonders of his nation until you're sick of hearing him.

"It all had its effect. American sports were introduced, English sports too. The Italians, for instance, found out for the first time in their lives that there was fun in fighting with one's fists in the harmless exercise of a boxing contest—with no ill feelings afterward, and no necessity for a vendetta and the consequent sticking of one another in the back. And if you don't believe these things were imported, just take a look at this." He drew forth a ragged provincial newspaper from a hip pocket and showed me the sporting page. It announced in very bold type:

L. CHALETON VICTORIEUX

TRIOMPHE DANS LE TROISIÈME ROUND PAR LE KNOCK-OUT

Then he laughed. "If those things were a home-grown product," he said, "they'd have a word of their own for 'round' and another one by which to describe 'knock-out.' But a man who knows sport terms in America or England doesn't have much trouble in keeping up with his favorite game, even though he can't read a foreign language; because the terms are international—there aren't the words in foreign tongues by which to describe them—with the result that sport is sport, boxing is boxing, football is football, and so on through the list, the exception coming when some sport writer in New York gets a bright idea and christens a person like Babe Ruth the Bambino. But about the rest of the amusements.

"When the war ended, men carried home the ideas they had gained in the army; and the mountebanks and petty amusement merchants found they weren't so popular as they once were.

There was a restlessness and a craving for amusements that were more exciting. People wanted picture shows like the ones which had helped them pass the time in camp. The demand was answered—and there's the whole explanation. They wanted more display and a wider range of entertainment.

"I should know—I saw it work out not only in my own little town but in a score of others in France and Italy. There was a demand, that demand was answered, and there's the whole explanation.

"A person can find almost anything he wants in the amusement line in Europe now, with the common people who once went almost without amusement taking their fun as it is taken by the same classes in England and in America. In fact"—and he laughed—"we're very much advanced over here. In America, for instance, Buffalo Bill is supposed to be dead. At least they held his funeral and buried him. But over here he's so much alive that we've got three of him!"

I found one of the three European Buffalo Bills one day as I was driving from Nice to Marseilles, along the southern coast of France, suddenly to come to a surprised halt before a large expanse of billposting upon the side of a five-century-old stone building.

The Wild West in Europe

INDIANS leaped at one from that poster, waving their tomahawks on high. Cow-punchers filled in the corners, roping buffalo, and, their angora chaps waving in the wind, performing hair-raising stunts upon the backs of bucking broncos. While at one side a mammoth cow hand stood, his lariat straying across the poster and, by its curling, formed the lettering of:

LE CAPITAINE BUFFALO BILL'S
CIRQUE WILD WEST

In the loop of that rope was the famous Capitaine Buffalo Bill himself, not the stalwart being whose remembrance is so vivid to every American, but a different Buffalo Bill entirely. Gone was the long white hair, gone the famous goatee, gone the evidence of age—this was a Buffalo Bill of a new and different generation. Quite young he was in fact, and beardless, with a typically French face. But he had the buckskin coat of the frontiersman, nevertheless, and a hat of the four-gallon variety.

A few towns farther on I found the show itself—a tatterdemalion affair of eight or ten caravan wagons scattered about an open space at the edge of a tiny French village, banked against a tent which had certainly seen better days. The cowboys were French,

The Entrance to a European Foire or Kermesse

the workmen were the same, the band which attempted to produce circus music was decidedly not of a type which ever had gained experience from American circus methods. But the performance was decidedly Wild West.

There was roping of a type, and bucking-horse riding of the same variety, only the horses didn't seem to have their heart in it. This was made up for by a tremendous amount of shouting and firing of revolvers, which seemed to go extremely well with the audience. As for Buffalo Bill himself, his greatest act, it seemed, was to be introduced to the audience not as Buffalo Bill, the famous Indian Killer Américain, but Le Capitaine Buffalo Bill, the great artiste Français, which made a difference.

As for an interview, it was not forthcoming. Le Capitaine Buffalo Bill seemed extremely reluctant to talk to anyone American. The same was true of the rest of the show. But though conversation may have been lacking, there was no hesitancy about adopting a few American methods of showmanship.

Le Capitaine Buffalo Bill's advance car was a brightly painted automobile which clattered from town to town in an approved American fashion, and its make was of a highly popular American type that is often credited with having made Detroit, Michigan, famous.

The show took in money right merrily. In fact it's a name to conjure with in Europe, that of "Boofalo Beel." It has been more than thirty years since Col. William Frederick Cody, the real Buffalo Bill, toured Europe with his show. But the memory persists; mention the name to a European and he'll tell you with pride that his father saw the great aggregation, or an uncle, or that he himself was there. As for the rising generation, there is no lessening of interest; from every cheap news stand and bookstall the name is flaunted at once—especially if that bookstall be in a village or in the poorer district of a city.

Brothers in Blood

THE youth of America, hounded by advanced ideas, may be forced to view life without the surreptitious delvings into strange adventures which were the lot of his fathers. Not so the European child. Quite openly—provided he has the money for the purchase—he thrills to something that is all but departed in the United States; the dime novel, with Boofalo Beel shootin' his way through the poorly printed pages of Les Scalpeurs Rouges, battling against the deviltries of Les Pirates du Far-West, swimming flooded torrents in Le Trappeur de la Cache Jaune, and performing a number of other typical activities in a list of titles that runs on endlessly.

If he should tire of Boofalo Beel, there still remains that typically American product, Nick Carter himself, to while away a rainy afternoon; to say nothing of Old Sleuth, Frank Merriwell and Old King Brady, all of whom have found their way into foreign languages for the edification of the rising generation.

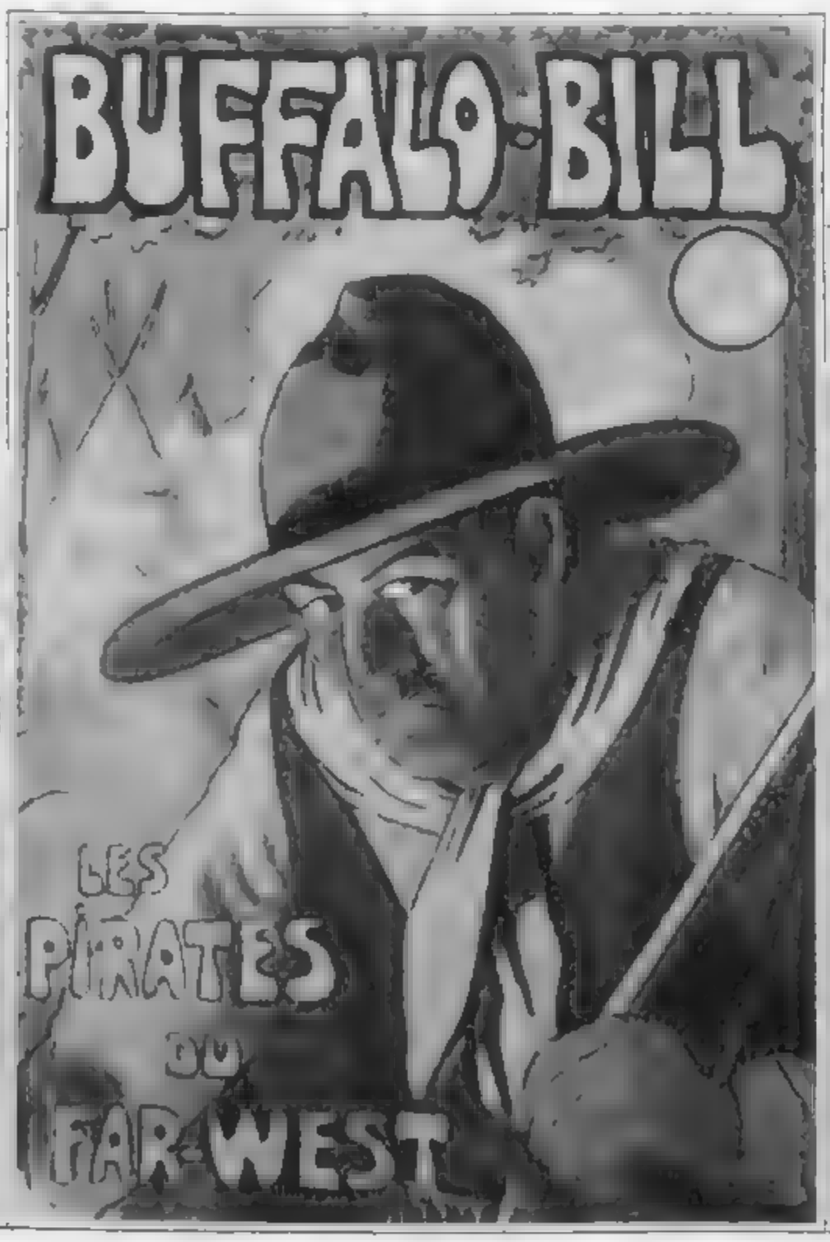
The boy of today in Europe has a certain advantage over the American boy of yesterday, who got his thrills via the yellow-back. They never cost less than a nickel in the States. One buys adventures in gross across the Atlantic for an average price of a cent and three-quarters!

With this backing even a Capitaine Boofalo Beel can make money. But for that matter, all circuses are doing it in Europe these days, and there are plenty of them to garner the harvest. The time is gone on the Continent when the circus, as an institution, must by necessity be an indoor affair, housed at the same place year after year and with its steady clientele drawn from the population of a large city.

Today, with the demand for better amusements, the methods introduced by the Barnum and Bailey circus, by the Buffalo Bill show, by Pawnee Bill and his Wild West more than a quarter of a century ago, are bearing fruit. The circus slowly is becoming as familiar an institution to the countryside as it is

(Continued on Page 112)

A List of Attractions at a Typically French Foire



The Cover of a French Thriller

A Balloon Seller on the Champs-Élysées, Paris

TRIAL MARRIAGE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"No. It's Hard to Describe. But it's as If Someone Had Hit Me Right in the Stomach"

XX

THE next afternoon, Sylvie Thorne rang the upstairs bell of Thor's studio, and after waiting for some time, heard slow, reluctant footsteps inside. Finally, Constance opened the door. She was dressed in a pale violet negligee, and looked most inhospitable.

"Oh, hello, Constance!" cried Sylvie, in her little breathless voice. "Are you just getting up? Shame on you! I've had a large day!"

"So have I," replied Constance coldly. "Come in." But her manner added: "What brings you here?"

Sylvie threw off her leopard coat, and herself down on the couch before a feeble fire, which had not yet decided whether to smoke and go out, or just smoke.

"I stopped by to tell Thor that Rita can't come for her sitting today," Sylvie explained. "What a jolly studio! But it's rather bare, isn't it? I mean no fish nets or armor or Oriental cozy corners with spears, like they have in movies. Did you see The Painter of Sinning Souls, Constance? It was simply marvelous! Well, anyway, Rita's got a cold. But she looks frightfully snappy in bed. She has some new Poiret pajamas—that's why she has the cold, I s'pose. She wants Thor to come over—where do you suppose he is anyway?"

Constance hesitated, and then replied vaguely that Thor was out.

"Fine!" declared Sylvie. "I wanted to talk to you, Constance. My goodness!" she added, choking. "If that fire's going to smoke, I might as well too."

Constance rather ungraciously sat down by her unwelcome guest. But Sylvie was so pleased with herself and the whole world that no one could be cross with her long. She wore a bright green knitted frock, and under her felt hat of the same color a wave of fair hair broke against the childish cheek, rouged roundly.

Her fair lashes were blackened, in imitation of Rita's, and her gray eyes stared out in doll-like wonder from their bizarre frame.

"Papa's bought a house at Palm Beach," she told Constance, "to cheer me up."

For a second, her little face took on the expression people consider appropriate to funerals, then snapped back to its natural look of naïve pleasure.

"I wish you'd come down and visit me, Constance," she invited warmly. "You and Thor. That's the nice thing about being a painter, isn't it? You aren't tied down like a business man."

"Thor doesn't seem to think so," replied Constance. "I'm sure he wouldn't go. Thanks very much, though, Sylvie. I'd have loved to."

Her face and tone were regretful.

"Are you going to marry Thor, Constance?" asked Sylvie frankly.

There was a slight pause.

Then Constance said, in a formal voice, "I suppose Rita told you."

"Why, no one has to tell you—the way you and Thor act! But, oh, Constance, I wouldn't be in any hurry to marry."

She had the grace to blush.

"I mean—again. I guess I was in a little too much hurry the first time."

Once more she changed her expression. Sylvie had evidently decided that the correct thing, at least facially, was to assume that her husband was dead.

"Papa hasn't said anything much, but I just know he's hoping I'll meet someone I like at Palm Beach," she resumed cheerfully. "And I expect I shall—I usually do. I don't know anybody who's got a worse habit of falling in love than me, except, maybe, Rita."

"But, Sylvie, are you ——"

"Oh, no! Not quite. But Rita says it's very chic to get engaged before you get your divorce. She says she never did follow that perfectly stupid policy of 'off with the old before you're on with the new.' My goodness, that way you might be left without anybody!

"Auntie's chaperoning me," Sylvie continued, "though I don't see why a married woman needs one. She's there now, with the servants, opening the house; she doesn't know I'm stopping with Rita. My people think Rita's fast and a bad influence—do yours? So I just said I was at The Ambassador. But I think Rita's a darling. I wouldn't trust her across the street, though—I mean with a man. I've asked her to visit me. Oh, and Gay too! I love Gay!" cried Sylvie dramatically. "She was the only girl in Midland who wasn't catty to me in my trouble. I just long for her to get into a scrape herself, so I can repay her!"

"Is mother going to let Gay visit you?" demanded Constance rather sharply.

"Well, no," Sylvie admitted. "But that's all right, because Mrs. Bannester is bringing Gay down to Palm Beach herself."

"What!" cried Constance, in surprise and resentment. "Mother's taking Gay to Florida? They haven't told me."

"Well, they only decided just before I left," apologized Sylvie. "I guess you'll get a letter or wire any minute."

"I like that! I wanted to go to Palm Beach last winter, and mother wouldn't. It simply isn't fair!"

"Gay hasn't been so very well, you see," explained Sylvie, in an effort to placate the angry elder sister.

But Constance cried impatiently, "Oh, that's only mother's excuse! Gay is never ill."

"She isn't exactly sick now," soothed Sylvie. "Just cranky."

Constance's laughter was corroded with annoyance.

"How perfectly absurd, Sylvie! Gay is notoriously good-natured."

"Yes, I know, she used to be," sighed Sylvie. "But ever since you left, Constance, Gay's been acting awfully funny. I s'pose it's because she misses you so much," added the diplomat.

"That's no reason for mother's taking her to Palm Beach!"

"I think Mrs. Bannester's real reason was the concerts."

"What concerts?"

"Gay began to like music!" Sylvie declared, and her solemn eyes added: "There! If that isn't extraordinary enough for you."

"But Gay has never cared for music," protested the bewildered Constance.

"That's just it!" cried Sylvie. "That's why your mother got scared."

"I really don't see anything to be frightened about."

"Gay—cried," breathed Sylvie in an awestruck whisper, "at Beethoven's Eroica Symphony! Your mother caught her. But Gay swore there weren't any tears in her eyes. And then, all of a sudden, she put her head down in Mrs. Bannester's lap, right in the concert hall, and howled."

"Howled?"

"Well, almost, and Mrs. Bannester took her home. And Gay said it was only the lobster they'd had for lunch. But, anyway, Mrs. Bannester was worried."

Constance made an impatient gesture.

"I believe Gay simply did it on purpose!" she cried angrily. "I think it's horrid of her to scheme like that when she knows I can't go too."

"Why, Constance," retorted Sylvie, "you ought to be ashamed! Gay never schemed in all her life. Everyone knows you are ever so much more that way yourself!"

Constance had regained her usual composure.

"Thank you very much, Sylvie," she said, with a small, icy smile. "It is really very good of you to give me all the Midland gossip."

"Oh, I haven't given it all to you, yet!" cried Sylvie. "They are just talking about you like anything, Constance! And I'm much obliged—it's changed the subject from me. Well, anyway, I guess that's another reason Mrs. Bannester is coming here before she goes to Palm Beach."

"How very strange of mother to let everyone but me know her plans!" Constance's tone was thoroughly exasperated. "I wonder if she intended to take me by surprise! I think that is frightfully dishonorable. Like peeping through keyholes, or staring at someone who is asleep."

Constance jumped up and paced nervously about, while Sylvie lay back on the couch.

"Well," cried Constance, twitching angrily at an inoffensive window curtain, "you have certainly capped the climax, Sylvie, of a perfectly horrible day!"

"What else horrible has happened to you, Constance, besides my visit?"

But before Constance could reply, there was the sound of a key fumbling hastily in the lock, quick steps in the hall, and Marcia entered, breathless and apologetic.

"My dear Constance, I am so sorry! But it couldn't be helped. That dreadful storm—I couldn't get a car to bring me over. I hope Mike gave you my message."

"Oh! Do you mean to say you didn't come home at all last night, Mrs. Weston?" asked Sylvie, without rising. "Naughty! Naughty!"

Marcia regarded the child gravely, with tired eyes.

"I was with my aunt in Montclair," she explained. "I do hope you were not frightened, Constance."

"Frightened?" repeated Constance rather haughtily.

"Oh, you must have been terribly frightened!" exclaimed Sylvie.

"Why does everyone think I was frightened?" asked Constance, annoyance in her tone.

"You left Rita's so late."

"Thor brought me home."

"Yes, but afterward!" cried little Sylvie, with a shiver. "Weren't you frightened afterward?"

"Why should I be?"

"I don't know," said Sylvie. "But one is."

"Well, I was not."

"You're awfully brave. I think it's a terrible experience," said Sylvie. "I shouldn't care to go through with it again."

And as Constance stared, she explained, "Once I was left all alone in our country house—auntie and papa were both away, and the servants slept outside—and there are ever so many queer noises when you're all by yourself; and burglars and murderers of course. And they could get right in here from that fire escape, Constance Bannester! Why, all sorts of things might have happened to you last night!"

Constance did not reply.

(Continued on Page 80

"And I Think We Should Keep Our Promise, Mother. Thor Must Wait"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 26, 1926

American Movies and British Critics

TO BRITISH editors in search of an appropriate desk motto we suggest the legend God Bless Hollywood; for whenever an English journalist is at loss for a theme for a sure-fire leading article—the insular equivalent for "editorial"—he is almost certain to dash off a few stinging paragraphs on the bad taste, crass ignorance and general banality displayed in the latest popular movie hit from America.

Having thus freed his mind and filled his column, he is free to slip over to the nearest cinema and enjoy another hour of not unpleasant irritation witnessing another celluloid drama off the same reel.

A few weeks ago the first showing in London of the war picture entitled The Big Parade sharpened to a fine point another British grievance against Hollywood. London editors who, only a few days before, had faced with equanimity the suspension of their publications during the general strike, and behaved, like those about them in the midst of the national crisis, with a calm and steady courage which challenged admiration, quite lost their heads and exploded in a sputter of wrath and indignation.

The Big Parade, as they interpreted it, was nothing more or less than an impudent piece of propaganda nicely calculated to give the impression that America won the war and that the British were mere supernumeraries. The resentment of the entire English press could not have been greater had there been evidence to show that President Coolidge and his Cabinet, with the assistance of Congress and the connivance of the Department of State, had conspired to cast a deliberate and official affront upon our late Allies. So high did feeling run that scores of clever and able editors were momentarily bereft of their accustomed judicial poise and gave utterance to sentiments which will scarcely bear cool examination. These things were said in the heat of exasperation and despite the fact that the picture was a private commercial venture and had no national or political significance whatsoever.

Though the fiercest of these critics had not a logical leg to stand on, it is still quite possible to understand their irritation and to regard it with tolerant sympathy. Had this been a British picture, the British Lion would have roared rough music into British ears and the Eagle would have been as dumb as any oyster. Being an American production, and primarily for American consumption, the Eagle did the screaming and the Lion furnished the silence. What else could have been expected?

The perennial English criticism that many American movies are childish, trivial or in bad taste is much worthier of respectful consideration. It may be true and there may be a good reason for the truth. Hollywood makes no secret of the fact that it is not in the movie business for its health. The magnates of the industry have openly declared that they are purveyors of thrills, laughter and heart throbs to the many and not to the few. If they are to break even they must cater not only to the tastes but to the intellects of the hundred million rather than to those of the hundred thousand. The audiences that producers visualize are not those of educated Philadelphia or of sophisticated London, but assemblages of plain people of all ages who will not be put off with dramatic subtleties they cannot grasp.

Cultivated London critics who deplore the qualities and tendencies of the less admirable American movies do so in much the same terms as those employed by their American brethren. There is a considerable body of sound and well-informed criticism of motion pictures on both sides of the Atlantic; but much of it quite misses the point because it discusses an industry under the misapprehension that it is an art. This is a serious error. Painting is an art. It can develop along its own lines because the painter paints at his own risk. In the event of failure, he alone is the loser. Even the novelist has a scope almost as broad. If his work shows any promise at all, he has a good chance of finding a publisher who will run the risk of losing two or three thousand dollars in the hope that he has discovered a genius, or, what he is apt to regard as even better, a best seller. Much of our current fiction sees the light as a result of this policy.

The movie magnate can afford few such concessions to uncertain art. Where the book publisher thinks in thousands, the picture producer deals in hundreds of thousands, and he is afraid to let his productions stray too far from paths which experience has taught him are safe and smooth and somewhere have a homeward turning.

The fundamental disadvantage which cramps the development of Art in the movies is this: Art may continue to be as free as air as long as she will pay her own way and ask no man for financial backing; but the more cash she demands for her adequate self-expression, the more cautious her backers become.

Such are the conditions which, to the outsider, today appear to dominate the silent drama. But much may happen and is likely to happen to better the situation. Screen drama is still based upon the youngest of the arts. Despite the swiftness with which it has been maturing, it is still as leggy and gangling as a week-old calf. It is entirely too soon to expect it to have shaped up into forms of comely and symmetrical beauty. It is too early to look for the high peak of creative genius upon horizons so lately discovered.

Genius of a new order will one day come to deliver Art from her bonds and shackles. The deed will be done by those who have learned how to frame an effective appeal to every layer of humanity in every land rather than to certain elements in certain countries. Their universality will be the credentials of their genius. Consider, for illustration, the Twenty-third Psalm. We know that it is a work of inspiration or of genius, because wherever the Bible is read it is daily bringing cheer and confidence to the highest and to the lowest. No intellect is too mean to comprehend its purport; no mind is so great or so learned as to be able to look down upon it. Its appeal is universal, and this is one of the chiefest badges of its authority. Much that is possible to words is possible to pictures.

Few of us are so superior that we can find nothing to praise in the movies, even with their present limitations. Curiously enough, those who denounce them most bitterly find it hardest to keep away from them. This appears to be especially the case in England. Is it not fair to suggest to these captious critics on both sides of the Atlantic that they save their quarters and shillings and stay away from the picture houses until the arrival of the celluloid millennium, or else sit down before the silver screen in faith, hope and charity, and make the best of it?

Starving Colleges

FIGURES just made public by the Department of the Interior indicate that the benefactions to American colleges and universities during the fiscal year 1923–24 amounted to very nearly eighty-two million dollars. Harvard University headed the list with nearly eight millions and Yale and Northwestern University each received upward of five millions. Eight other institutions of learning were enriched by gifts in excess of two millions. Women's colleges did not fare so handsomely; but Vassar, nevertheless, received nearly a million, and Wellesley, Smith, Radcliffe, Agnes Scott in Georgia and Salem College in North Carolina were each benefited by gifts in excess of one hundred thousand dollars.

No one can fairly grudge any one of these institutions its good fortune; and yet one may not improperly express regret that scores of smaller and obscurer colleges did not receive the financial encouragement which they so richly deserve. These are hard times for the small colleges. The cost of education has been steadily mounting, and endowment funds have not kept pace with the demands upon them. The trustees and friends of these struggling institutions are at their wits' ends to keep them going. More than a few are in such a plight that they have to keep their presidents on the road soliciting funds from strangers who are unaware of the very existence of the colleges they represent.

Institutions of learning should not be held amenable to the law of survival of the financially fit. If the chief end and aim of the fresh-water college were to turn out as many millionaires as possible, and if the score of its usefulness were to be cast up in the columns of the commercial rating books, the financially weak institution might be open to hostile criticism; but this is not the measure of merit commonly applied to centers of learning whose business is to lay the educational foundations of future parsons and lawyers, doctors and scientists, philosophers and thinkers. And yet all experience goes to show that the small college whose roll of alumni does not include a fair proportion of rich and influential graduates, firmly bound to their alma mater by ties of gratitude and sentiment, is likely to suffer for the lack of them. The sentiment and gratitude are rarely wanting. Indeed, the smaller and more obscure a man's college, the more ardent and pronounced is his loyalty to it likely to be. Loyalty is one of the finest things in the world, but it cannot always be transmuted into bricks and mortar, faculty salaries, laboratory equipment and the wherewithal of higher instruction.

The financial limitations of the graduate bodies of these small but sturdy colleges should be more widely recognized and new avenues of income should be opened up for them. In this richest of nations there may be a few states which lack sufficient local private wealth to maintain local institutions, but most of our commonwealths could privately finance their own colleges without crossing state lines.

Neither wealth nor liberality is lacking. The deterring element is the fact that in many parts of the country higher education is still on trial, as it were. It is still passing through the same transition period as that through which the motor car passed twenty years ago, when the American public was making up its mind whether to regard it as an amusing toy for the rich or as an indispensable factor in modern civilization. In our older centers of population higher learning came into its own in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; in certain other localities its slow spread is regarded with tolerance rather than with interest or enthusiasm. The rich men of these regions are scarcely to be blamed if they do not make sacrifices to support a cause in which their belief is lukewarm and half-hearted. As they begin to understand the reality of college needs and to perceive their linkage with the destinies of their own sons and daughters, the battle will be won.

Local pride will one day exercise a mighty influence in the financing of small colleges which have not yet become its beneficiaries. New and thriving centers of population want their neighbors and the world at large to think well of them. Gradually they are realizing that those whose good opinion they most desire grade the civilization of a community down or up according to whether it regards higher education as a luxury or as an essential.

WHAT GOES WITH AN A.B.

By the Old Dog

AT THE conclusion of the college term in June, I completed the requirements for the degree of A.B after three years and a half of study, covering seventeen and a half courses at Harvard. According to the standards of the day I am entitled to call myself an educated man. At any rate, from now on I shall be known as a college graduate, with all that this implies. I shall even be known as a Harvard graduate, which in many places stands for something a little more. So, at the end of thirty years, I have fulfilled an ambition which I had first in 1896. Now, like most newly fledged alumni, I am asking myself if the effort has been worth while.

This is a question asked by graduates more frequently today than ever before. Up to now the traditional answer that a higher education increases the capacity of a man to lead a more intelligent, a more broadly useful, a more idealistic life has been accepted without debate. Admitting that acquaintance with the good, the true and the beautiful would show varying results according to the character of the individual, it has been assumed that no man could wholly escape the beneficent influence of this classic trinity. He must perforce emerge from the experience with higher standards, sounder beliefs and finer tastes.

That some such view is still generally accepted is indicated by the horde pressing for admission to our universities. Not all parents are investing from four to ten thousand dollars in this project without expecting something more tangible than social prestige—a prestige which is constantly diminishing, now that our colleges are turning out the finished product in gross lots instead of in single packages. Even if this ambition still influences some of our less sophisticated newly rich, they must, more often than not, be disappointed with the returns. Society no longer welcomes with open arms a man on the recommendation of his Harvard degree alone. This is not because the standards of society have been raised—they have, in some respects, been lowered—but because Harvard has grown so democratic, almost in a Jacksonian sense, as no longer to be able to furnish a guaranty of good manners.

The college graduate has been losing prestige in the business world also. Putting aside the extreme views of some of our more blatant self-made men, I find that many open-minded but practical employers are becoming prejudiced against the modern brand of collegian. I was talking not long ago with the manager of a concern employing forty thousand men.

"My experience with college graduates has been unfortunate," he said. "They are burdened with too many outside activities and the tastes which they cultivate make a heavy demand not only upon their time but their interest. Take the social end alone. For them, a large circle of friends indulging in golf, cards and dances is a pleasant asset, but for us it is only a liability. We prefer a wide-awake boy who has no other object for the first few years than to master the details of our business."

"You won't develop a broad-visioned executive in any such fashion," I suggested.

"Nor in any other fashion that I know of if that capacity isn't born in the man," he returned. "If college is supposed to accomplish that it is producing some terrible failures. On the other hand, I can point to men in our organization who as a result of their contact with business life are growing in power and vision every year."

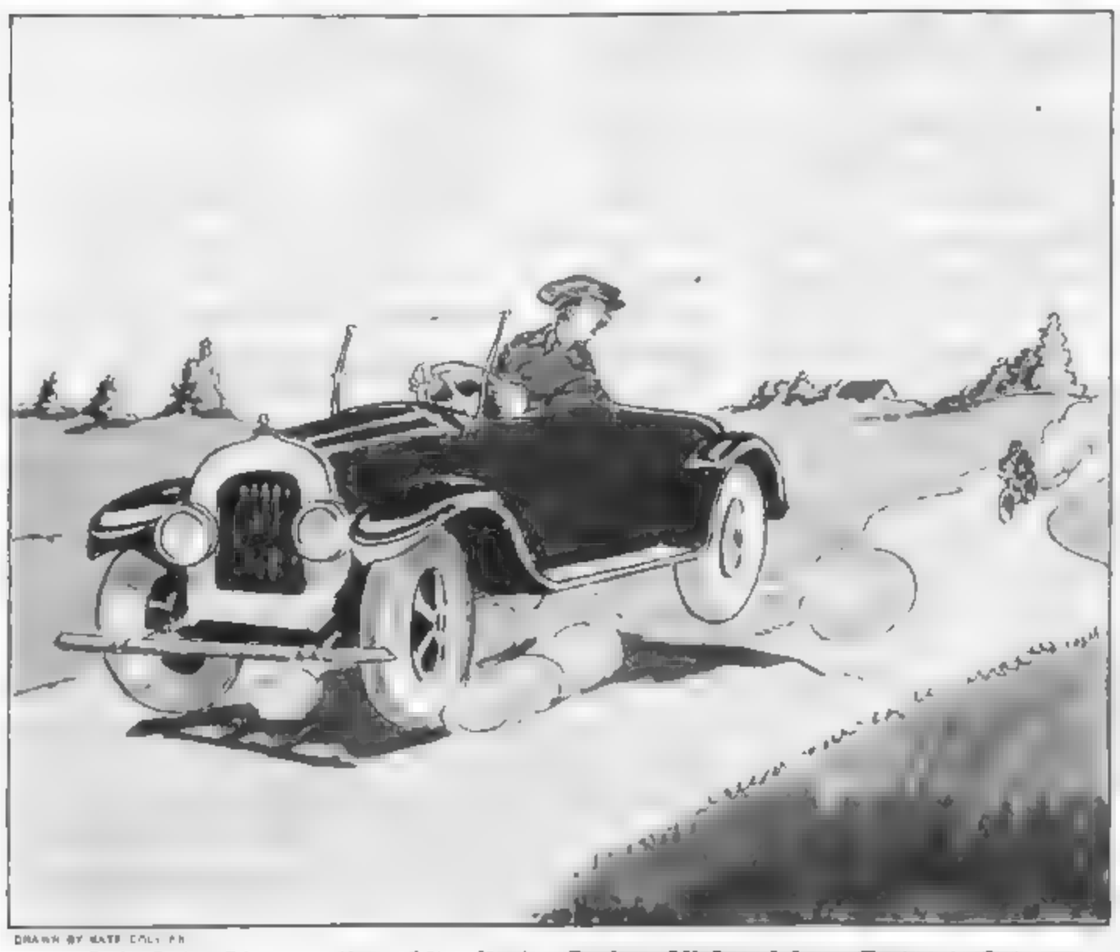
Of course it would be no argument against education if our universities did not produce men particularly well equipped for either modern society or modern business, even if it were true that they do not, which is doubtful. Some would seize this as an argument in its favor, while others would point to many specific instances of those holding the degree of A.B., A.M., and even Ph.D. who are not only scholars and gentlemen but astute financiers. Certainly, the professions not only welcome but in most cases demand a college training as a prerequisite of their candidates for admission.

And, after all, this question of material success, however

(Continued on Page 185)

"IN CONFERENCE!"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES



It is Quite Disconcerting, After You've Broken All Speed Laws Trying to Get Away From a Motor Cop ——

—— to Find That It's Merely the Motorcycle Club on an Outing

You Understand?

WHAT are you thinking?" she asked me
As we danced and sat out dances.
Had I been truthful I would have said:
"Why, wondering how the chances
Are of not being seen by the other girl."
Oh, these deep romances! —*Peter A. Lea.*

Tragedy

HE SAT in his comfortable office chair reading his favorite newspaper.

He read that the League of Nations had fallen, shattering the peace hopes of forty-eight nations and Senator Borah's expectation of a lifetime target. He crossed his legs the other way.

He read that Big Berthainskies, of Soviet Russia, had thrown hand-painted red shells into London, Paris, Berlin and Rome, and those great capitals had fallen. He carefully laid his cigar on the edge of the desk.

He read that tens of millions in China had fallen victims to famine, overeating, drought, floods, imported American chop suey and Charlestonmania. He got a drink of water and sat down again.

He read that the bottom had fallen out of the Milky Way and the milk ruined our other blimp. He picked up his cigar.

He read that the average of the home team had fallen three points. He uttered a shrill, pathetic cry, like a hunted, wounded animal, his head fell on the desk and great heartbreaking sobs shook his manly frame.

H. Horatius Rafferty.

About Alike

"PA," BEGAN little Lester Livermore, he of the inquiring mind, "a gold fish hasn't much privacy, has he?"

"No," replied sage Mr. Livermore. "Just about as much as a widower in a small town."

His Opinion

"MANY a girl has thought she could reform a man after marrying him, and suffered for it," remarked J. Fuller Gloom, the human hyena. "The same as many another girl has run away to get married and later walked back; and many another has married in haste and repented over the washtub. A loving wife's influence will reform a worthless man just about as quickly as it will reform a bow-legged man."

Mésalliance

ONCE there was a little Tune,
A lovely, graceful Melody—
A sweet and joyous thing was she,
As perfect as a day in June.
And oh, she shamed the songs of birds
As she came dancing down the way;
But she was lonely at her play—
She hadn't any Words!

And once there was a noble Song,
A Poem that would stir your heart—
So strong and true in every part,
In every line so brave and strong.
He was a rare and royal rune
That any maiden might adore;
But he was sad and lonesome, for
He hadn't any Tune!

But Fate their common path had set;
And as they swept across the land,
Their roads converged, predestined—and,
Upon a summer day, they met.
And each one by the other's charms
Was caught, as in a magic spell.

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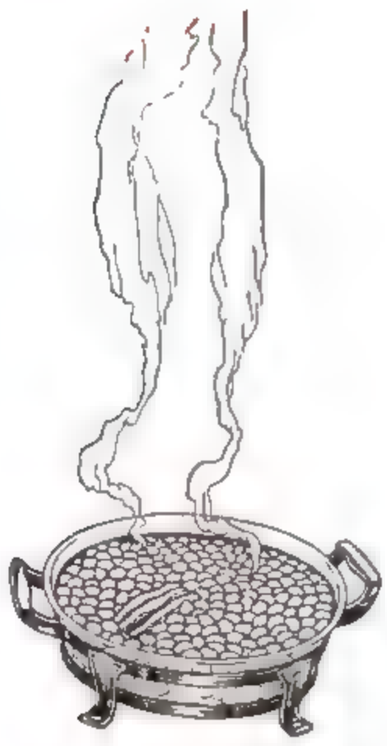
WHY DIDN'T YOU SEND MY CHECK THIS WEEK?
DID YOU BRING MY NEW TENNIS RACKET, DAD?
HOPE YOU DIDN'T FORGET THOSE GOLF BALLS GOVERNOR!
DID YOU GET ME THAT AIR RIFLE POP?

Loving Family Greetings on Father's Arrival in the Mountains for the Week-End

Just the flavor everybody likes in beans!



What is it in your favorite beans that makes you like them so much? Flavor! You know it the moment you taste them. And if they are the tempting and delicious kind you really enjoy, what a difference it makes!

That's why thousands of people always insist on getting Campbell's Beans. Every forkful is a treat.

From the first bean to the very last one on your plate, you have that feeling of complete enjoyment and satisfaction which only the finest quality and the most skillful cooking and blending can give.

Serve Campbell's with their famous tomato sauce and be certain of real pleasure every time you eat beans!

SLOW-COOKED
DIGESTIBLE

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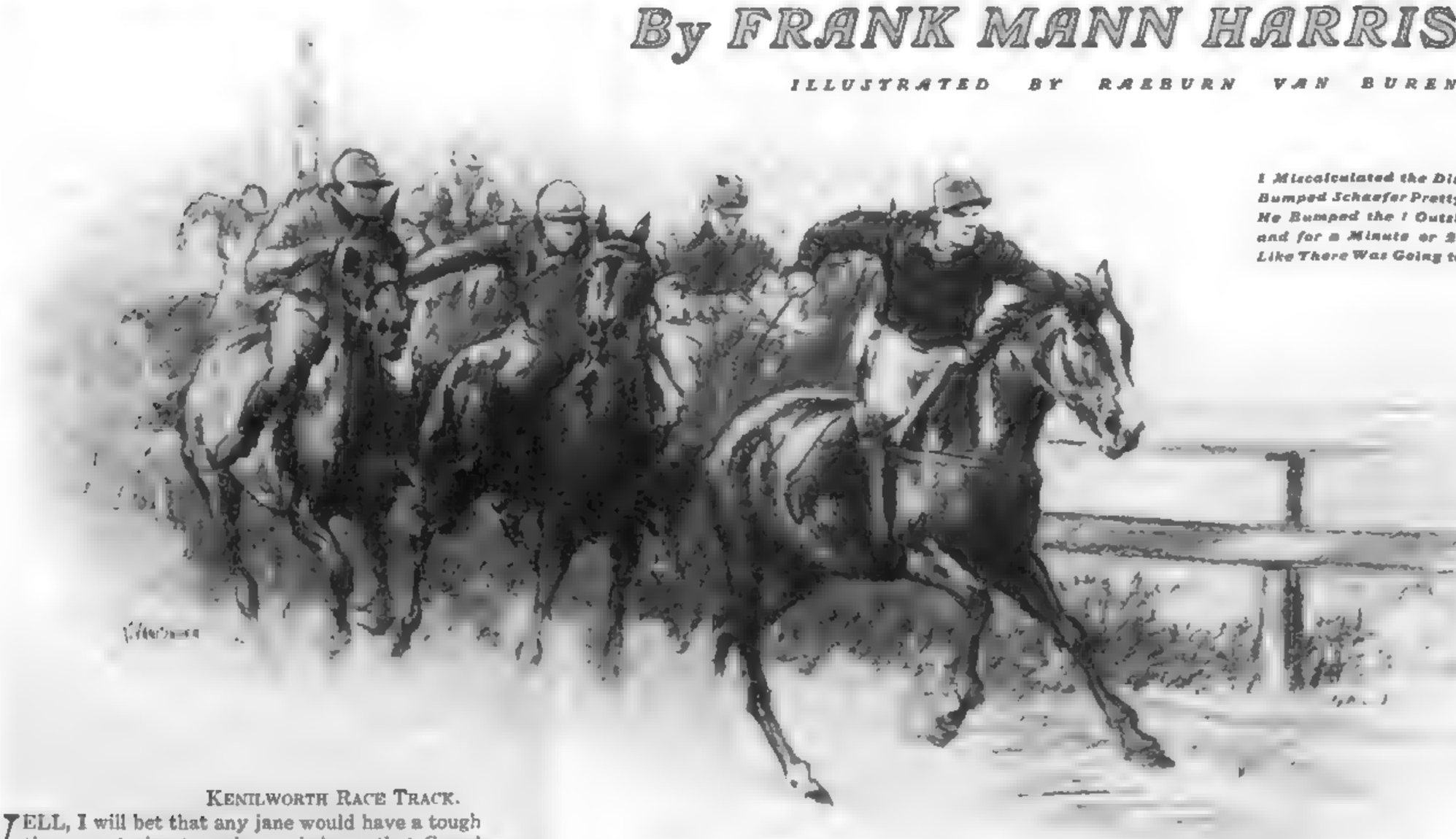
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS
TASTE THEIR FAMOUS TOMATO SAUCE

Willie Painter Loses His Bug

By FRANK MANN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



I Miscalculated the Distants, and Bumped Schaefer Pretty Hard and He Bumped the 1 Outside of Him and for a Minute or 2 it Looked Like There Was Going to be a Spill

KENILWORTH RACE TRACK.

WELL, I will bet that any jane would have a tough time now trying to make me beleave that Grand Circus Park is a quiet and secluded spot. I am still here in Windsor where we been for the last monht, and likely to remane here another fourtnight anyways, on account they got 3 race tracks here and run their race meats 1 after the other; and every evening almost I been acrost the river in Detroit so I sure know that city now from cellar to garage as the saying goes.

And it certainly is a swell and buzy place where a man like me, which is a good mixture and easy spender can have the time of their life. In fack I have had such a grand time that I have found it inposible to lay up any jack or either to do any literatury writeing. But I must try and get some more wrote of the story of my life, so far, because the other day I am talking to a newspaper repporter which I met, and when I told him about all the writeing I have already did, he says I sure should ought to keep on with same because if I write anything like I ride my story is bound to be a Whow, and more interesting even than the Congress Record or a obichuary colum. Which sounds like pretty good praise comeing from a man is right in the business because I have heard that the eggs who compose some of these columns drag down real heavy jack.

And I guess there ain't no more doubt about weather I can ride, not that I ever had none, because every time they slip me a mount I been flashing real class and have already rode 14 winners since the season began. Just as soon as I get down in front with another 1 I will loose my bug allowance and not be able to ride as a apprentice no more except for Mr. Robbins who I am under contrack to. But I got no doubth that there will still be plenty outside owners still seaking my services, for what is a matter of 5 lbh. weigth compared to haveing your horse pilated by a real naturally born horseman? All I wish is that somebody would ast me to ride a trip in the big Handicrap which will be run next Saturday. All I would want would be a beagle with a leg on all 4 corners, and I would fetch him past them judges 1st if I had to make him jump the rail and take a short cut acrost the infeild to do it.

Oh well I guess a guy must take the tough with the smooth, like I always say; and some day all these dam owners will appresiate my ability even if not at pressent. Just wait till I am champion rider of the hole world with my picture in the Police Gazette and all the swell papers like that, I will have some of these allegible horsemen comeing to me with their hat in their hands and begging me to ride for them and I will just mearly laugh in their face and tell them to go and talk to my sectary.

Oncet in a while I think of going to Mr. Robbins and declareing myself proper and telling him to tear up my contrack and go to aitch. And I would do it too only that I know that down in his heart he thinks the world in all of me, and only kids me so much so as to conseal his actually feelings. But it is dam hard sometimes to stand all the kiddeing he hands me. Just a few minutes ago he come in the tack room here and when he seen me writeing he made a great fuss.

"Well as I live if here ain't our Willie!" he hollers in that big base voice of his. "What ever is the matter Willie? Have the fairyboats stopped running acrost the river, or is it just that the Immigration Officer has warned you to keep out of Detroit?"

"Not either 1, Mr. Robbins," I repplies dignifried. "The boats still run every few minutes so far as I know, and I still am heartly welcome in all classes of Detroit society like I always been."

"Well then," he says, "if you haven't been gave the gate over there, what are you doing around here at this time of day?"

"If you must know, Mr. Robbins," I ansers, "it is just simply because I have got tired of the gay sociable whirl and thought I would take a night off for a little rest and relacksation."

"Rest and relacksation!" he shouts. "That is sure 1 for the book. If there is any kid in the world shouldn't need no rest it is you, Willie, seeing you don't do nothing else from the minute you get up."

"Is that so?" I repplies very sourcastic. "Is that so? Maybe that is what you think, Mr. Robbins, but maybe if you understood what a strain there is on a jockey's physic and mind, rideing a hard race, you might think diffrent."

"It must be terrible," he says, kind of sympathletic. "I wondered what was the matter with you in that 7ht race this afternoon and when I was talking to Mr. Kelly the patrol judge after, he tells me that I should have you examined for sleeping sickness because when you passed him he could almost hear you snoring."

"Is that so?" I ansers, still more cutting. "Well leave me tell you, Mr. Robbins, that I rode that filly as good as even Verne Fator could of, and the only reason she didn't cop was just simply because she didn't have the foot. And anybody says I was asleep on her is a prevaricator, patrol judge or not no patrol judge."

"I sure am awful releaved to hear that, Willie," he says. "I certainly am pleased to learn that you weren't takeing a snooze. As a matter of fack, I didn't beleave Kelly myself. I watched that trip you rode real close, and I didn't think you were sleeping, Willie."

"Didn't you, Mr. Robbins?" I repplies, kind of pleased. "What did you think then?"

"I thought you must be training for a pool tournament," he says, "you got that filly into so many pockets."

And with that he ducks out, laughing hearty at his bum attemp to be funny, and before I could think up how to anser him back the way he deserved. Oh, well, there will come a time when he will reggret he ever poked fun at the world's most leading jockey. And now I guess I will go and catch myself some real sleep which I certainly am needing seeing how much I been missing of recent. Ever since our colored swipe Absolom learned me to Charleston I sure been in constant demand in high society. In fack 1 of the most prominentest society leaders in Detroit, a big bootledger who won't even look at a order under a 100 cases and not none of your cheap trash, says that I should give up the turf and take to dancing for a living.

Well, more stranger things than that might happen if certain parties don't soon learn to recogmise my tallent proper. I certainly can shake a dirty hoof, as Absolom puts it, and when I get out on that floor with a good partner and start to strut my stuff even the orchestra leaders always turn around to get a eyefull.

Still, the turf was my 1st love and I know right well that my leaving it would be the occasion for mourning by 1 or all, as they say. So even if it is pretty hard to put up with insults and snears when a guy is doing your best, I suppose I will stick a while longer until I have win my way to the top by shear merit, I am like that.

KENILWORTH RACE TRACK.

Well, I come close to rideing my 15ht winner this afternoon, and the only reason I am still a bug is on account of my generous nature and always wanting to do folks a good term, I am like that. The next time anybody comes to me and hands me the old salve about wanting me to give them some good advice and pointers on how to ride I will tell him to go chase hisself, and no matter who it is.

I suppose young Andy Foley thinks he has put 1 over on me and the boys in the jocks' room were giveing me the raza after the race, asting me when I am going to open a collige for horsemanship and the like. But just wait and they will see that it ain't always the 1 that laughs last that has the best of it as the saying goes. I will show them all something before long as sure as my name is Willie Painter, and if I ever catch that young Andy alone by hisself I will learn him something besides how to ride.

The way he done it was on account of me knowing him so long, as me and him started exersising for Giddingses on the old breading farm about the same time; only I come to the front more rabidly than what he done and was haveing my name in the papers long before anybody ever heard of him outside of his fambly. But his big brother Joe trains for Phil Unglaub and early this summer he begun giveing Andy some mounts just out of charitty; and the horses he

(Continued on Page 34)

The New Idea that is Abroad in the Land

Unprecedented Thousands Now Turning to the New Cadillac for the Only Thing That Really Counts

What is this thing which is making new thousands turn to the new, 90-degree, eight-cylinder Cadillac and registering sales records unprecedented even in Cadillac history?

It is people's minds and people's pocketbooks—it is the different kind of days and weeks and the different kind of hours and months which people enjoy in the new Cadillac—it is a turning away from the old idea that any sort of motor transportation will do to the sounder idea that the *kind* of transportation is the only thing that really counts.

It is a reaction and a revulsion away from the type of motoring which made the miles uncertain and miserable and costly.

It is a widespread awakening to the realization that there is no substitute for the satisfied thoughts which Cadillac engenders—for the zestful, restful miles and the easeful hours, days, weeks and months—for the only worth-while things in motoring and the things which alone spell value.

Cadillac is entering upon a new era of expansion and appreciation for the quite simple reason that more people than ever before have come to realize that while a motor car may be only a motor car, a Cadillac is always a Cadillac.

Priced from $2995 upward, f.o.b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Body by Fisher

(Continued from Page 32)

give him couldn't of lost, not even if Bull Montana had of been in the saddle. So of course those cuckoo sporting writers had to go putting pieces in the paper about how Andy is a 2nd Carroll Shilling and going to be champion rider of the year.

Well, anyways, Unglaub ships his stable here from Fort Erie and Andy comes here too; and he acted awful freindly to me, asting my advice about everything like how to set a horse proper and how to shake 1 up in the stretch and so on. And naturally I done the best I could for him, telling him all I know, pretty near, and explaining him all the secrets of the business which I have picked up besides those which I was born with. And Andy let on like he was very grateful to me, and when any of the other boys started to pick on me, he always pretended like he was on my side.

So this afternoon he come to me just after we had weighed in to the jockey house for the day.

"Willie," he says, "it looks like you are a cinch in that 5ht heat today."

"I'll say we are a cinch," I answers. "If you want to make a little easy dough for yourself go and get somebody to bet you a couple of dollars on that Freckle Face thing I am going to ride."

"They tell me he is awful fast," he says.

"He is fast enough to eat grass all the way down the back stretch and still gallop home in front of the rest of the snakes he is in with."

"Well, that being the case, Willie," he says, "and seeing how you can't lose nohow, perhaps you wouldn't mind doing me a flavor."

"What is the flavor you want done, kid?" I repplies. "So long as you don't ast me to toss off the race I will do pretty near anything for you, Andy, my boy."

"Well, it is just this, Willie," he says: "There is something has puzzled me for quite a while, and it is how you topnotchers manage to find a hole for yourself to come through on the rail at the stretch turn so often. Now me, unless I am on something that gets off in front and stays there, I am always pocketed and can't take the short route nohow. But boys like you and Stutts and a few of the good 1's, why somehow you always seem to find clear sailing."

"We don't find our openings, Andy," I repplies. "We make them."

"That is what I thought," he repplies. "But how you do it is over my head like a tin roof. How ever do you make those openings, Willie?"

"I guess it is more of a gift than any thing," I ansers moddest. "I don't want to take no credit for something which I was born with, most likely. Finding holes on the rail is something like finding 4-leaf clovers, and them that haven't got the gnack find it awful hard to ever learn same."

"Well, I wish you would try and learn it to me, Willie," he repplies. "Now this afternoon we have got a snake in the same heat as you are in, and I am going to ride him. He is a awful slow starter and don't begin to run till a race is about over; and even when he does start running he don't show no real speed. So I was thinking, on account of your horse being 20 pounds the best in the race, perhaps you wouldn't mind laying back of the earley pace alongside of me, and then making a real finish. And I would watch you close all the time, and maybe that way I could pick up your trick of winning from behind."

"No sooner said than did, my boy," I ansers gracious. "Anything to oblidge a freind, Andy. You stick as close to me as you can, and when we make that turn for home I will show you how us real riders make the boys in front open up and give us a clear path."

"Fair enough, Willie," he says. "Be sure you make a good wide opening, won't you, so as I can see how you do it real good."

So when we are in the paddock waiting for the buggle to sound before the race, Mr. Robbins starts telleing me how I am to ride.

"I don't think there is anything you need to watch in this race, Willie," he says, "unless it is that thing of Unglaub's. He hasn't raced for about a monht now, and most likely he is short; but you can't never tell with that sucker Unglaub, so don't you go takeing no more naps and let him get away from you, because we need this purse."

"That purse is already as good as in your kick, Mr. Robbins," I says. "And as for that thing of Unglaub's, why young Foley which rides him is 1 of my greatest admirers and was telling me a hour ago that they would be lucky if they got to the wire in time to see me unsaddling. He says that this horse he is on has brakes on every hoof and no self-starter."

"Maybe so," repplies Mr. R. "And maybe not. That is a dam smart kid, that young Foley, and don't you go listening to too much that he hands you, or else he might slip something acrost you. I have saw him ride some real smart races, Willie, and even if his horse is a slow starter he finishes awful fast when the checks are down on him."

So of course there is no use arguing with a man like that, so I just smiles to myself, thinking of what Andy had told me. And as soon as the barrier goes up I take old Freckle Face back behind the pace and pretty soon Andy comes up along side of me.

"Don't forget what you promised, Willie," he shouts. "I will stick as close to you as I can so as to see you crash your way through."

And when we are approatching the stretch turn I have lost sight of Andy but can sort of feel that he is a lenght or so behind. And by that time there are about 4 left in front, running like a team and the inside horse hugging the rail like he was glued to it. But old Freckles is chuckfull of run and I am not worrying. I know that if I want to I can take him around on the outside and still win. But I don't want to do that on account of what I have promised Andy. So as the front 1's make the turn I see a little patch of daylight on the inside where Schaefer's horse has swang a teeny mite wide. And in a instant or less I have gave Freckle Face the gas and shoved his nose into that opening.

"Where in aitch do you think you are going, punk?" Schaefer hollers. "If you want to get anywheres with that beetle take him around because this is no thoroughfare."

"I will show you weather it is no thoroughfare or not," I yells back. "Get out of the way with that hearse horse and leave something run that can run."

And with that I let out a wrap and Freckle Face responded noble, and somehow or other I miscalculated the distants, and bumped Schaefer pretty hard and he bumped the 1 outside of him and for a minute or 2 it looked like there was going to be a spill. And until we got the tangle straightened away I don't pay no intention to anything else in the race; until finably I get my horse going good and start to ride him to the finish.

Well, nobody couldn't of been no more supprised than I am to see a horse about 10 lenghts in front and traveling fast, and it is nobody else but that dam young Andy Foley.

(Continued on Page 138)

I Bet I Will Look Pretty Swell, Setting on the Winner With That Big Floral Horseshoe Over My Shoulders, Getting Our Photograph Took for All the Papers

AS MONTHS AND MILES ROLL BY YOU'RE GLAD YOU DRIVE AN OLDSMOBILE

There is special significance in the fact that the preference for Oldsmobile, which has risen month by month, now mounts by leaps and bounds. It reveals an insistent demand for certain qualities in a car that fit it eminently for the open road:

Dependability . . . unwavering performance mile after mile, day in and day out.

Comfort . . . relaxation, pure enjoyment of every trip. And handling ease!

The utter reliability of Oldsmobile, the undimmed spirit of its performance throughout the steadiest grind, the restful comfort in which you ride, impress you more and more with its superiority. And as months and miles roll by, you're glad you drive an Oldsmobile.

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

The car illustrated is the De Luxe Coach, priced $1040 at Lansing.

COACH
$950
F. O. B. LANSING

RED SHADOWS

By Wythe Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Small Fishing Boat Marie Josef Waddled, Lurched, Zigzagged, Meanwhile Drifting Rapidly, Upon a Sapphire Sea, Under a Noonday Sun

HALIFAX, N. S., March 20, 1889. Two men were brought to this port yesterday by the fishing schooner Dauphin. They were rescued from a raft off the Newfoundland Banks, and claim to be passengers from the transatlantic liner Alfa, believed to have been lost with all on board, during her voyage from New York which began over two weeks ago. The men are in a state of delirium most of the time, and the doctors say that, probably, they cannot live. But whether or not their statements are mere ravings, both make the same startling charge to the effect that the captain and crew seized the lifeboats, the ship having caught fire, and left the passengers to perish.

[This brief message, which appeared in nearly every newspaper of the world, was the only lifting of the curtain upon the greatest sea tragedy of prewireless times. Nothing more was ever learned concerning passengers or crew. The two men taken to Halifax died the following day.]

THE small, cutter-rigged, half-decked fishing boat Marie Josef waddled, lurched, zigzagged, meanwhile drifting rapidly, upon a sapphire sea, under a noonday sun. Main and topsails, stay and jib, all were set to find an elusive breeze. But boom, gaff, topsail yard sagged almost motionless, creaking sometimes, as the current swirled the craft farther out.

The nearest land, Friars' Island, in Morbihan Gulf—the Island of Flowers it is called also—rapidly disappeared, its extravagance of color—greens, golds, scarlets—faded into the profound blue of the waters, until even a thin line of ivory beach was gone, and the boat tumbled and rolled upon the always-agitated pulsing vortex of Biscay.

Fifty yards behind, a second boat scuttled along, the St. Yves, also out from Friars' Island, mackerel trolling since dawn. Old Cadic, owner and skipper, crouched beside the useless tiller from habit, calmly puffing his pipe. He knew these treacherous Brittany waters. He knew all waters—salt waters, that is to say—for during his youth he had sailed all the seas. So now he was untroubled. That the wind died the moment the current caught them was merely unfortunate. But when mackerel are racing the lines one cannot always remember details, such as that exact point in relation to the outer lighthouse buoy where the current turns, even though it is advisable to make the tack well inside.

That morning the wind had been fully strong enough to combat the current; only it died, flopping down to nothing all at once, like a bird in flight that has been hit, or as a man sags to a sidewalk after heart failure. This current would take them far, but they would find a countercurrent out there to aid their return.

The catch, before sunup, had been excellent. Plenty of fish, fresh dripping, still flapped about the footboards. One, grilled over the small gasoline burner in the bow, with a buttered slice from the full, round loaf of dark rich Breton bread, and with wine, would be sweeter than *poulet rôti* at the Café du Port. Cadic shrugged his heavy shoulders and relighted his pipe.

On the deck forward, kneeling, one arm clinging to the gunwale, was his niece, Concepcion. Her eyes were fixed on the Marie Josef, swirling on ahead as if drawn by invisible hands, sometimes keeling far over, her red sails staining shadows upon the indigo swells. Concepcion was *mousse*, or marine neophyte, attached to the St. Yves, which was the one-man-and-a-boy type of fishing craft common to the coast. The boy *mousse* whose place she had taken was now performing his military service upon a destroyer in the Mediterranean.

Concepcion was a Sablaise, born beside the sea, at the Sables-d'Olonne, farther down the coast, near the Gironde. Her father was of the sea, and it had reclaimed him when she was a baby, during a gale off the coast of Portugal. Her mother, dark, passionate, proud, with a strain of Spanish somewhere in her lineage, gave the child her own curious name, Concepcion, and while she conducted a sardine stall in the town market insisted that the girl go to school.

When Concepcion was eighteen her mother died, and she came to Friars' Island to live with her Uncle Cadic. His philosophy held no argument against her becoming the *mousse* aboard his boat, especially as she insisted upon it. Cadic had always been somewhat in awe of his brother's impetuous wife, and Concepcion was like her, both in looks and character. The girl came to his home for shelter, but immediately she demanded work. She was small and dainty, but strong and well proportioned.

When she arrived she wore the Sables-d'Olonne costume: filmy, butterfly *coiffe* perched on her mop of curls, large gold earrings, scarlet silk shawl, full knee-long black skirt, showing her pretty, slender legs as every Sablaise has done for centuries. Afterward she kept this dress for Sundays and fêtes and passed the remainder of her waking moments in the garb of every *mousse* aboard a Breton fishing boat—loose trousers, heavy woolen *sareuse*, opening at the neck, boots, wooden sabots, or feet bare as the weather or her fancy demanded.

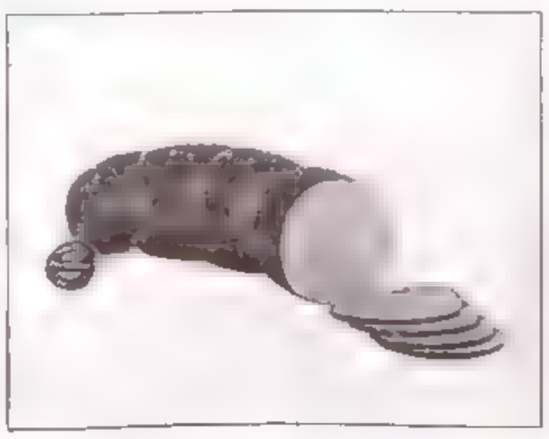
(Continued on Page 39)

SWIFT
—a food service

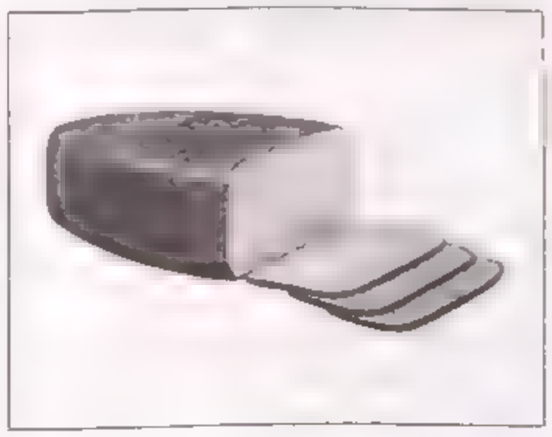
SWIFT & COMPANY prepares meat delicacies from famous recipes of many lands for the American table.

1 *Premium Cooked Hams.* Carefully selected for quality, mildly cured, and thoroughly cooked, these hams have the rare goodness found in all products bearing the Premium name.

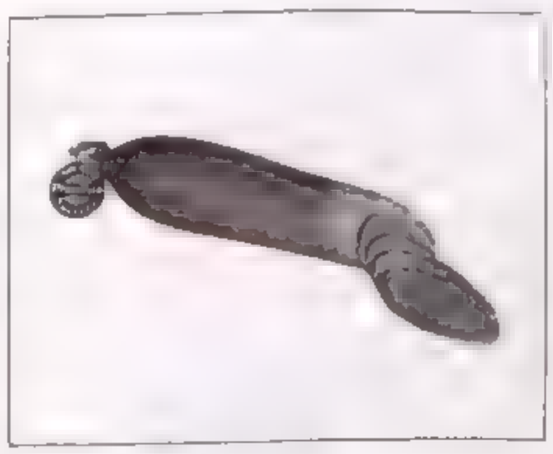
2 *Swift's Premium Bologna.* This tempting delicacy is made from selected pork and beef, ground fine, specked with fat, and seasoned to suit discriminating tastes.



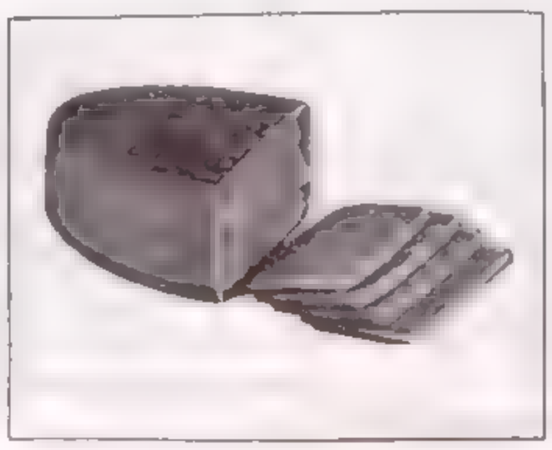
3 *Swift's Pimento Sandwich Meat.* Made from finely cured and flavored pork and beef, specked with pimentos. Excellent for sandwich making, cold meat service, or cooking.



4 *Premium Cervelat.* One of a group of dry sausages of fine quality. Made from choice bits of pork and a small percentage of selected beef, mildly and tastefully spiced; dried firmly but not too hard.



5 *Swift's Sterling Delicacy.* Made principally of selected pork, delicately cured. The large slices are just right for sandwiches. Delicious for cold lunches.



Swift's Premium Frankfurts, made of selected pork and beef cuts, seasoned, smoked, and cooked just right, have a place of their own on countless menus

LABOR-SAVING devices have transformed the old-fashioned kitchen. Hot, steamy hours over the stove are no longer necessary in summer.

Modern methods of living demand that the best of the land be made available to the modern housewife.

Swift & Company has gathered recipes for many meat delicacies from many lands, modified them to suit the American taste, with the result that the summer meal is simply and easily prepared.

Easily identified by the Swift marks of quality, these foods come to you as a part of the Swift Food Service.

Wherever you may live, in city, town, or country, Swift Food Service makes available to you a wide diversity of fine meat and farm products, prepared with exacting care and delivered to your dealer in perfect condition.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

© S & Co

Yes, many oils are cheap to *buy*. The question is: Are they cheap to use?

For a while, almost any oil will "seem all right." Carbon and engine noise develop slowly.

But if you think for a moment that any oil will do, consider this fact:

No automotive engine can long stand incorrect oil. Oil chosen by guess leads to excessive carbon and premature engine noise.

The correct Mobiloil for your car is specified on the Mobiloil Chart. 609 leading automotive manufacturers approve the recommendations in this Chart. You will find that Mobiloil is by far the most commonly used oil in the personal cars of automotive engineers.

If your car isn't listed in the Chart on this page, you will find it on the complete Chart displayed by Mobiloil dealers.

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Make this CHART *your guide*

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
[illegible]	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	[illegible]
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

(Continued from Page 36

Perched forward now on the St. Yves, head bare, legs bare—the trousers were rolled to her knees—*vareuse* open, showing her splendid bronzed neck, her eyes were fixed upon the other boat as though hypnotized. Apparently no one was aboard the Marie Josef, but the current kept her unfalteringly upon the course. Concepcion knew that she carried no *mousse* aboard, although she was slightly larger than the Cadic boat.

The Marie Josef belonged to the Le Goffs; and that family, consisting only of father and son, did not favor help of any sort, either on sea or land. On the island, they kept entirely to themselves, aloof, forbidding. At sea, it was admitted that they knew their business, especially in and about Morbihan Gulf, better than any other men living. Even Cadic did not believe that Jann Le Goff, the unapproachable father, or Yvon Michel, the stalwart, sullen, often surly son, could be taught anything about boats. As a boy Yvon Michel had been his father's *mousse*, but lately the pair had become remote even from each other, and so frequently they sailed alone. It was usually Yvon Michel now who took the boat out, leaving the old man to putter about the small garden of the tiny stone cottage at the outskirts of the village, or arranging the shipment of fish to the market at Vannes, at the head of the gulf.

Concepcion had never spoken to either Le Goff, and they had ignored her as completely as they did everything else about them. She wondered vaguely why she was so curious as to which of them must be concealed somewhere within that tossing hull. But everyone noticed the Le Goffs. It was impossible to overlook them as they stalked, majestically morose, through the village. Everyone paid grudging admiration to the magnificent fashion in which their boat was handled, single-handed, in all kinds of weather. Yvon Michel was handsome, too—tall, wide shouldered, crinkly blond hair, blue eyes, wide set, with a deep crease above the nose, due to his constant scowl.

Concepcion watched for more than an hour. She had noticed the boat that morning, faster, as usual, and quicker on the turns than all others of the Friars' Island fleet; but afterward she had been so busy obeying the orders of Cadic, who remained at the tiller handling the main sheet, that she had been greatly surprised to find the craft with them in the current when all the other boats were putting out oars and heading home

The weather was changing. Overhead, the sun was less bright and the horizon was ominous with low-lying clouds. The breeze still held off, although the swells were heavier, so that the boats rolled considerably. Finally, when the Marie Josef keeled far over, Concepcion saw the long, lean form of Yvon Michel, apparently asleep, face down on the footboards, arms folded above his head. She glanced back. Uncle Cadic's eyes were closed and his pipe was out. He had slumped down in his seat. She crept forward from the cathead, where she was kneeling, until she reached the prow. There she stood erect in order to see more clearly.

No land was visible anywhere; no solitary sea gull or distant sail. She was alone in a universe of billows, now lead colored, except for far-off flicks of spray indicating a breeze out there somewhere. Then for a long time Concepcion looked down at Yvon Michel. She knew something, vague, from occasional hearsay, just a word here and there that she had pieced together, concerning the tragedy that hung over him from birth, of the shadows of disaster that clouded his house and his life, making him and his father so strange, so harsh toward any attempt at friendship.

But it was so long ago, Concepcion thought, and brushed a hand over her eyes. Yvon Michel had nothing to do with it. Why should it affect him, constantly stretching out that long sinister arm of evil? It all happened thirty-five years ago, and Yvon Michel was just over twenty. Her face clouded; again she passed a hand rapidly across her eyes to push back her curls. The boats ceased the outward rush, and rolled uneasily, much nearer together. The sun was half down and the horizon was darker. The current had about run itself out. It was almost time to think of putting about, as soon as the other current picked them up or if the fugitive breeze found them. Yvon Michel turned suddenly over on his back, his eyes open, unblinking, and gazing straight at her.

For a moment they stared at each other, and then Concepcion did something—something incredible, even to herself. She smiled—first, a wide, merry, friendly sort of smile, and then, so mechanically that she might have been doing it unconsciously, she placed the full, open palm of her hand across her lips and threw a kiss; a big full-blown kiss, swinging her arm expansively quite as babies do when ordered. Yvon Michel jumped up quickly, flushed, angry. His eyes peered across the deck at the horizon, his hands fumbling in the pockets of his *vareuse*. The boats were a scant ten yards apart, floating idly. As a meeting place, it was curious, unusual. The young man turned his back squarely upon the girl and took refuge in his usual scowl.

"But you cannot go away, Yvon Michel." The words rippled across to him; then, with laughter so faint it seemed scarcely breathed, "Don't be so rude, Yvon Michel."

He pushed a hand nervously through his hair and turned toward her wonderingly. No woman had ever spoken to him that he remembered. His eyes sought Cadic, drowsing at the tiller. The boats sidled nearer. Concepcion leaned over the side, still smiling, forcing him to look at her. His face flushed, then paled. Slowly he moved forward toward her. He could almost have leaped from his boat to the other. The girl's eyes were large, dark, limpid, and held unsolved mystery. Her lips parted, the upper one curved and slightly projecting. Both her hands reached across the distance, timidly but compelling. He bent forward, both his arms outstretched.

A sudden billowing of sails and the fluttering rattle of shrouds. The heavy booms swayed across the decks. Concepcion scurried aft to shake Cadic from his dreams. Yvon Michel, as though released from a spell, sprang to his tiller, setting his main sheet as the boats hung balanced for a moment at the top of a swell, then came slowly about into the revived breeze. Swiftly as a cat he was forward, to

But There Came Another Respite When He Brought the Man Alongside, Although Almost Hauled Overboard Himself

staysail and jib, then back to his steering. Both boats headed home, Yvon Michel giving way so that the Cadic boat drew slightly ahead. Again Yvon Michel's eyes were on Concepcion, perched on her forward deck, the winds blowing curls about her small head and pressing the *sareuse* against her graceful slender body.

The wind was rising; waves frequently broke over the bows. All but mainsails were taken in, and these were close-reefed. Yvon Michel, at the tiller, handled his boat automatically. A woman—a girl—had smiled at him, spoken to him, stretched out hands to him, to a Le Goff. And what a girl—desirable, most beautiful! He had watched all the youth of the island follow her with their eyes, especially on Sundays, when in her pretty Sablaise costume, clicking her high-heeled sabots, she went to the village mass.

The day was ending and heavy clouds were racing to the zenith of the heavens. Drops of rain fell intermittently. The sun, blood red, burst through the vapor. The boat listed far over as the wind gathered force, and the red sails again cast shadows, long and morose, across the darkening waters. Shadows of disaster, Yvon Michel thought bitterly. They were always there, these malevolent omens. What was this curse that blighted his existence, and his father's? Some terrible tragedy before he was born. He had questioned Jann Le Goff, but the old man ordered silence. He wondered whether the villagers knew. Often they looked curiously at him and whispered. But the seal of the secret was never broken.

His father was educated roughly, and had given him lessons. When the boy became older he wanted to quit the island, and broached the subject. It was impossible, for Jann needed him. They had to live, after all. The father would not leave and his son had developed into the best sailor of them all. No one, not even Jann in his prime, could handle a boat like Yvon Michel, who had never been farther away on the mainland than Vannes.

Yvon Michel read the provincial newspaper, which was delivered every evening by the boat that took back the fish to the market. From this he knew about the World War which left his island almost untouched. But there were few young men at Friars' Island, and they went into the navy, which had little to do. Yvon Michel wanted to go, but he was too young. So he grew from fisherboy to fisherman, nursing his wondering hate.

The boats were nearing port, making straight for the sand beach, a few yards out from which their single-oared dinghies floated above the shore anchors. They were just in time for a comfortable landing; but even so, the wind was now blowing so hard inshore that they were compelled to maneuver skillfully to avoid bumping. He saw Concepcion packing the fish into a wicker basket as Cadic made the St. Yves tight for the night. He kept his eyes upon her, mechanically making fast his own boat, and scooping his fish into a similar basket to be loaded into the dinghy. He caught her glance finally, and again she smiled, waving a small hand.

A neighbor sauntered down the beach, hailing Cadic, just as the dinghies scraped bottom, so Concepcion and Yvon Michel walked along the sands together.

"Why did you speak—smile? You shouldn't." His voice was gruff, but despite him it trembled.

She stopped and stood facing him, looking at him solemnly.

"I don't care what they say," she replied, speaking quickly, jerkily; "not for what any of them say. You didn't have anything to do with it. You weren't even born—I wanted to tell you."

She flushed and reached out a hand that shook slightly. Yvon Michel shivered; his face bleached. She knew, then—certainly, like everybody. The tale, whatever it was, belonged to all except him. He noticed her outstretched hand. He took it, while heat and color flamed into his skin.

"Tell me," he whispered, "please."

She stood close to him, her fingers clutched on his big fist. The twilight deepened and the wind chilled. She stared up at him, her eyes wide, incredulous. Her lips trembled.

"You don't know?" She whispered the words. "Oh, you don't know!" She dropped his hand and seized his arm, shaking it, while he looked down into her white face, his great frame still quivering, but thrilling at the feel of the fingers that tightened into his sleeve.

"You don't know?" she repeated. "Yvon Michel Le Goff, you mean to say that you don't know?" She almost sobbed out the words. "Oh, that's why you —— Oh, it's terrible!" She leaned against him quite involuntarily, her head close to his shoulder. Suddenly he shook free, and then his arm groped for her. He drew her close to him; his lips brushed her curls. She began to cry softly.

"Come!" he said, and led her up the beach, behind the hull of a double-oared dory drawn high above the tide line. There he released her and she sank down on the sands, both hands over her eyes. He stepped back and peered along the beach. Cadic and the neighbor were disappearing; the former evidently had taken no notice of his niece. Yvon Michel walked to the dory and swung his basket of fish over the side. Then he sat down on the sands beside Concepcion. She faltered out the story, and the sun, half free from cloud banks, sank in sullen, scarlet splendor. Yvon Michel rolled upon his face and groaned.

So that was it. Jann Le Goff had been an under navigating officer of the Alfa, the great transatlantic liner that sank over thirty-five years ago. The Alfa was the finest and fastest boat of that day. She carried notables of many nations on her final voyage. There had never been such a sea tragedy. The known details were meager. Only one report, in fact, had ever been given that had the earmarks of truth, and it had shocked the civilized world. Two men, rescued from a raft in midocean, claimed to have been passengers. Although half crazed, they made identical statements before they died. According to them the crew deserted their burning ship and left the passengers to die.

Jann Le Goff was the only survivor of the Alfa crew, so far as was known. Yvon Michel's body shook convulsively as the girl's plaintive voice gave this detail. Le Goff and his wife came to Friars' Island, and a little later Cadic discovered his identity through a chance word from the wife to a neighbor which revealed the village in Finistère from which they came. Cadic made a trip of investigation. Later there was an interview between the two men, and Cadic was quelled. Le Goff chose to remain in his asylum, and after his son was born and the mother died, he made another visit to Cadic, to threaten him in case the story ever reached the boy.

Concepcion stopped talking, leaned over Yvon Michel, placing her hand on his shoulder. He remained motionless a long time, and tears fell on his neck. Then he leaped to his feet, seized both her hands, lifting her up.

"Thank you," he said; "thank you, very much"

He kissed both her hands, dropped them, went over to the dory, picked out his basket of fish and walked rapidly down the beach toward the village.

Roses clambered over every ancient stone wall. Daisies, delphiniums and irises fought for space along every path, poppies flamed in every garden, wild carnations exhaled their insistent delicate perfume. Night came, and with it rain began to fall definitely. Yvon Michel kicked open the door of his home, where Jann Le Goff was grilling a mackerel over the open fire in the large kitchen-living room.

The son placed his basket in a corner, then stalked heavily to the closed window and stared out at the sea. He said nothing. The wind was still rising, developing into a summer gale. The rain began to splash against the glass. Yvon Michel's hands clutched and unclutched nervously.

"You are late," Jann said finally.

"Got into the current," Yvon Michel replied, still staring out of the window.

"Splendid!" the father jeered. "What's the matter with you? You did that once before recently."

Yvon Michel made no reply. Le Goff took the fish from the blaze, sliced it in halves and placed it on the center table. He cut several pieces of bread, poured out a mug of cider, sat down and began eating. After a moment Yvon Michel turned toward him, then, still without speaking, took his place at the table.

Rain was now beating heavily, but neither man gave it any attention. There was no need for either of them to consider whether the Marie Josef was well stowed for the night. The affairs of the Le Goffs were always in order. At night, though not usually at this time of the year, the elements often did things out there. There were wrecks sometimes, but the Le Goffs seldom exhibited even the interest of spectators. They finished eating in silence. Yvon Michel cleared away the dishes, then took down a pipe from a wall rack. The old man continued sitting at the table, also smoking. The young man remained standing opposite, tall, imposing. His face was dark in the flickering light of the table lamp.

"Father, I know!" he said.

That was all. His voice was unraised. He uttered the words calmly, but his body was tense, like a rod of sprung steel. Jann Le Goff looked up at him for fully half a minute. Then he arose slowly, walked around the table and stood facing his son. They were the same stature and frame, except that the father was heavier, bulkier, bearded. Their eyes were on the same level and only inches apart. Yvon Michel's face was now chalk colored.

"You know what?" Jann Le Goff hissed the words out through clenched, bared teeth.

"I know!" Yvon Michel repeated.

"Who told?" The old man's fists doubled into balls and the muscles swelled under his heavy *sareuse*, but Yvon Michel said nothing.

"I'll kill the person who told you! I swore it the day that you were born. I'll ——" He broke off as Yvon Michel slowly shook his head. There was a hint of a smile in the young man's eyes.

"I'll not tell," he said finally. Then he laughed, so loudly that the old man stepped back, startled. The wind shrieked and the waves pounded on the beach.

"You will kill no one—and now you will tell me the story." Yvon Michel took a step toward his father, arms jerking, hands twitching. "You will tell me now. I have waited long enough."

They glared at each other. Jann Le Goff swayed unsteadily, seemed to crumple, then put a foot back as if to balance himself. The young man reached out his arm, but it was pushed away, and his father walked slowly to his chair, sat down heavily and picked up his pipe. There was a long moment of silence.

"Are the Le Goffs cowards?" Yvon Michel hurled the words at him coldly, unpityingly. "Are you? Am I? Are we tainted?"

The old man sprang from his chair and rushed toward his son. His face purpled and jerked as though in a spasm. His arms waved crazily. Yvon Michel stepped aside quickly and caught him by the shoulder.

"Cowards?" 'shouted Jann. "Cowards?" One hand tore at his bearded throat as though he were choking. His face became livid. Then words came, but indistinguishable, blurred, they fell so fast one upon the other. He grasped Yvon Michel's shoulders and leaned forward, panting; then blurted out, almost in a scream, the words "They carried me off that cursed ship unconscious!"

His son suddenly picked him up as though he were a baby and carried him to the chair. For fully a minute Yvon Michel stood beside him, a hand on his father's shoulder, until the old man quieted. Then, smiling, he knelt.

"Tell me now, father," he said softly. "I know now that we are not—not what I said; but tell me everything."

He continued kneeling as Jann Le Goff gasped out the story, his voice coming in whistling sobs as though he were stricken with asthma. The lamp flickered, and Yvon Michel reached out his hand mechanically to turn up the wick. The rain splashed against the window as though hurled from pails.

The captain had been killed while driving the crew to their posts, revolver in hand. It was a new crew, rushed aboard at New York the last day before sailing, following a strike. Jann Le Goff had crashed in a dozen heads with a marlin spike before he was struck down from behind. The remainder of the tragedy he did not see, for it was not until the next day, in an open boat in mid-Atlantic, that he recovered his senses. This boat had become separated from the others and there were but four men in it besides himself. He had raved like a lunatic when he learned what had happened, and as soon as his head wound mended, he had swiftly knocked his companions into submission and taken command.

Somehow, after weeks, they reached the French coast, but lost the boat in the surf when landing. Two of the men were lost and the others he promised to kill unless they forgot their names and all that had happened since they were born. He never saw or heard of them again. He arrived at his native Brittany village and entered it at night. He knew the law of the merchant marine—thorough, cruel, often unjust. He knew that his story would never be believed. He was a ship's officer, a navigating officer, who would never get another berth. So the man and wife came away from the village, at night, to Friars' Island, where, years later, Yvon Michel was born. Perhaps it had been a mistake not to tell Yvon Michel when he was old enough to understand. But he was a Breton, born to commune chiefly with the sea. Silence had been naturally easy, too easy. He shuddered also lest the boy should feel the horrible chill of those shadows under which he had been born—red shadows of disaster, shadows of death.

Yvon Michel stopped the story, abruptly reaching his long arms up about his father's neck. The gale had become a tempest. The surf thundered. The two men remained motionless for a long time. Then Jann Le Goff looked up and smiled for the first time in thirty-five years. He rose, squared his shoulders as though weights had been lifted from them and took a long deep breath. Side by side, father and son marched to the door, opened it, and, each with an arm about the other's shoulders, faced the sea. It was their nature that at that moment they should face the sea, even though the storm beat in upon them, drenched them.

Both thrust their heads forward suddenly and listened. Something out there chimed differently, discordantly even, with the angry voice of the tempest. It was as though something were tearing, breaking. With one movement they leaped backward into the room and crowded themselves into oilskins, boots, sou'westers. Together they rushed out, scarcely waiting to slam the door behind them. Lights flashed in several windows as they ran down the single street to the beach. A dozen persons were already there, mostly those, including Cadic, who had listened to the storm from the shelter of the Café du Port. Several lanterns flickered, hooded against the weather under oilskins. The tide was on the ebb. Occasional lightning flashes revealed a wall of dashing spray on the sandspit which at low tide formed a bar several hundred yards out. Inside, the water foamed and boiled in heaving swells that rolled far up the beach.

"There's something on the sunken rocks, outside the bar—a goner sure," someone said. *(Continued on Page 106)*

How to breakfast your way to success!

2300 famous Americans talk about this important meal

IS BREAKFAST IMPORTANT? Does a certain kind of breakfast help efficiency? If so, what kind? . . . . These questions were recently answered by 2300 men and women whose names appear in "Who's Who in America."

They answered emphatically. The right kind of breakfast, they said, is a vital factor in a good day's work. *And 96% of the answers named the same kind of breakfast as the "right kind"!*

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

This delicious food supplies the kind of nourishment successful men find vital to efficiency

THE "breakfast questionnaire," recently sent out by a leading scientific institute, has produced interesting results.

You probably wouldn't consider it especially significant if you heard that one bank president in New York, one great author in California, and one manufacturer in Detroit all happen to enjoy the same meal every morning. But when over two thousand eminent Americans assure you that they carefully select a small, *but well-balanced and highly nourishing*, breakfast—that means something!

It means that successful men have learned, to begin the day with a moderate amount of *food*—but with a large amount of *nourishment*. They come to each day's work with all the body's needs supplied, but with the least possible tax upon digestion . . . . And so they are physically and mentally fit to do that day's work successfully.

In millions of carefully-chosen American breakfasts, Grape-Nuts plays an important part. Because it is a delicious natural food—made from wheat and malted barley. Because a special baking process makes it readily digestible. And because a single serving, with milk or cream, is rich in essential food-elements, well balanced.

Grape-Nuts gives your body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. And here's another important fact—Grape-Nuts helps health by encouraging thorough mastication. You enjoy chewing this food because of its delightful *crispness*. You benefit digestion—you help to keep teeth and gums healthy and beautiful by giving them the exercise Nature intended.

Try Grape-Nuts—for the better breakfast which means better health, better efficiency—more success! Your grocer has Grape-Nuts—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Why Kill Bears?

THERE is a growing sentiment in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and Utah favoring a closed season on all bears; with a provision, however, granting discretionary power to state game commissioners to remove such individual bears as develop into killers

"This sentiment of friendliness for the bear is growing rapidly," said Roy Parvin, game and fish commissioner of Colorado, to me recently; "and it is all due, I believe, to an education among game lovers of the real bear nature."

And what he gives as the result of his interviews and correspondence with big-game hunters and true wild-life lovers is to be found in almost every game warden's office in the country. This movement, if properly organized and indorsed by business and state bodies, will come to a successful termination very soon. Colorado will very likely close the season on bears at the next session of its legislature; certainly this will be done within five years.

Most men do not know bears other than from the stories they gleaned in their youth, and these we now regard as largely overdrawn and for the most part untrue.

Of all North American animals, he is the most interesting. He is the king of any land he roams; is a vagabond; a devil-may-care, romping, playful, harmless creature. He wanders from the flat country to timber line and crosses ranges and spurs; loves water, snow, deep glades and wind-swept areas; and if treated properly, becomes a friend of man.

The bears in Yellowstone National Park prove this to be more than theory. And in Colorado, in that region where the state-game refuge adjoins the Rocky Mountain National Park, the bear is increasing. He has learned that he can wander in certain hills and never be molested. There he stays and rears his family. He is returning to his ancient home.

Last fall at Camp Number Two of the park service, on Fall River Road, above Estes Park, Colorado, a she bear made three thieving excursions to the camp commissary and went away, after each visit, with a good supply of food for her two cubs. Roger Toll, the park superintendent, issued added supplies to reimburse the camp, but he would allow nothing to be done to destroy that silvertip. She holed up for the winter and this year her cubs of that season know that man isn't such a bad fellow; and when they have families they'll teach their young the same idea. In time, Rocky Mountain National Park will have a bear population which its patrons may enjoy, as does Yellowstone now.

Some bears become dangerous and these should be killed. But out of a thousand bears, I doubt if you will find as many that will attack man as will be discovered in a like number of house dogs. And nowhere in America, at this time, certainly, is there need for the placard, Beware the Bear!

The grizzly is almost extinct in the United States, and surely he does not exist in his glory of seventy-five years ago. Then he weighed as much as eighteen hundred and two thousand pounds; but it took his full time of life, fifty to seventy years, to attain this growth—this and an uninterrupted occupancy of his particular domain.

Now he is shunted from place to place, all hands are against him, and to have man catch a glimpse of him or his track seals his doom. He is hunted down with dogs, is broadcast as an outlaw, and all forms of modern warfare, including telephone and telegraph, are employed to kill him.

If men but knew that most grizzlies want nothing quite so much as peace and quiet we should see these animals along our highways; and even the killers can be handled without killing, if grizzlies must be called killers.

I know one rancher, whose home lay close to the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, who nearly frightened a big silvertip to death by discharging Roman candles at it. That killer made so fast an escape and so complete an exit that he has never been seen on that slope since.

The "Spindle" Redwood—More Than 200 Feet Without a Branch

And I believe that if it is proper to feed grass-eating animals in times of drought, heavy snow or when they become too dense in population, then it is likewise good policy to feed bears. There will be fewer killers when this is done and more bears to be seen from the highways by the travelers in autos.

Nature has compounded her scheme, with respect to bears, so that we never shall have a census of bruin in excess of his range and what his range will support. And this fact assures us that kindness on the part of humanity will not be outraged by a growth in the numbers of bears.

I have watched a mother bear picking berries on the western slope of the Front range in Colorado, and while she gorged herself her two cubs rolled and played for all the world like children. When the wind changed and she obtained a scent of my presence, she sent those children to the top of a quaking aspen at the first loud explosion of a snorting command.

The man smell in the wild causes fright, and all things flee from it. Why? Because man kills; and everything that runs in the wild knows that he kills or tries to kill, as soon as his scent arrives. The greatest beast in all Nature is that which walks upright.

One day last February, as I sat in my saddle, overlooking a large basin in the Rockies, only eighty miles from Denver, I counted with my glasses and found with my eyes, close to hand, twelve elk, eighteen mule deer, three coyotes, a red fox, a weasel, a hawk, sixteen female bighorn sheep and a number of horses and cows. There they were, grazing, walking, lying down, playing or resting, and not the least sign of strife was evident among the lot. This, mind you, over an area less than a half mile in diameter.

As a test, I rode from my place of concealment, rounded a bald point where the wind could be carried to that wild life and touched my pony with a spur to see what happened. When I came into view of the scene, the bighorns were heads up, the elk were on the move, the coyotes were ambling off and even the broncs and white-faced cattle had stopped feeding to see what I wanted. I was the wildest and most fearful animal of them all and no doubt spoiled the entire morning for that strange gathering. I vanished; but I left them nervous, I know.

A bear is so wily now that he will not take a chance of coming into contact with man during the day. Seventy-five years of fright and the breeding of fright into him from his mother has taught the bear that man never is met unless he fights and battles to the death; bears avoid him.

And as civilization grows into the waste places the bear chooses more sequestered retreats. He seldom reaches the age of twenty years now, because with all his cunning he cannot longer than that escape his only enemy, man

And he has a large economic value to our civilization. He feeds on all manner of insects and likes best the grubs and eggs which are in hatching stages beneath logs and under stones. He is a first-class scavenger. Mountain lions will move out of a region too densely packed with bears. Yet the bear will not fight the lion, or rather the other way around; but the puma knows that bruin, if he catches him at his kill, will take it from him; and he'll make Mrs. Lion move out with her young if he runs into a den. He is a balance in Nature and has a large governing influence in keeping the correct quota of deer, elk and sheep upon certain feed grounds or game parks.

But it is his wonderful and interesting nature that appeals to me as the primal reason for his protection. He is a true wastrel. But not a waster.

Get a sight of him at a bee tree and you will laugh yourself into hysterics; see him loll in a mudhole to get away from flies; watch him play with a mate or the young; find him standing on a pinnacle rock enjoying the landscape—and he'll stand so long, and look so intently and so carefully, that you can't believe he is doing anything else—and you'll see a side to him that will make you gulp.

And if you could watch him or her in and around the home you'd find almost human traits. I know of a bear in the Denver Zoo that when it was two years old would take the food away from its mother by crying for it; and she allowed it to nurse her this long. Anything that bear wanted she surrendered. Her mother love was a pitiful thing to see.

(Continued on Page 66)

Protection for Petrified Forests

ADORNING the palace of the former German Kaiser at Potsdam are a number of exquisitely beautiful table tops, cut from the giant trees of the Petrified Forest of Arizona. Today, if the Petrified Forest were searched from end to end, it would be impossible to find a single tree of size and coloring to match these Potsdam treasures. The Treaty of Versailles provided for the return of the sacred hoosegow of Afghanistan and various other articles appropriated in past years for the advancement of German culture, but there was nothing in the treaty calling upon Germany to restore the gem log segments taken from the Petrified Forest for the Kaiser's edification.

Suppose, then, that we forget Mr. Hohenzollern and his table tops, and consider something nearer home.

Day by day and month by month, the Petrified Forest of Arizona is being looted and smashed to pieces by the motoring public of America.

Defying the law and laughing at the placarded warnings, the transcontinental automobile procession is carrying away petrified wood at the rate of a ton a day. This is the estimate made by William Nelson, custodian of the Petrified Forest National Monument, who is waging a courageous fight for the preservation of the forest. The fight is against overwhelming odds, with the Government of the United States virtually on the side of the looters.

(Continued on Page 66)

To imitate is to say "I regret the fact"

IMITATION, too frequently condemned, is sometimes generous—and constructive. It deserves a better name.

It does not deny—it *acknowledges.* It does not argue against acceptance—it *accepts.* It does not disprove, nor merely approve—it *proves!*

Let us illustrate this.

When a salesman says:—"This finish is like DUCO"; or "is similar to DUCO"; or "This finish is of DUCO type"; he says, in other words:—

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ON YOUR NEW FURNITURE. DUCO-Period furniture is produced by more than seventy manufacturers. With its heirloom value, it is advertised, displayed, and sold by progressive merchants in all sections of this country.

OTHER USES OF DUCO. Every day finds DUCO used for a new and important purpose. It is offered you on pianos, toys, washing machines, and on thousands of other articles.

FOR HANDY HOME USES. DUCO to brush on at home can be secured from your paint dealer.

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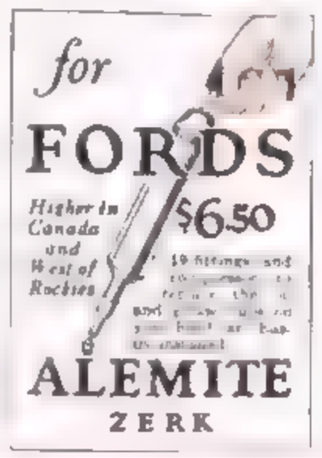

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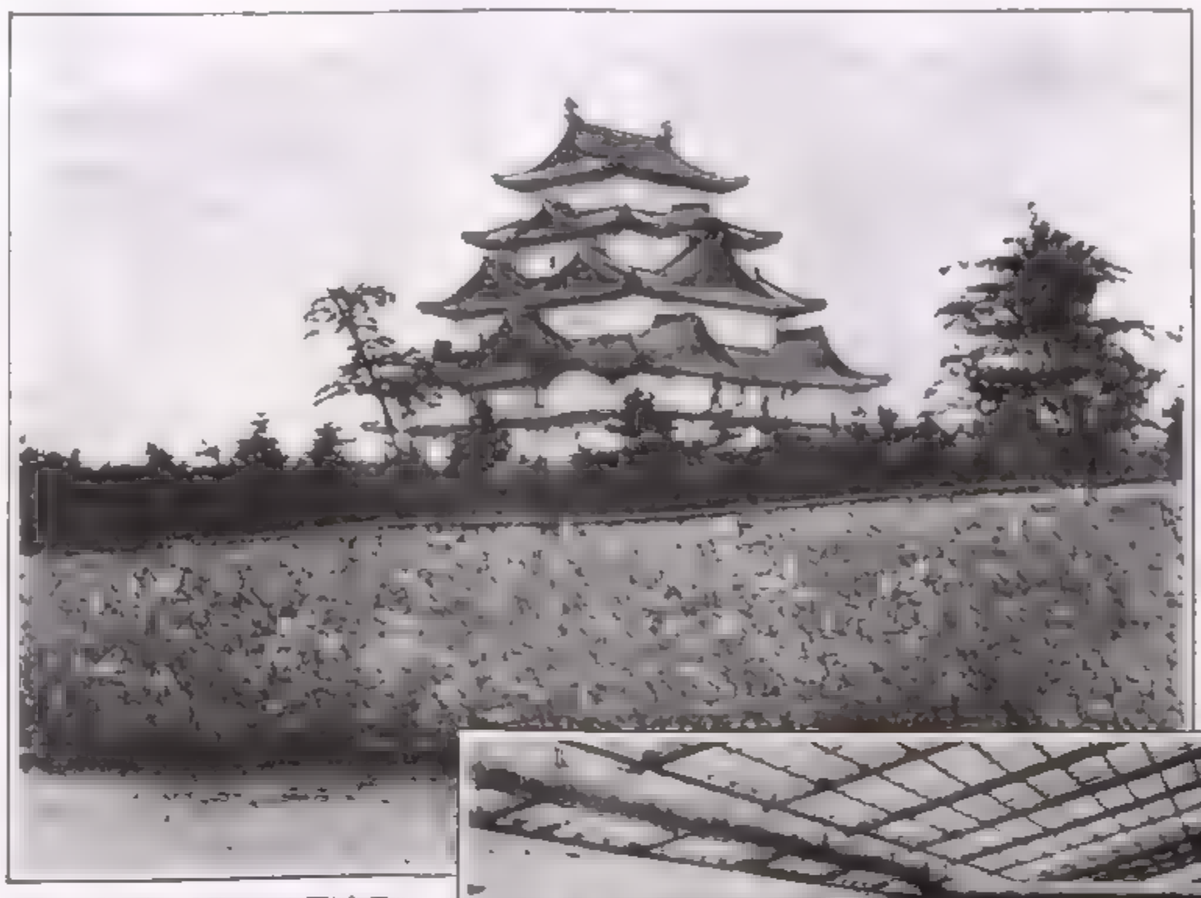
BEFORE PERRY CAME

By Yusuke Tsurumi

HISTORY is a romance on a big scale. It is the record of the struggle of human emotions against Nature and institutions. Names are different, but the plot itself is as old as Homer. When translated into the plainer terms of more understandable language, a history of a distant people will immediately be linked up with our daily life. The story of Abraham Lincoln will never cease to interest the millions in far-off lands. It is a unique story, abounding in human interest, only possible in such a new and vast country as America.

Japan also has a unique story to tell. It is one unparalleled in the annals of nations. It is the story of an empire that, with 30,000,000 inhabitants and the size of the state of California, closing its doors to immigration, emigration, foreign trade and international entanglements, lived a self-sustained and self-contented life for over two centuries. In 216 years of seclusion and isolation, there emerged a strongly homogeneous people and a vastly different civilization from other nations. At the end of this singular period, an American from the state of Rhode Island arrived and opened it to the intercourse of the whole world. That America should be the opener of Japan is no mere coincidence. She was simply returning her old debt to Japan; as it was the fabled riches of Zipangu or Japan that lured Christopher Columbus from the then comfortable Europe on to his memorable trip across the Atlantic. And he accidentally hit upon America. If there had been no Japan, America would never have been discovered! So Commodore Perry can be said to have completed the voyage that Columbus left unfinished.



The Castle of Nagoya With Two Gold Swordfish on Top

Japan's Age of Confusion

ALL the fair-minded Japanese are grateful for the arrival of Perry. England and France were pushing from the south and Russia from the north, and Japan, ignorant of the arts of modern warfare, seemed an easy prey to them. The timely arrival of the American fleet created a balance of power in the Japanese waters and saved the situation for us. We thus escaped the fate of Siam and China. Particularly to the first American minister, Townsend Harris, our sincere gratitude is due.

When Japan blazed into the gaze of the world at the time of the Russo-Japanese War, it was something of a surprise to the majority of the Western peoples. An exaggerated notion of Japan's progress in the brief period of thirty-five years began to be circulated and accepted. A halo was created around the makers of modern Japan. It is true that Japan acquired all the new equipments of a modern nation within a comparatively short space of time. But it missed the attention of the outside world that it was comparatively a simple matter to graft branches of mechanical attainments upon a trunk of a spiritual and intellectual civilization. Before Perry came, Japan had worked out a highly centralized system of government and, concentrating her mind upon herself, created a civilization of her own. After an age of concentration that of expansion was bound to come, and it had been long overdue when Perry came. In fact, it had taken 350 years to create unity in Japan, and over two centuries to develop a distinct system of political thought. In the light of the destructive forces at work in recent years in some parts of the world, the experiment of a nation engaged in intensive and peaceful construction may offer, if not suggestion and guidance to other nations, at least an interesting chapter to the romance of human endeavor on this planet.

Mr. H. G. Wells may call the years between 1457 and 1590 in Japanese history the Age of Confusion. The whole country was really in commotion, with civil wars raging among hundreds of small barons and princes. The pessimism of Buddhism gripped the whole nation. The life of the peasants was intolerable. Three great political geniuses rose, however, out of this turmoil. They came in good order. To these three we owe the present stability of Japan.

The last of the trio was Iyeyasu, the first shogun of the Tokugawa family. He succeeded to Hideyoshi by winning a great victory over the combined forces of his foes in 1600, and secured his hold on the whole country. He was just the type of statesman that the war-stricken nation longed for. He knew what people wanted and gave it to them. It was peace. He gave the Japanese nation peace, both internally and externally, for two and a half centuries. After the founding of the Tokugawa shogunate, which took Iyeyasu's family name, Japan lived in absolute peace for 268 years. May I ask in no boastful sense, "Is there any other nation in history which can show us the same record of peace?" In 1636, the third shogun of Tokugawa decreed that no Japanese should go to foreign countries, and thus closed the country to foreign intercourse. Japan thus lived without war and without foreign relations—except some slight trade with the Dutch—for over two centuries, until the American naval officer, Commodore Perry, opened our country to foreign trade in 1854. What was happening in this hermit empire during all these years?

The Chrysanthemum Show

Nikko seems to take the breath out of many foreign visitors to Japan. The exquisite architecture of the shoguns' mausoleums, the sublime cryptomeria avenue leading to them, and the hills and valleys that surround them, all combine to create one of the most impressive sights of the world. Here the Japanese love of harmony was perfected between Nature and the works of man. Hence the Japanese proverb, "Don't say *kekko*—superb—before you see Nikko." It is in these serene surroundings that the spirit of Iyeyasu, the first shogun of the Tokugawa family, rests. This consummate student of human nature and political genius formulated and put into operation a well-conceived mechanism of government which gave his descendants a tenure of power lasting for 265 years. In name it was feudalism, but in reality it was a highly centralized police state, like those in France and Prussia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In theory, the 300 feudal lords had sovereign power within their domains, but in actual practice the authority of the shogunate was so penetrating that they lost all semblance of independence and were forced to obey the will of the Tokugawa government. The latter took away the land of a lord on the slightest pretext.

The Overthrow of the Shoguns

THE real difficulty of the Tokugawa government was not in its relationship with the feudal lords or in that with the people at large, but in its delicate relationship with the imperial house in Kioto. In the accepted notion of the people, the emperor in Kioto was the ruler of whole Japan and a shogun governed only as the former's deputy. Without trying to destroy this theory, Iyeyasu rounded the corner by concentrating all secular power in the hand of the shogun and leaving the spiritual superiority of the imperial house untouched as the source of honor. The power of bestowing titles was thus retained by the emperor, but a very little income was allowed him. Even the far-sighted Iyeyasu did not divine that in this dualism of political system lay the fundamental weakness of his scheme. When the people got tired of the rule of the Tokugawas in Tokio they turned their eyes to their legitimate ruler in Kioto and overthrew the former. And the excuse they offered was that the shogunate had given his consent to Perry to open the country without first getting the imperial sanction from the court in Kioto. So America, indirectly, had a hand in bringing the imperial house to the seat of power in 1868, when the new era of modern Japan started.

The Tokugawa shogunate stood on two feet—aristocracy and militarism. They forced upon the nation a strong class system. The people were divided into four classes: Samurai—warrior—farmer, artisan and merchant. This was also the order of the classes. The samurai were the rulers. They were aristocrats in social rank and militarists by profession. The Japanese community life rested on two cardinal ethical views—loyalty to the master and filial duty to the parents. The Tokugawas capitalized the situation and directed the sense of loyalty toward themselves. For this purpose the sagacious Iyeyasu called to his help the teachings of Confucius. In fact, he had a genuine passion for learning. The creation of a new culture under the Tokugawas can be traced to his passion for scholarship. But it also was this love of learning that undermined the power of the shogunate. It quickened the conscience of the people and enhanced their intellectual power. And they later revolted against this aristocratic militarism.

It was a well-ordained and well-organized class system. It was an agricultural state, the farmer as the producer and the samurai as the ruler. The rest did not count; they were

mere adjuncts. Rice was the staple product. Everything was measured by the amount of rice. The standard of unit was *koku*, or five bushels. The shogun who sat at Tokio—then called Yedo—retained an area of land which yielded one-third of the total output of rice of the whole country, and by this he supported his own bodyguard of 80,000 samurai. The rest of the land was allotted to 300 lords, who again supported their own samurai. Some of the samurai had their own land given to them by their lords to administer and to tax, but most of them received their salaries in rice. When feudalism was abolished in 1869, the number of samurai was 420,579. Taking the average number of each family as five, we can roughly estimate the number of the people belonging to this class as 2,500,000 as against the total population of 30,000,000; in other words, about one-tenth of the population ruled the other nine-tenths.

In principle the farmers were allowed to migrate freely and the shogunate often declared this principle; but this was contrary to the interest of feudal lords and they stuck to the policy of keeping the farmers tied to the village in which they were born. The standing of the farmer gradually deteriorated and they seemed to exist merely as taxpayers. It is no wonder that their salvation did not come from among them. They were too poor and too weak to revolt. The economic forces that really undermined the Tokugawa régime were the increasing wealth and power of the commercial class. The merchant class was despised as in medieval Europe, and looked upon as a parasitic group preying on the valuable products of the farmer. Artisans were considered as a class higher than the merchants, as they were the makers of the implements of war. There were a number of villages which planted posts at the entrance on which were written, "No merchants allowed to enter." But no such discrimination was directed against artisans.

The government of the village was left to the farmers, who elected their representatives to consult about village affairs with the officials appointed by the lord. The villagers were organized into groups of five. These five helped each other and were responsible for the conduct of others. The system worked fairly well and it looked as though the Tokugawa régime was to continue forever.

Poverty-Stricken Aristocrats

IYEYASU, the first of the Tokugawa shoguns, was bent on promoting foreign commerce and tried to trade with Europe and America. In fact, in 1610, one of his ships crossed the Pacific and reached Mexico. He was also remarkably free from religious bias. Religious tolerance was a principle with him. Twenty years after his death, however, an unexpected change came over his fundamental policy. When Francis Xavier came to Japan in 1549 he met with no opposition and his converts numbered millions. Unfortunately, however, they got involved in politics and incurred the enmity of the rulers. Later, the religious controversy that was raging in Europe began to find its way to Japan, especially in the form of an antagonism between the Dutch and the Spanish and the Portuguese. The Dutch warned Japan against the danger of political intrigue on the part of the Spanish and Portuguese. There was also a strong commercial rivalry behind the controversy. The upshot of the whole business was the decree of 1636 that strictly prohibited the Japanese from going abroad. It was followed by the decree of 1639 that drove the Portuguese from Japan and restricted the foreign trade to the Dutch and the Chinese, who were allowed to come to the port of Nagasaki once a year. The number of ships was restricted to thirty for the Chinese and two for the Dutch. It was again diminished to six for the Chinese and one for the Dutch in 1790. With only this amount of foreign trade Japan lived for 200 years. Why could Japan pursue such an abnormal economic policy so long?

Geography has always been the best friend of Japan. A country surrounded by water can easily defend itself. Climate and the blessing of agricultural productivity were the other friends of isolation. Some sixty years after the closing of the country, a German surgeon, Kaempfer, came to Japan and on his return wrote a history of Japan. He said, among other things, that Japan was a first-rate agricultural nation. The regulation of farming, he continued, was very strict and the land was tilled to the top of the hill. If no nation had gone out of its own country to conquer other people's land, the history of the world would not have been stained with blood. If it were the intent of all nations, he added, to increase the welfare of the people, to cultivate the undeveloped land, and to promote the education of the people, then they should first stop invading other countries. He then asked, "Is there any country that meets this qualification?" And he answered the question by saying, "Yes, there is one. That is Japan." Referring to the reason why Japan could practice this political philosophy, he said that it was because of the fertility of the soil and the industry and courage of the people.

It is out of the question for this system to be justified as a permanent one, but at the same time there is no doubt that it served a purpose. It gave the Japanese nation a time of two and a half centuries to spread education among the people, consolidate itself and develop a strong national character. It prepared the nation for the stormy days later.

A nation that ruled war and foreign trade out of its program naturally tended to two things—intensive production and intensive thinking. The rulers drove the farmer to exploit the land to the utmost. The yield of the land was taken away from the farmer, just leaving enough for his bare existence. Two centuries of this severe discipline made the Japanese most frugal and hard-working farmers. The yield of the land, however, did not all go to the samurai. A large part of it went to the lord and to the shogun. The average samurai had to lead a rather constrained life. Particularly, the economic changes that began to take place later reduced them to a pitiful plight. It also worked to give the majority of the intellectual class a habit of thrift and to some that of hard thinking. Nine-tenths of the samurai lived in straitened circumstances. Their income on the average is calculated to have been somewhere around twenty *koku* or a hundred bushels of rice a year. So their income was lower than that of the upper-class farmer and some of them were even worse off than the middle-class farmer. It was these poor samurai who later brought about the restoration of 1868. Most of the statesmen of modern Japan, like Prince Ito, Marquis Okuma and others, came from this class of poor samurai.

If farmers were poor and samurai were not rich, where then did the money go? It went in the first part of the Tokugawa régime to the feudal lords, and particularly to the shogun. It was the shogun's policy to keep the feudal lords poor, so he forced them to spend the money either by contribution to public works or by traveling every year to Yedo. Prolonged peace and prosperity gave rise to the habit of luxury among these highest aristocrats. Gradually, money began to move into the coffers of another class. That was the much despised merchants. The economic system of Tokugawa that rested on agriculture and the small provincial unit was gradually breaking down. Within less than a hundred years after the founding of the régime the whole country was a national economic entity. With a national economic system functioning, commerce began to assume a greater rôle. Osaka became the center of the national commerce, and money followed the track of trade. The grim economic law began to work. Commercial capital was fast destroying the village agricultural system. Thus, economically, the Tokugawa system of government based on aristocratic militarism was doomed to extinction. Two and a half centuries of peace and intensive development prepared the nation for a new leap—that is, the leap to an industrial era. But that is the story that must be told later in this article. We must now glance at the intellectual side of the picture.

As I remarked before, the first shogun, Iyeyasu, had a keen appreciation of learning. The fifth shogun—reign, 1681–1709—was a lover of scholarship, and under his reign literature and learning made great strides. Art and artistic industries flourished in this period. Lacquer wares, porcelains, silk, embroideries and architecture, all reached a high level, if not the highest in the history of Japan. Painters like Korin ushered in a new era in the realm of art. A great playwright, the Japanese Shakspere, Chikamatsu Monzaemon, created a new theater. A great novelist and a great poet appeared. But the greatest achievement of this period was the progress that occurred in the field of philosophy and political science. Japanese thinkers gradually developed systems of thought independent of those of China and India. The intellectual activities of new scholars now influenced the Japanese mind more than any other thing. Although, since the opening of the country, Japan has come under the spell of the Occidental civilization, the basis of the Japanese culture is that which developed during the Tokugawa era, namely, Confucianism, Buddhism, Bushido and Shintoism. The space does not allow me to go into the discussion of the philosophies of these scholars and it is not important for our purpose either. The important point is rather how these scholars lived and what influence they wielded over the people. Let me take the life of one philosopher statesman, Banzan—1619–1691—as an example.

The Turgot of Japan

BANZAN'S mind was disturbed. He was twenty-two. It was only the preceding year that he first came under the spell of the new philosophy of the Sung scholars of China. But he was not satisfied. A new light shot across his mind. He yearned for a teacher. He went to Kioto. Was it in vain that he went to the seat of the emperor? Late at night, a loud knocking was heard at the door of his hotel. It turned out to be a driver of a horse, who had found the purse that his customer of that day had left on the saddle. So he came all the way back to return it. It contained a great sum of money. The owner was exalted. It was not his own money, but his master's. In agony of despair, he had been on the point of committing suicide. He wanted to thank the horse driver by giving him some amount of money, whereupon the latter flatly refused by saying that there was no reason to be rewarded for just returning the money which was not his. Banzan listened and was deeply moved. He asked the driver where he lived and was told that he was a resident of a village where the famous sage of Omi lived. Banzan thought that he had found his master at last. A man whose personality went so far as to make a man out of each common laborer was decidedly his master.

Banzan went at once to the village. The sage of Omi whose name was Toju would not consent to Banzan's request for instruction. He came away a disappointed man. A year passed, but the desire to study under the sage would not leave him. The next year, in a hot June, he went back. Toju was immovable. He was a modest man; he was only thirty-four; he could not imagine himself teaching anybody. Was he not himself a student? He refused to see Banzan. So the resolute Banzan quietly went around to the garden outside Toju's study and sat on the ground for two nights and days. The day was hot and the night was full of mosquitoes. Still Banzan sat there for two days without food or drink. The grim determination of the young man moved the old mother of Toju. She entreated her son to consent to this young man's desire. Toju yielded after two days. And it was under this great scholar that Banzan was initiated into the new philosophy of Wang Yang Ming, of China, the great teacher who opposed the complicated Sung philosophers, and taught the philosophy, "To know is to do."

When Banzan returned to his former lord of Okayama, he was no more a mere scholar, but a doer. He was not a theorist interested in speculative philosophy. He had a concrete political program. In forestry, farming, road construction, river improvement, tax reform, education and the cleaning of corrupt temples, he carried out his far-sighted program. The state university of his creation is still standing there. He was doing what Turgot did in France before the revolution, and like Turgot his downfall came soon. It was not so much his practical policies as his political ideas.

He was undoubtedly the first great philosopher of liberalism and democracy in medieval Japan. His views struck at the root of the Tokugawa government. He pointed out the fundamental weakness of the class system.

(Continued on Page 72)

Picking the Tea Leaves in Spring

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

MONTANA GOLF

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"You Made This Hole in One! You Make it in About Forty-Seven—That's What You Make it In!"

THIS man Morley came to the Pokatuk Country Club with old man Burch, and it was with a sort of desperation that Mindaton and I asked the two of them to make up a foursome and play a round. The day was Friday, which is an outlandish day for golf at our club, almost nobody but flappers and half-baked kids showing up on Friday, and Mindaton and I had really gone to the club because we were on the half-sick list and had nowhere else to go. I had a cold and he had a cold and we had meant to loaf in the lounge.

The day was purely punk, if I may be excused for using one of Alaska Vane's most frequent expressions. There was a miserably chilly wind blowing, with dull-gray clouds hanging low, and every quarter hour or so there was a cold drizzle of rain. It was a good day to stay by the fire and that was what we meant to do—Mindaton and I—but Dot Carter simply drove us from the club and out upon the course.

We had to get out or die of broken hearts.

This man Morley—his name was Jim, or so Burch told us when he introduced him—was an utter stranger to us, and he was undoubtedly what Burch said he was—a man from Montana. He looked like a man from Montana. He was all but a full seven feet tall, bony structured and intelligent in an open Western way, and he had a pleasant smile.

He wore his clothes loose and his hat was a near sombrero that was extremely becoming to him. Burch brought him to the table where Mindaton and I were sitting and told us he was a Western customer and a fine fellow, and Morley took a chair and grinned and put one foot on another chair and the other foot on the floor and said we sure had a mighty swell club. Burch then said that Morley was going to be his guest in Westcote for a week or so and that he was giving him a card because Morley was a golfer and played a lot out in Montana.

Morley admitted that he played quite a little and that he had brought his clubs along, hoping to be able to try one or two of the Eastern courses before he went back to Montana. As the talk went on it developed that he played left-handed and had to have his clubs made to order because he was so extra tall, but that he didn't call himself good. About ninety was his gait, he said.

While we were talking there Burch said it was a shame the day was so miserable outside because he had hoped to show Morley over the course.

"Now let me tell you about miserable days," Morley began, and I looked at Mindaton, expecting the Montana man was going to begin one of those tiresome golf stories that strangers are only too apt to tell, but Burch interrupted him.

"What's that?" he asked, cocking his head and listening.

We all listened. It sounded to me like a sob—like a series of sobs—and I got up and walked softly to where I could look into the ladies' room, and sobs they were! I tiptoed back to the table.

"It's Dot Carter," I said in a whisper. "She's in there crying."

"It's a damn shame," Mindaton said, and Mindaton seldom swore, even in the rough.

"It's a cursed disgrace!" old Burch said.

"I'd like to kick the young pup until I kicked some sense into him," I said. "What a fellow can see in a painted and powdered war whoop like that Alaska Vane is more than I can see"

"And you can't do anything—that's the curse of it," said old Burch.

We couldn't, either. From where I sat I could see Bob Roach and Alaska Vane on the veranda, and they were all but what the younger set calls necking. Their backs were to the clubhouse and they were seated so close together at their small table that they might as well have been sitting on one chair, and they were certainly behaving in a mushy manner and as if they did not care who saw them. The miserableness of it was that Dot Carter could do just that thing—see them. From the ladies' room, they were in plain sight, and they were breaking her heart.

Old Burch grumbled something I could not make out, but I agreed with the sentiment, whatever it was, because I felt quite the same about it; but this Montana man Morley did not know what was what. He asked in a polite enough way what was what. We told him.

From a time long before we built the new clubhouse Dot Carter and Bob Roach had played our course together, and that means from the time when they had to use child-size clubs. They had always been like two clasped hands, and when they became old enough to know love from sour apples they had been in love with each other. Prettiest little mates you ever saw, and, so we all thought, sure to marry some day and be another couple that would be a credit to Westcote. And then this Norbertus Vane moved to Westcote and brought his wife and this daughter Alaska with him, and Alaska hadn't been near Bob Roach three minutes until she made a dead set for him—eyes, ankles, paint, powder and all—and had him coming running whenever she lifted an eyebrow. It was a terrible case of infatuation; one of the worst on record.

We hated it, because we did not care for the vamp style in girls and we did like Bob Roach. No finer lad anywhere. Upstanding, clean and as handsome as any male ought to be. And we all knew it was a hard blow to Dot to lose him.

Dot was a nice girl. I don't know any nicer girl than Dot Carter anywhere, but you may know how it is when a girl ties up to one young man for a long while and is looked upon as his. She gets rather out of things as far as other young men are concerned, and if she loses that one young man of hers she is apt to be sidetracked forever. And there was an extra danger of that in Dot's case, because her father was having a rather hard pull with his business. We knew he had trouble keeping up his dues in the club, and rather imagined that he made the effort because of Dot, golf being Dot's meeting point with Bob to a considerable extent.

So pretty much the whole male membership of Pokatuk disliked the way things were working out between Dot and Alaska and Bob. We had a pretty general—and I think well-grounded—dislike of the Alaska girl. She was loud and noisy and did not belong, but she had Bob eating out of her hand.

Anyway, we sat at our table and tried to talk normally; but those sobs of Dot's kept coming to our ears, and by the time we had told Montana Jim how the land lay and why the sobs, the others of us were jumpy.

(Continued on Page 68

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

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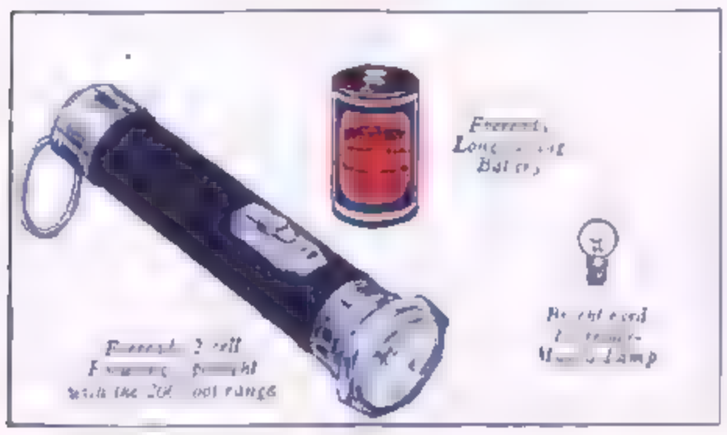

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IDENTIFIED

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Old Copper-Colored Joney Listened, Cocked His Head to One Side and Listened and Listened; But Never Tarried to Hear the End of It

SUSPENDED across the western horizon hung a fiery sun. As from a glowing furnace door, red heat poured. A molten stream flooded the fields. In its path the grasses withered. Crisp leaves shriveled and fell from the trees. A blanket of gray steam smothered the bayou. Roses drooped on their stems. Rosin globules bubbled up from the steps of a staring, glaring white plantation house.

Inside, before his bedroom mirror, the rotund and rubicund Major Macdougal sweated, swore and wrestled with a dinner jacket. Ordinarily, while busy picking out his crop, the major wore no coat at all; never a dinky little abomination like this—never. Certainly not of his own free will, in sizzling summertime, when wife and daughter were away.

During these periods of August bachelorhood no lady folks came around, no women visitors popped in. Major Macdougal could slosh about the house in pajamas, slippers, and luxuriantly ignore the existence of socks.

For years the major's dinner jacket had slumbered at the very bottom of a chest. Moth balls stifled him when he yanked it out. The infernal contraption was too tight. It hindered the freedom of his arms, though not the fluency of the major's cussing. He couldn't breathe, and dared not laugh for fear of ripping the seams. However, the major didn't want to laugh.

"What the devil got me into such a mess?" He mopped his face with a bath towel—handkerchiefs were too small—and yelled, "Joney! Joney!"

"Yas-suh, comin', suh." Through the rear hallway Joney came limping and hustling; he knew better than to delay a second when the major was so hot and pestered. "What you 'xires, major?" Grandly the copper-colored man of all work halted at the door, exhibiting a stylish front in his white closely buttoned coat, and sweating. "What you 'xires, major?"

"New collar. This one's a dishrag. Help me button it. Hurry! Mrs. Bevis and her preacher will be here in fifteen minutes."

A busy fifteen minutes, a dripping fifteen minutes. The major gave one last inspection to his hallway, from which accumulated junk had been removed—saddles, fishing poles, cotton samples—and tidied up.

Behind him followed the admiring Joney, who ventured to remark, "Things look fine, major; specially you."

"Fine?" he snorted. "I feel like hell." Then he stepped into the dining room to see if his table were properly set.

The old-fashioned dining room, which the major rarely used, seemed very beautiful in its quaint sort of way. Napery, silver, glass and softly shaded candles were arranged with approximate correctness, as well as the major could remember how such details ought to be. But ——

"Hell a mile! It's hot in here!"

"Start de fans," Joney suggested.

"No; fans will blow out my candles. Mrs. Bevis and her preacher from the North cannot dine without their candles."

"You say he can't, major? Yankees can't eat widout candles?"

"Impossible. . . . Melinda"—to the gawky girl whom he had drafted from the field—"Lindy, have you learned the difference between olives and mah-jongg?"

"Yas-suh, major"—frightened Lindy tried to grin—"I knows all dem things; knows 'em by heart."

"Good! Do your best. . . . Here they come."

Out front an auto honked, only once, and gently; for Mrs. Bevis' chauffeur had been cautioned against unaristocratic noises. Had his guests been of common clay, Major Robin Macdougal would have met them at the gate. But he considered. No; welcome should not be tumultuous. So he waited at the top of the steps, a dignified Southern planter extending the potluck hospitality of a dignified Southern mansion.

"Joney," he whispered, "be ready with the ice water. And button that infernal coat or I'll break your neck."

It was a function, the alighting of Mrs. Carewe Bevis from her car, and Joney fumbled his button while he gaped. First her chauffeur opened its dark-blue door and stood stiffly. Next a black trousers leg appeared, then the rector of St. Swithins. Ceremoniously, he removed his stovepipe hat and assisted the *grande dame*. A function, yet simple.

"Joney"—the major's low voice threatened—"don't you dare to limp when you fetch that tray of ice water, no matter if your corns do hurt. Grin and bear it. I'm suffering too."

"Yas-suh." Temporarily, Joney forgot his bunions. At the very first glimpse of that preacher from up North he forgot everything. Joney blinked and squinted, batted both eyes real hard, looked again, squinted closer.

"Huh!" he mumbled. "'Cose I knows dat fat lady. An' I knows him too. Knows his favor good." In a puzzled way, Joney eyed them as they moved on toward their host at a pace suited to the occasion, the rector walking so upright that Joney got scared he might tumble over backward. "I does know him."

The waddling Mrs. Bevis, in high-heeled shoes, seemed even shorter and stouter, and much adorned, when contrasted with her escort's slender blackness. For the Rev. Horatius Kerr Exum, S.T.D., et cetera, was clerical, strictly clerical.

"Ice water, Joney."

At the major's guarded whisper Joney turned and went limping through the hallway, as he dug into the muddled recesses of his memory—"I does know him. I does."

In and out the dining room, Joney caught snatches of their conversation and witnessed installments of a dinner for three, Major Robin Macdougal, the fat blond lady and the Quaker City clergyman. White folks have peculiar ways. It appeared to Joney that they sat up powerful straight, as if all three of them had ramrods down their backs. And Joney hardly recognized the major, he was behaving so pretty. Of course the boss couldn't help but hold himself straight, behind such a stiff, starchy shirt, which wouldn't bend under a sledge hammer. Joney snickered at his collar, so high that the major dasn't crook his neck to eat soup. To keep from laughing outright, Joney clapped one hand over his mouth and escaped into the kitchen where he confided to the cook, "Aunt Dora, de major sho is discomfortable."

(Continued on Page 53)

The Preparing Unit

The photograph below shows how the Preparing Process starts with the refrigerator, and moves in a continuous connected line, to the kitchen cabinet, to the stove, to the serving table, close to the door leading to the dining room.

These photos show how Mrs. Christine Frederick, famous household efficiency authority, has arranged her kitchen according to modern principles, at Applecroft Home Experiment Station, Greenlawn, L. I.

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EVERY woman wants a "model kitchen" *convenient, cheerful* and *spotlessly clean.* And every woman can have such a kitchen *at very little expense,* if she will properly arrange and care for the various units that make up her every-day "workshop."

First, she will want to place her tables, cabinet and other furniture in the way that is most convenient, that will save as many steps as possible, following perhaps the arrangement used by Mrs. Christine Frederick, the well-known household efficiency expert, in her own model kitchen shown above.

Then she will consider carefully how she can make her "workshop" bright, cheerful and attractive—a place in which it is a real pleasure to work.

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The coupon below will bring you samples.

The Clearing Unit

The Clearing Process is kept separate, in another section of the kitchen (see photograph above), and moves also in a continuous connected line from scraping table for dishes, to sink (which is at the correct height, 36 inches, and has drain properly on the left side), to the drain, to the shelves where dishes and utensils are laid away. By such arrangement confusion and useless steps are avoided.

Above is a diagram of Mrs. Frederick's Model Kitchen

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S. E. P. 6-26-26

HAVE *your dealer drain the old oil from your Ford and refill with one gallon of Veedol Forzol. Then your Ford will be lubricated properly and will give you smoother riding, surer control and true operating economy.*

Women who drive Fords

can get smoother riding and surer control this simple way

TOO many women are getting too little comfort and pleasure from their Fords. They can't tell why, but they just don't get the easy driving, and perfect control which the Ford will give. Even before these Fords lose their bright, new look, many of them develop an insistent and irritating chatter—and all the squeaks, rattles and shaking that go with it. Riding becomes more of a strain than it ever should be, mental as well as physical.

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CHATTER sets up vibration throughout the entire car. No part is safe from its destructive effects. Parts wear out with undue speed—and worn parts mean a worn and noisy car. Soon there are repairs and replacements to pay for.

In almost every case chatter is caused by improper lubrication of the Ford transmission bands. Every time you start, stop, reverse or shift from low to high, the transmission bands come into play. If they are properly lubricated, they come into play with ease and smoothness. If not—they chatter violently in protest.

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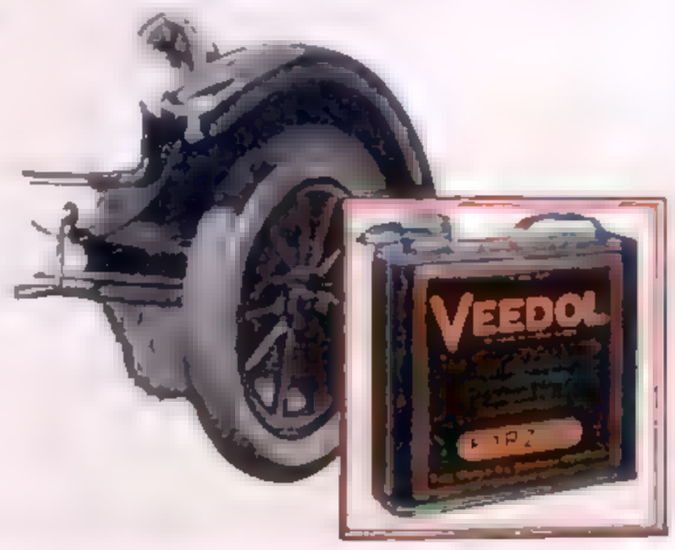
Veedol Forzol is just such an oil. It is not simply a different grade of oil, it is a different *kind* of oil designed solely for use in the Ford.

FOR ADVICE *in regard to your Ford, write Miss M. E. Brown, Women's Dept., Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York City.*



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TIDE Water technologists knew that only an oil *made for Fords exclusively* could give the fullest economy of operation. Since Veedol Forzol was perfected more than one million Ford owners have turned to it. They have found that Veedol Forzol gives these 8 definite economies in operation—10 to 25% gasoline saving; eliminates costly chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% saving in carbon; resists heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; gives increased ability to coast; reduces repair bills

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VEEDOL FORZOL

The economy oil for Fords

(Continued from Page 50)

In all the years that Joney had worked on this plantation he had never seen the boss so particular about minding his *p*'s and *q*'s, smiling from one guest to the other—"Certainly, Mrs. Bevis. Have some celery? Pass the olives, Melinda." After which it seemed to Joney that they got to arguing about monkeys. That's when the preacher made some remarks. This preacher never had no use for monkeys—no kind o' way. And the major himself looked almighty glum when he said, "I thoroughly agree with you, doctor. We church people must combat these modern heresies; we must defend the faith of our fathers." Howsomever, the major come mighty nigh letting a foot slip—started to sing a song about the old-time religion being good enough for him; but that sounded slangy, and the major caught himself.

Of course, twixt the monkeys and old-time religion, and Joney traveling back and forth to the kitchen, missing a lot, he couldn't make heads or tails of what the white folks were driving at. Sometimes they stopped talking because they'd run out of things to say; that's when they broke loose again and jabbered faster, and grinned.

Her white eyes showing like marbles against a splash of tar, Melinda stood behind the major's chair—slim black Lindy, striving to conduct herself so properly. Joney could hear Lindy's shoes go squeak, squeak, squeak, whenever she moved around the table to pass a dish. By watching the major so close, when he frowned because she grabbed the wrong dish, Lindy didn't notice what she was doing, and dropped two. A platter of potato chips smashed behind the fat lady's chair, and Mrs. Bevis never heard it, never missed a lick in feeding. Joney considered that she must be deaf. So was the preacher. Joney felt sorry for Lindy, a mighty nimble gal at cotton picking, but liable to get flustered when they lassoed her into the big house.

The Reverend Horatius was enough to bumfoozle any cotton picker; looking so solemn that Joney got jimber-jawed. "But I does know his favor—I does."

Even while the major bowed and grinned and behaved nice, he couldn't fool Joney; the boss was having a powerful bad time, penned up behind a tall collar and hard-board shirt. But his collar wasn't a patchin' to the reverend's collar, because the major's collar had a sort of gate in front; and he left the gate wide open on purpose to let his Adam's apple get some air—a gate with three-cornered flaps turned down. The preacher's collar didn't even have a gate, nary picket off the fence; a tall, solid barricade all the way around his neck, like a whitewashed wall around the graveyard. The Reverend Horatius sholy did look mournful, hangin' by his chin to the fence and peeping over, as if he was choking, and pretending to enjoy it.

When Lindy set the coffee before him, the rector of St. Swithins unbent; coffee, according to Hoyle, being the orthodox signal for unbending, to unbend even if his neck cracked. At that crisis in the service Doctor Exum always told a joke, the same joke, a long, long joke; very, very much involved -and sad. Old copper-colored Joney listened, cocked his head to one side and listened and listened; but never tarried to hear the end of it.

"Ugh!" Joney sat down a minute in the hallway and fanned himself. "Ugh! Ugh! Now I knows why de major loves to go fishin'."

Their dinner had dragged to its close. The trio sat on the major's front gallery, correctly rigid, in high-backed chairs. They told stories. The stories were sepulchral, funny as a crutch. Joney had already heard enough and showed himself no more. Every few moments the fat lady consulted her watch, and the major never made a balk to stop her from leaving.

Although Major Macdougal had not rushed out to meet their arrival, he speeded his parting guests to the gate, making sure that they didn't change their minds about going home. There it was that Joney heard him say, "You must come again, Doctor Exum, and pay me a real visit."

From his hiding place behind a Cape Jasmine bush the negro repeated, "Exum? Exum? Now I've got you spotted. Now I knows you."

He heard the fat lady graciously informing Major Macdougal that the Rev. Horatius Kerr Exum, rector of St. Swithins, had a heap of engagements, and she made it a point to be prompt.

"It is such bad form to be late," added the fat lady.

"Pray don't let me detain you," said the major, and boosted her into the automobile right quick.

Sweat stood out on the major's face. A tepid stream went trickling down the creases of his back. No sooner did the fat lady wave good-by politely and her car whirl round the bend than Major Macdougal jerked off his collar—left it lying right there in the big road. And he shucked that dinner coat on his way to the house. At the top step he sat down to snatch off the patent-leather shoes. Then Joney saw him walking, sock-foot, through the hall, letting down his suspenders as he dragged a wet shirt over his head. The next thing that Joney heard was a splash of water from the major's bathtub.

"Ugh! He's bleeged to cool his b'ilers!"

This was no time to josh Major Mack. In hours of mental ease and bodily comfort, Joney ventured to take many liberties. Not now. No, sir-ree! He picked up a palmetto fan, placed the major's chair at the very coolest spot in the hallway and waited until the boss reappeared.

The planter now wore a thin white shirt, sprawling open at the throat, heelless slippers, cotton breeches. Down he plumped himself in a rocker, propped his naked shanks upon his table and lighted a cigar.

"Fan me, Joney, fan me. Gee, that feels good! Oh, Lindy! Lindy!" he shouted to the kitchen. "Make some lemonade! Make a barrel of it. Fetch it here in buckets, with a dipper. Joney, are you dry?"

"Not so overly much, sir." Discreet old Joney smothered his grins.

"Joney"—after the third glass of lemonade—"Joney, I certainly did put my foot in it—made a sky-blue ass of myself."

Far be it from Joney to discuss the color of Major Macdougal's idiocy. He only inquired, "How's dat, boss?"

"Inviting fashionable people to dinner on a blazing night."

"I 'lowed you hankered fer company."

"I do—some kinds of company. This was an accident. I happened to be in town last Saturday and butted into Mrs. Bevis on the street. The Reverend Mr. Exum is visiting her. I believe he originally came from this part of the country somewhere."

"Yas-suh," Joney nodded, "he sholy done so."

"And Mrs. Bevis suggested that he was anxious to visit some of our old plantation homes. That's where I overspoke myself—'Mrs. Bevis, bring him out to see me. Take dinner.' She snapped me up quicker'n a trout grabs a minnow. 'Thank you very, very much, major. Next Wednesday evening at six. Six sharp.' Six sharp, Joney. I was hooked, couldn't wriggle out. Pleaded that my wife wasn't at home, cook sick in bed. No use. She would bring Mr. Exum to dinner on Wednesday at six sharp. She did. And Mr. Exum is rector of an exclusive church in Philadelphia. Never dines anywhere unless they have seven or eight butlers standing behind each chair."

"Eight butlers? Eight? Lordee! Ef dat preacher could only pitch, he'd have a baseball nine." Joney chuckled at the notion of seeing the Reverend Horatius on a mound, and continued, "Anyway, you sho done yo'self proud, wid all de grub you fed him."

For a long, long while the copper-colored negro fanned his boss, in the silence of a cool wide-open hallway, watching the planter consume lemonade and sweat it out through every pore. Presently the major began to grow amiable, and the negro eyed his face for a certain expression of content which always settled upon it. Then Joney talked.

"Major, it jest fell in my mind—when you hatches a egg, 'tain't no tellin' what kind o' chicken's liable to pop out."

Major Mack did not reply. He was worn to a frazzle by the manufacture of conversation. If Joney felt like gabbling, let him go to it, and Joney went to it.

"As I forestated, major," he observed, operating the fan more diligently, "'tain't no tellin' how chickens is liable to turn out—or humans."

"What you mean?"

(Continued on Page 78)

"'*Money or Yo' Life!*' Ralph 'Peated Louder, an' de Senator Immediately Flang Down His Pocketbook, Floppin' Over an' Over in de Dust"

WITH THE GANGSTERS

The Boss, John Doe, Looked Admiringly at My Assistant, Standing Behind the Lunch Counter Deftly Forking Hot Dogs Into Jiff Rolls and Rapidly Handing Out the Total Result to His Hungry Customers

By S. TEE BEE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

ARE gangsters really organized? As a rule they are. How? They are organized into territorial units covering the respective territories in which they live and operate, each unit having a central control, an undisputed boss. This boss has clustered about him an efficient staff composed of the most daring and energetic gangsters in his district, who not only engage in smart and risky looting activities themselves but also act as whips over intermediate or secondary gang leaders commanding minor groups of predatory gangsters within such an organization.

This precaution seems to be absolutely necessary to reduce double-crossing to a minimum, as this ancient weakness in the human race is as prevalent among gangsters as it is among many of those who strive to live on a plane above them. Therefore, besides performing their many other complicated duties, active members of the headquarters staff are supposed to see to it that leaders of field gangs turn in to their organization's protective fund a certain percentage of the proceeds derived from their operations. This fund is kept in trust by the territorial boss, and in emergencies is used by him for greasing, bail bonds, lawyers' fees and other expenses incident to their business.

Looting Done to Order

GANGSTERS, unlike the more efficient class of burglars and stick-up men, nearly always dispose of their loot to professional fences. In many cases they loot to order, so to speak. For instance, a fence gets an inquiry from one of his regular customers for a certain kind of goods that he has not in stock. He instructs a territorial gangster boss, with whom he generally does business direct, to get him so much of whatever stuff is wanted. The boss will then pass the order along to his aides-de-camp, who in turn, if unable themselves to fill the order within a reasonable time, will direct commanders of field gangs to be on the lookout for just such goods, to dig them up somewhere.

How do these 100 per cent go-getters of swag differ from free-lance crooks? They are better generals, nimbler of mind. Their work nearly always bears the earmarks of fine strategy. Then again, a free-lance crook has no organization behind him; a gangster has a perfect one. The protective fund can always be tapped to engage clever lawyers and to arrange for bail when by any chance he is nabbed. A gangster has a social background. In most instances he has his club, his political friends. A free-lance crook very seldom has any of these advantages. This hidden power gives the gangster unlimited confidence in himself, and self-confidence in a gangster means boldness to the point of recklessness.

Let us take a specific territorial unit of gangsters and look at its daring, its briskness, its smoothness, its resourcefulness—a gang at the height of its audacity. This gang is perhaps the best organized and, politically speaking, the most influential gang of gangsters that ever operated in a supposed-to-be civilized community.

A shipment of twelve cases containing Russian sable and Siberian silver fox skins, valued at $300,000, was discharged from a steamer at a pier on the North River at ten o'clock in the morning. At three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the fur house to which the shipment had been consigned sent two trucks to the pier to get the twelve cases. A trusted man from the office came with the trucks to make sure that things were right before signing for such a valuable consignment.

The very minute he laid his eyes on the twelve cases of furs he rejected five of them. These five he contended were not originals. Nobody could very well dispute him. The fraud, the substitution, was so glaringly raw that even a casual look could detect it. The five substituted cases were evidently American made; simply old packing cases with the original marks and figures still on them. No attempt had been made to re-mark them so as properly to fit their new rôle. The only redeeming feature was that they were of about the same size as the ones for which they had been substituted. Every other detail of the switch was more than clumsy. They were, of course, opened and found to be filled with rubbish. A slick trick had been turned by crude tactics. Five cases of valuable furs had disappeared. Not a trace. A mystery, you say? Yes, perhaps. But to the person who is familiar with the adroit workings of gangsters, plus a grain or so of imagination, such a mystery melts like an iceberg drifting in the Gulf Stream.

At nine o'clock in the evening of the same day that this bold fraud occurred I received a telegram from the senior member of a law firm representing the insurance interests involved. He wanted to see me. I met him at his club that evening. He gave me instructions to spare no expense in running down the authors of the bold robbery, and if possible to recover the loot.

After a casual investigation, I learned enough to convince me that the daring theft was the work of the gang that I have taken as an example. What to do? A bit of roping? Difficult, to be sure. For an utter stranger to sneak into the inner circles of the gangsters is about as easy as it would have been for a grisly yegg to have wormed his way into Mrs. Astor's Four Hundred. These gangsters are exclusive—very much so. They hardly ever admit an applicant to their ranks unless he be born and brought up in their domain, and his pedigree known from the cradle up.

At the time of which I am writing the reputed territorial boss of this gang was a saloon keeper; for convenience we will name him John Doe. He was said to be wealthy, owning a good deal of property in the neighborhood. So I figured that to come anywhere near making a successful roping campaign in the premises the proper place from which to conduct it would be from John Doe's saloon, which, by the way, was located close to the water front. I acted accordingly.

A Newcomer in Water-Front Circles

MY FIRST move was to engage four light-footed tail men to cover John Doe's every step, day and night. Trailing him in six-hour shifts, whenever that was possible, one of these dogging sleuths stuck to his heels like a piece of adhesive tape. A reformed band scratch, the shrewdest and the most dependable private investigator with whom I ever operated and with whom it was a real pleasure to work, carried on as my assistant; and it may as well be said here that whatever success we had in this case was largely due to his keen mind.

So the stage is set. We are now in the midst of the notorious gang, believed by some people to be a myth, a mere name. Is it? Let us see.

Posing as a water-front soak, I mixed freely with the real soaks that made John Doe's saloon their main hangout. Much against my natural inclination, I was often obliged to partake of rank booze and beer. I had to be careful. I couldn't always dump the contents of my glass into the sawdust in front of the bar. I had to be regular at times. Most of the time I pleaded poverty—broke. I couldn't come back. Sometimes I would resort to panhandling just to seem natural. One morning I hit up Doe himself for a dime to buy coffee and doughnuts for breakfast. He wasn't a bad sort. He handed me a quarter.

(Continued on Page 97)

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DECORATORS and architects started the idea. And now housewives, without the slightest professional knowledge, find that they, too, can work out lovely effects with colorful floors.

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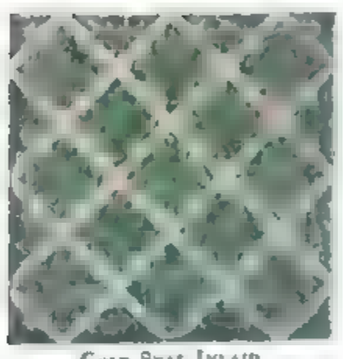

GOLD SEAL INLAID
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This softly mottled decorative flooring is GOLD SEAL INLAID *Belflor Pattern* No. 7103-1

THE CHINESE PARROT

(Continued from Page 5)

I want you to know it will be a great satisfaction to me to own that necklace. A deep wound and an old one is healed this morning."

She stared at him. "I don't understand."

"No, of course you don't. But in the 80's you used to come from the islands with your family and stop at the Palace Hotel. And I—I was a bellhop at that same hotel. I often saw you there. I saw you once when you were wearing that famous necklace. I thought you were the most beautiful girl in the world. . . . Oh, why not? We're both—er ——"

"We're both old now," she said softly.

"Yes, that's what I mean. I worshiped you, but I—I was a bellhop. You looked through me—you never saw me. A bit of furniture—that's all I was to you. Oh, I tell you it hurt my pride—a deep wound, as I said. I swore I'd get on. I knew it, even then. I'd marry you. We can both smile at that now. It didn't work out—even some of my schemes never worked out. But today I own your pearls; they'll hang about my daughter's neck. It's the next best thing. I've bought you out. A deep wound in my pride, but healed at last."

She looked at him and shook her head. Once she might have resented this, but not now. "You're a strange man," she said.

"I am what I am," he answered. "I had to tell you. Otherwise the triumph would not have been complete."

Eden came in. "Here you are, Mr. Madden. If you'll sign this—thank you."

"You'll get a wire," said Madden. "In New York, remember, and nowhere else. Good day." He turned to Madam Jordan and held out his hand.

She took it, smiling. "Good-by. I'm not looking through you now. I see you at last."

"And what do you see?"

"A terribly vain man, but a likable one."

"Thank you. I'll remember that. Good-by."

He left them. Eden sank wearily into a chair. "Well, that's that. He rather wears one out. I wanted to stick for a higher figure, but it looked hopeless. Somehow I knew he always wins."

"Yes," said Madam Jordan, "he always wins."

"By the way, Sally, I didn't want you to tell that secretary who was bringing the pearls. But you'd better tell me."

"Why, of course. Charlie's bringing them."

"Charlie?"

"Detective-Sergeant Chan, of the Honolulu police. Long ago, in the big house on the beach, he was our Number One Boy."

"Chan. A Chinese?"

"Yes. Charlie left us to join the police force, and he's made a fine record there. He's always wanted to come to the mainland, so I've had it all arranged—his leave of absence, his status as a citizen, everything. And he's coming with the pearls. Where could I have found a better messenger? Why, I'd trust Charlie with my life—no, that isn't very precious any more. I'd trust him with the life of the one I loved dearest in the world."

"He's leaving tonight, you said."

"Yes, on the President Pierce. It's due late next Thursday afternoon."

The door opened and a good-looking young man stood on the threshold. His face was lean and tanned, his manner poised and confident, and his smile had just left Miss Chase daydreaming in the outer office. "Oh, I'm sorry, dad—if you're busy. Why, look who's here!"

"Bob!" cried Madam Jordan. "You rascal, I was hoping to see you. How are you?"

"Just waking into glorious life," he told her. "How are you, and all the other young folks out your way?"

"Fine, thanks. By the way, you dawdled too long over breakfast. Just missed meeting a very pretty girl."

"No, I didn't. Not if you mean Evelyn Madden. Saw her downstairs as I came in. She was talking to one of those exiled grand dukes we employ to wait on the customers. I didn't linger. She's an old story now. Been seeing her everywhere I went for the past week."

"I thought her very charming," Madam Jordan said.

"But an iceberg," objected the boy. "B-r-r, how the wintry winds do blow in her vicinity! However, I guess she comes by it honestly. I passed the great P. J. himself on the stairs."

"Nonsense! Have you ever tried that smile of yours on her?"

"In a way. Nothing special—just the old trade smile. But look here, I'm on to you. You want to interest me in the obsolete institution of marriage."

"It's what you need. It's what all young men need."

"What for?"

"As an incentive—something to spur you on to get the most out of life."

Bob Eden laughed. "Listen, my dear. When the fog begins to drift in through the Gate and the lights begin to twinkle on O'Farrell Street—well, I don't want to be hampered by no incentive, lady. Besides, the girls aren't what they were when you were breaking hearts."

"Rot!" she answered. "They're very much nicer. The young men are growing silly. . . . Aleck, I'll go along."

"I'll get in touch with you next Thursday," the elder Eden said. "By the way, I'm sorry it wasn't more, for your sake."

"It was an amazing lot," she replied. "I'm very happy." Her eyes filled. "Dear dad, he's taking care of me still," she added, and went quickly out.

Eden turned to his son. "I judge you haven't taken a newspaper job yet."

"Not yet." The boy lighted a cigarette. "Of course, the editors are all after me. But I've been fighting them off."

"Well, fight them off a little longer. I want you to be free for the next two or three weeks. I've a little job for you myself."

"Why, of course, dad." He tossed a match into a priceless Kang-Hsi vase. "What sort of job? What do I do?"

"First of all, you meet the President Pierce late next Thursday afternoon."

"Sounds promising. I presume a young woman, heavily veiled, comes ashore."

"No; a Chinese comes ashore."

"A what?"

"A Chinese detective from Honolulu, carrying in his pocket a pearl necklace worth more than a quarter of a million dollars."

Bob Eden nodded. "Yes; and after that?"

"After that," said Alexander Eden thoughtfully, "who can say? That may be only the beginning."

II

AT SIX O'CLOCK on the following Thursday evening, Alexander Eden drove to the Stewart Hotel. All day a February rain had spattered over the town, bringing an early dusk.

For a moment Eden stood in the doorway of the hotel, staring at the parade of bobbing umbrellas and at the lights along Geary Street, glowing a dim yellow in the dripping mist. In San Francisco, age does not matter much, and he felt like a boy again as he rode up in the elevator to Sally Jordan's suite.

She was waiting for him in the doorway of her sitting room, lovely as a girl, in a soft clinging dinner gown of gray. Caste tells, particularly when one has reached the sixties, Eden thought as he took her hand.

"Ah, Aleck," she smiled, "come in. You remember Victor."

Victor stepped forward eagerly and Eden looked at him with interest. He had not seen Sally Jordan's son for some years, and he noted that, at thirty-five, Victor began to show the strain of his giddy career as a man about town. His brown eyes were tired, as though they had looked at the bright lights too long, his face a bit puffy, his waistline far too generous. But his attire was perfection; evidently his tailor had yet to hear of the failing Phillimore fortunes.

"Come in, come in," said Victor gayly. His heart was light, for he saw important money in the offing. "As I understand it, tonight's the night."

"And I'm glad it is," Sally Jordan added. "I shall be happy to get that necklace off my mind. It is too great a burden at my age."

Eden sat down. "Bob's gone to the dock to meet the President Pierce," he remarked. "I told him to come here at once with your Chinese friend."

"Ah, yes," said Sally Jordan.

Eden rose abruptly and strode about the room.

Mrs. Jordan regarded him with concern. "Has anything happened?" she inquired.

The jeweler returned to his chair. "Well, yes, something has happened," he admitted; "something—well, something rather odd."

"About the necklace, you mean?" asked Victor with interest.

"Yes," said Eden. He turned to Sally Jordan. "You remember what Madden told us, Sally—almost his last words? 'New York, and nowhere else.'"

"Why, yes, I remember," she replied.

"Well, he's changed his mind," frowned the jeweler. "Somehow it doesn't seem like Madden. He called me up this morning from his ranch down on the desert, and he wants the necklace delivered there."

"On the desert?" she repeated, amazed.

"Precisely. Naturally I was surprised. But his instructions were emphatic, and you know the sort of man he is. One doesn't argue with him. I listened to what he had to say, and agreed. But after he had rung off I got to thinking. What he had said that morning at my office, you know. I asked myself, was it really Madden talking? The voice had an authentic ring, but even so —— Well, I determined to take no chances."

"Quite right too," nodded Sally Jordan approvingly.

"So I called him back. I had a devil of a time finding his number, but I finally got it from a business associate of his here in town. El Dorado 76. I asked for P. J. Madden and I got him. Oh, it was Madden right enough."

"And what did he say?"

"He commended me for my caution, but his orders were even more emphatic than before. He said he had heard certain things that made him think it risky to take the necklace to New York at this time. He didn't explain what he meant by that. But he added that he'd come to the conclusion that the desert was an ideal place for a transaction of this sort. The last place in the world anyone would come looking for a chance to steal a quarter-of-a-million-dollar necklace. Of course, he didn't say all that over the wire, but that was what I gathered."

"He's absolutely right, too," said Victor.

"Well, yes, in a way, he is. I've spent a lot of time on the desert myself. In spite of the story writers, it's the most law-abiding place in America today. Nobody ever locks a door or so much as thinks of thieves. Ask the average rancher about police protection, and he'll look surprised and murmur something about a sheriff several hundred miles away. But for all that ——"

Eden got up again and walked anxiously about the room. "For all that—or rather for those very reasons, I don't like the idea at all. Suppose somebody did want to play a crooked game—what a setting for it! Away out there on that ocean of sand, with only the Joshua trees for neighbors. Suppose I send Bob down there with your necklace and he walks into a trap. Madden may not be at that lonely ranch. He may have gone East. He may even, by the time Bob gets there, have gone west—as they said in the war. Lying out on the desert, with a bullet in him ——"

Victor laughed derisively. "Look here, your imagination is running away with you," he cried.

Eden smiled. "Maybe it is," he admitted. "Begins to look as though I were growing old, eh, Sally?" He took out his watch. "But where's Bob? Ought to be here by now. If you don't mind, I'll use your telephone."

He called the pier and came away from the phone with a still more worried look. "The President Pierce got in a full forty-five minutes ago," he announced. "Half an hour should bring them here."

"Traffic's rather thick at this hour," Victor reminded him.

"Yes, that's right too," Eden agreed. "Well, Sally, I've told you the situation. What do you think?"

"What should she think?" Victor cut in. "Madden's bought the necklace and wants it delivered on the desert. It isn't up to us to question his orders. If we do he may get annoyed and call the whole deal off. No, our job is to deliver the pearls, get his receipt and wait for his check." His puffy white hands twitched eagerly.

Eden turned to his old friend. "Is that your opinion, Sally?"

"Why, yes, Aleck," she said. "I fancy Victor is right." She looked at her son proudly. Eden also looked at him, but with a vastly different expression.

"Very good," he answered. "Then there is no time to be lost. Madden is in a great hurry, as he wants to start for New York very soon. I shall send Bob with the necklace at eleven o'clock tonight—but I absolutely refuse to send him alone."

"I'll go along," Victor offered.

Eden shook his head. "No," he objected, "I prefer a policeman, even though he does belong to a force as far away as Honolulu. This Charlie Chan—do you think, Sally, that you could persuade him to go with Bob?"

She nodded. "I'm sure of it. Charlie would do anything for me."

"All right, that's settled. But where the devil are they? I tell you, I'm worried."

The telephone interrupted him, and Madam Jordan went to answer it. "Oh, hello, Charlie," she said. "Come right up. We're on the fourth floor—Number 492. . . . Yes. . . . Are you alone?" She hung up the receiver and turned back into the room. "He says he is alone," she announced.

"Alone!" repeated Eden. "Why, I don't understand that!" He sank weakly into a chair.

A moment later he looked up with interest at the chubby little man his hostess and her son were greeting warmly at the door. The detective from Honolulu stepped farther into the room, an undistinguished figure in his Western clothes. He had round fat cheeks, an ivory skin; but the thing about him that caught Eden's attention was the expression in his eyes, a look of keen brightness that made the pupils gleam like black buttons in the yellow light.

"Aleck," said Sally Jordan, "this is my old friend Charlie Chan. Charlie—Mr. Eden."

Chan bowed low. "Honors crowd close on this mainland," he said. "First I am Miss Sally's old friend, and now I meet Mr. Eden."

Eden rose. "How do you do?" he said. "Have a good crossing, Charlie?" Victor asked.

Chan shrugged. "All time big Pacific Ocean suffer sharp pain down below, and toss about to prove it. Maybe from sympathy, I am in same fix."

(Continued on Page 61)

THE INSTANT
THEY
MEET
ICE
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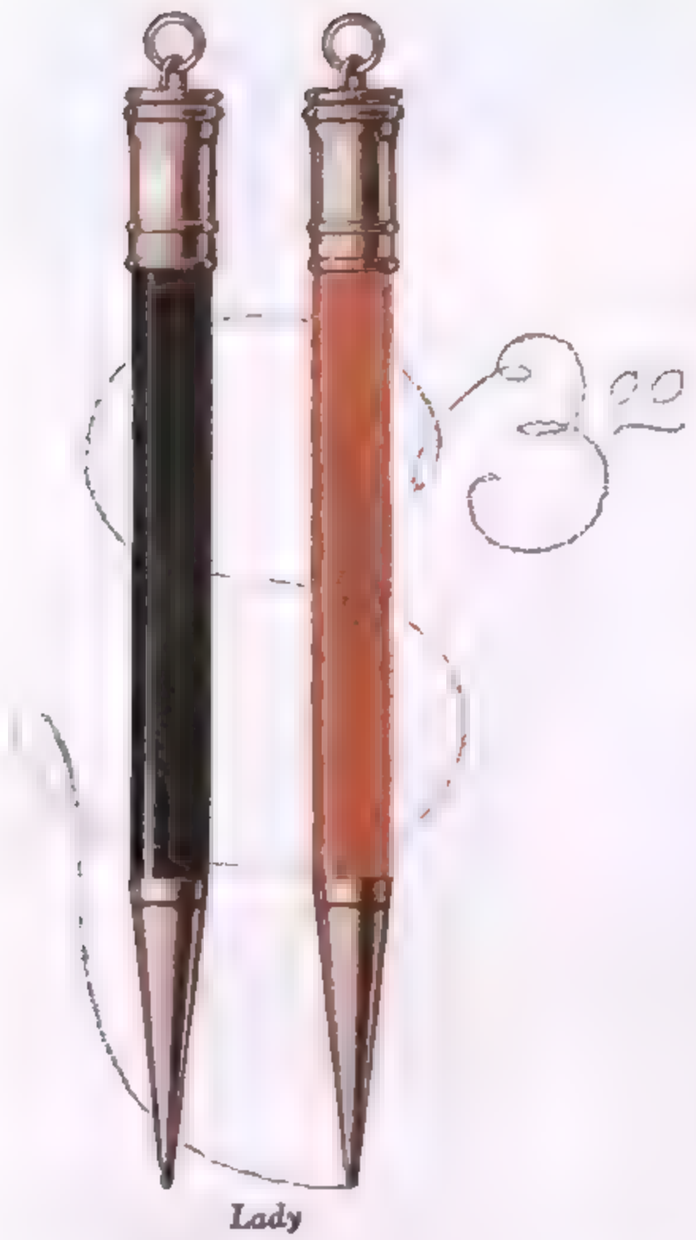
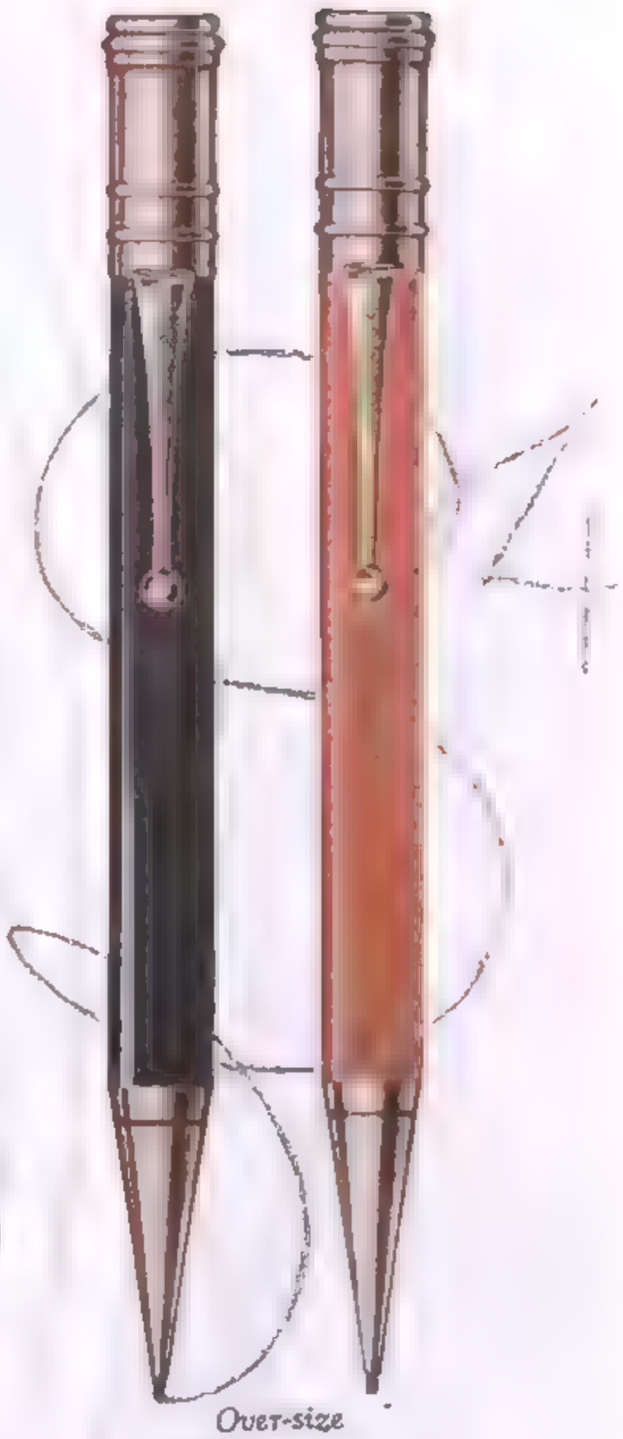


Lady

Junior



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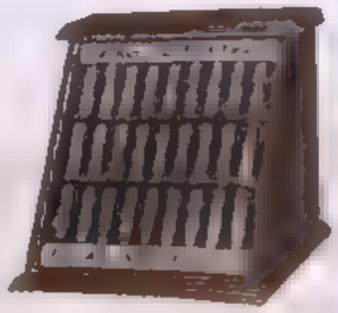

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Parker
Duofold Pencil

(Continued from Page 56)

Eden came forward. "Pardon me if I'm a little abrupt, but my son—he was to meet your ship."

"So sorry," Chan said, regarding him gravely. "The fault must undubitably be mine. Kindly overlook my stupidity, but there was no meeting at dock."

"I can't understand it," Eden complained again.

"For some few minutes I linger round gang board," Chan continued. "No one ventures to approach out of rainy night. Therefore I engage taxi and hurry to this spot."

"You've got the necklace?" Victor demanded.

"Beyond any question," Chan replied. "Already I have procured room in this hotel partially disrobing to remove same from money belt about waist." He tossed an innocent-looking string of beads down upon the table. "Regard the Phillimore pearls at journey's end," he grinned. "And now a great burden drops from my shoulders with a most delectable thud."

Eden, the jeweler, stepped forward and lifted the string in his hands. "Beautiful," he murmured, "beautiful! Sally, we should never have let Madden have them at the price. They're perfectly matched. I don't know that I ever saw ——" He stared for a moment into the rosy glow of the pearls, then laid them again on the table. "But Bob—where is Bob?"

"Oh, he'll be along," remarked Victor, taking up the necklace. "Just a case of missing each other."

"I am the faulty one," insisted Chan. "Shamed by my blunder."

"Maybe," said Eden. "But now that you have the pearls, Sally, I'll tell you something else. I didn't want to worry you before. This afternoon at four o'clock someone called me—Madden again, he said. But something in his voice—anyhow, I was wary. Pearls were coming on the President Pierce, were they? Yes. And the name of the messenger? Why should I tell him that, I inquired. Well, he had just got hold of some inside facts that made him feel the string was in danger, and he didn't want anything to happen. He was in a position to help in the matter. He insisted, so I finally said, 'Very good, Mr. Madden. Hang up your receiver and I'll call you back in ten minutes with the information you want.' There was a pause, then I heard him hang up. But I didn't phone the desert. Instead, I had that call traced, and I found it came from a pay station in a cigar store at the corner of Sutter and Kearny streets."

Eden paused. He saw Charlie Chan regarding him with deep interest.

"Can you wonder I'm worried about Bob?" the jeweler continued. "There's some funny business going on, and I tell you I don't like it."

A knock sounded on the door, and Eden himself opened it. His son stepped into the room, debonair and smiling. At sight of him, as so often happens in such a situation, the anxious father's worry gave way to a deep rage.

"You're a hell of a business man!" he cried.

"Now, father, no compliments," laughed Bob Eden. "And me wandering all over San Francisco in your service!"

"I suppose so. That's about what you would be doing, when it was your job to meet Mr. Chan at the dock."

"Just a moment, dad." Bob Eden removed a glistening raincoat. "Hello, Victor. Madam Jordan. And this, I imagine, is Mr. Chan."

"So sorry to miss meeting at dock," murmured Chan. "All my fault, I am sure."

"Nonsense!" cried the jeweler. "His fault, as usual. When, in heaven's name, are you going to show a sense of responsibility?"

"Now dad! And a sense of responsibility is just what I've only this minute stopped showing nothing else but!"

"Good Lord, what language is that? You didn't meet Mr. Chan, did you?"

"Well, in a way, I didn't."

"In a way? In a way!"

"Precisely. It's a long story, and I'll tell it if you'll stop interrupting with these unwarranted attacks on my character. I'll sit down, if I may. I've been about a bit, and I'm tired." He lighted a cigarette. "When I came out of the club about five to go to the dock, there was nothing in sight but a battered old taxi that had seen better days. I jumped in. When I got out down on the Embarcadero I noticed that the driver was a pretty disreputable lad with a scar on one cheek and a cauliflower ear. He said he'd wait for me, and he said it with a lot of enthusiasm. I went into the pier shed. There was the President Pierce out in the harbor, fumbling round trying to dock. In a few minutes I noticed a man standing near me—a thin, chilly-looking lad with an overcoat, the collar up about his ears, and a pair of black spectacles. I guess I'm psychic—he didn't look good to me. I couldn't tell, but somehow he seemed to be looking at me from back of those smoked windows. I moved to the other side of the shed. So did he. I went to the street. He followed. Well, I drifted back to the gangplank, and old Chilly Bill came along."

Bob Eden paused, smiling genially about him. "Right then and there I came to a quick decision. I'm remarkable that way. I didn't have the pearls, but Mr. Chan did. Why tip off the world to Mr. Chan? So I just stood there, staring hopefully at the crowd landing from the old P. P. Presently I saw the man I took to be Mr. Chan come down the plank, but I never stirred. I watched him while he looked about, then I saw him go out to the street. Still the mysterious gent behind the windows stuck closer than a bill collector. After everybody was ashore I went back to my taxi and paid off the driver.

"'Was you expecting somebody on the ship?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I told him. 'I came down to meet the Dowager Empress of China, but they tell me she's dead.' He gave me a dirty look. As I hurried away, the man with the black glasses came up.

"'Taxi, mister?' said Cauliflower Ear, and old Glasses got in.

"I had to meander through the rain all the way to the S. P. station before I could find another cab. Just as I drove away from the station, along came Cauliflower Ear in his splendid equipage. He followed along behind, down Third, up Market to Powell, and finally to the St. Francis. I went in the front door of the hotel and out the side, onto Post. And there was Cauliflower Ear and his fare, drifting by our store. As I went in the front door of the club my dear old friends drew up across the street. I escaped by way of the kitchen and slipped over here. I fancy they're still in front of the club—they loved me like a brother." He paused. "And that, dad, is the long but thrilling story of why I did not meet Mr. Chan."

Eden smiled. "By Jove, you've got more brains than I thought! You were perfectly right. But look here, Sally, I like this less than ever. That necklace of yours isn't a well-known string. It's been in Honolulu for years. Easy as the devil to dispose of it, once it's stolen. If you'll take my advice you'll certainly not send it off to the desert."

"Why not?" broke in Victor. "The desert's the very place to send it. Certainly this town doesn't look any too good."

"Aleck," said Sally Jordan, "we need the money. If Mr. Madden is down at El Dorado and asks for the necklace there, then let's send it to him immediately and get his receipt. After that—well, it's his lookout, his worry. Certainly I want it off my hands as soon as may be."

Eden sighed. "All right, it's for you to decide. Bob will take it at eleven, as we planned. Provided—well, provided you make the arrangement you promised—provided he doesn't go alone." He looked toward Charlie Chan, who was standing at the window, watching, fascinated, the noisy life of Geary Street far below.

"Charlie," said Sally Jordan.

"Yes, Miss Sally." He turned, smiling, to face her.

"What was that you said about the burden dropping from your shoulders—the delectable thud?"

"Now vacation begins," he said. "All my life I have unlimited yearning to face the wonders of this mainland. Moment are now at hand. Carefree and happy, not like crossing on ship. There all time pearls rest heavy on stomach, most undigestible, like sour rice. Not so now."

Madam Jordan shook her head. "I'm sorry, Charlie," she said. "I'm going to ask you to eat one more bowl of sour rice, for me—for auld lang syne."

"I do not quite grasp meaning," he told her.

She outlined the plan to send him with Bob Eden to the desert. His expression did not change.

"I will go," he promised gravely.

"Thank you, Charlie," said Sally Jordan softly.

"In my youth," he continued, "I am house boy in the Phillimore mansion. Still in my heart, like old-time garden, bloom memories of kindness never to be repaid." He saw Sally Jordan's eyes bright and shining with tears. "Life would be dreary waste," he finished, "if there was no thing called loyalty."

Very flowery, thought Alexander Eden. He sought to introduce a more practical note. "All your expenses will be paid, of course. And that vacation is just postponed for a few days. You'd better carry the pearls—you have the belt; and besides, no one knows your connection with the affair. Thank heaven for that!"

"I will carry them," Chan agreed. He took up the string from the table. "Miss Sally, toss all worry out of mind. When this young man and I encounter proper person, pearls will be delivered. Until then, I guard them well."

"I'm sure you will," smiled Madam Jordan.

"Well, that's settled," said Eden. "Mr. Chan, you and my son will take the eleven o'clock ferry to Richmond, which connects with the train to Barstow. There you'll have to change to another train for El Dorado, but you should reach Madden's ranch tomorrow evening. If he is there and everything seems in order ——"

"Why should everything be in order?" broke in Victor. "If he's there—that's enough."

"Well, of course, we don't want to take any undue risk," Eden went on. "But you two will know what to do when you reach there. If Madden's at the ranch, give him the string and get his receipt. That lets us out. Mr. Chan, we will pick you up here at 10:30. Until then, you are free to follow your own inclination."

"Present inclination," smiled Chan, "means tub filled with water, steaming hot. At 10:30 in entrance hall of hotel I will be waiting, undigestible pearls on stomach, as before. Good-by. Good-by." He bobbed to each in turn, and went out.

"I've been in the business thirty-five years," said Eden, "but I never employed a messenger quite like him before."

"Dear Charlie," said Sally Jordan. "He'll protect those pearls with his life."

Bob Eden laughed. "I hope it doesn't go so far as that," he remarked. "I've got a life, too, and I'd like to hang on to it."

"Won't you both stay to dinner?" suggested Sally Jordan.

"Some other time, thanks," Alexander Eden answered. "I don't think it wise we should keep together tonight. Bob and I will go home. He has a bag to pack, I imagine. I don't intend to let him out of my sight until train time."

"One last word," said Victor. "Don't be too squeamish when you get down on that ranch. If Madden's in danger, that's no affair of ours. Put those pearls in his hand and get his receipt—that's all."

Eden shook his head. "I don't like the look of this, Sally. I don't like this thing at all."

"Don't worry," she smiled. "I have every confidence in Charlie—and in Bob."

"Such popularity must be deserved," said Bob Eden. "I promise I'll do my best. Only I hope that lad in the overcoat doesn't decide to come down to the desert and warm up. Somehow, I'm not so sure I'd be a match for him, once he warmed up."

III

AN HOUR later Charlie Chan rode down in the elevator to the bright lobby of his hotel. A feeling of heavy responsibility again weighed upon him, for he had restored to the money belt about his bulging waist the pearls that alone remained of all the Phillimore fortune. After a quick glance about the lobby he went out into Geary Street.

The rain no longer fell, and for a moment he stood on the curb, a little wistful, wide-eyed stranger, gazing at a world as new and strange to him as though he had wakened to find himself on Mars. The sidewalk was crowded with theatergoers; taxis honked in the narrow street; at intervals sounded the flippant warning of cable-car bells, which is a tune heard only in San Francisco, a city with a voice and a gesture all its own.

Unexplored country to Charlie Chan, this mainland, and he was thrilled by the electric gayety of the scene before him. Old-timers would have told him that what he saw was only a dim imitation of the night life of other days, but he had no memories of the past, and hence nothing to mourn. Seated on a stool at a lunch counter, he ate his evening meal; a stool and a lunch counter, but it was adventure enough for one who had never known Billy Bogan's Louvre Café, on the site of which now stands the Bank of Italy. Adventure enough for one who had no happy recollections of Delmonico's on O'Farrell Street, or of the Odeon or the Pup or the Black Cat, bright spots blotted out forever now. He partook heartily of the white man's cooking and drank three steaming cups of tea.

A young man—from his appearance, perhaps a clerk—was eating a modest dinner at Chan's side. After a few words concerned with the sugar bowl, Chan ventured to address him further.

"Please pardon the abrupt advance of a newcomer," he said. "For three hours I am free to wander the damp but interesting streets of your city. Kindly mention what I ought to see."

"Why, I don't know," said the young man, surprised. "Not much doing any more. San Francisco's not what it used to be."

"The Barbary Coast, maybe," suggested Chan.

The young man snorted. "Gone forever. The Thalia, the Elko, the Midway—say, they're just memories now. Spider Kelley is over in Arizona, dealing in land. Yes, sir, all those old dance halls are just garages today, or maybe ten-cent flop houses. But look here, this is New Year's Eve in Chinatown. However" he laughed—"I guess I don't need to tell you that"

Chan nodded "Ah, yes, the twelfth of February. New Year's Eve."

Presently he was back on the sidewalk, his keen eyes sparkling with excitement. He thought of the somnolent thoroughfares of Honolulu by night—Honolulu, where everyone goes home at six and stays there. How different here in this mainland city! The driver of a sight-seeing bus approached him and also spoke of Chinatown.

"Show you the old opium dens and the fan-tan joints," he promised, but after a closer look moved off and said no more of his spurious wares.

At a little after eight the detective from the islands left the friendly glow of Union Square, and drifting down into the darker stretches of Post Street came presently to Grant Avenue. A loiterer on the corner directed him to the left, and he strolled on. In a few moments he came to a row of shops displaying cheap Oriental goods for

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 61)

the tourist eye. His pace quickened; he passed the church on the crest of the hill and moved on down into the real Chinatown.

Here a spirit of carnival filled the air. The façade of every tong house, outlined by hundreds of glowing incandescent lamps, shone in yellow splendor through the misty night. Throngs milled on the narrow sidewalks; white sight-seers; dapper young Chinese lads in collegiate clothes escorting slant-eyed flappers attired in their best; older Chinese shuffling along on felt-clad feet, each secure in the knowledge that his debts were paid, his house scoured and scrubbed, the new year auspiciously begun.

At Washington Street, Chan turned up the hill. Across the way loomed an impressive building—four gaudy stories of light and cheer. Gilt letters in the transom over the door proclaimed it the home of the Chan Family Society. For a moment the detective stood, family pride uppermost in his thoughts.

A moment later he was walking down the dim, almost deserted pavement of Waverly Place. A bright-eyed boy of his own race offered him a copy of the Chinese Daily Times. He bought it and moved on, his gaze intent on dim house numbers above darkened doorways.

Presently he found the number he sought and climbed a shadowy stair. At a landing where crimson and gold-lettered strips of paper served as a warning to evil spirits, he paused and knocked loudly at a door. It was opened, and against the light from within stood the figure of a Chinese, tall, with a meager gray beard and a loose-fitting embroidered blouse of black satin.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Chan smiled. "Good evening, illustrious Chan Kee Lim," he said in pure Cantonese. "Is it that you do not know your unworthy cousin from the islands?"

A light shone in the narrow eyes of Kee Lim. "For a moment, no," he replied. "Since you come in the garb of a foreign devil, and knock on my door with the knuckles, as rude foreign devils do. A thousand welcomes. Deign to enter my contemptible house."

Still smiling, the little detective went inside. The room was anything but contemptible, as he saw at once. It was rich with tapestries of Hang-chau silk, the furniture was of teakwood, elaborately carved. Fresh flowers bloomed before the ancestral shrine and everywhere were Chinese lilies, the pale, pungent, sui-sin-fah, symbol of the dawning year. On the mantel, beside a tiny Buddha of Ningpo wood, an American alarm clock ticked noisily.

"Please sit in this wretched chair," Kee Lim said. "You arrive unexpectedly as August rain. But I am happy to see you." He clapped his hands and a woman entered. "My wife, Chan So," the host explained. "Bring rice cakes, and my Dew of Roses wine," he ordered.

He sat down opposite Charlie Chan and regarded him across a teakwood table on which were sprays of fresh almond blossoms.

"There was no news of your coming," he remarked.

Chan shrugged. "No; it was better so. I come on a mission. On business," he added, in his best Rotary Club manner.

Kee Lim's eyes narrowed. "Yes, I have heard of your business," he said.

The detective was slightly uncomfortable. "You do not approve?" he ventured.

"It is too much to say that I do not approve," Kee Lim returned. "But I do not quite understand. The foreign-devil police—what has a Chinese in common with them?"

Charlie smiled. "There are times, honorable cousin," he admitted, "when I do not quite understand myself."

The reed curtains at the rear parted and a girl came into the room. Her eyes were dark and bright; her face pretty as a doll's. Tonight, in deference to the holiday, she wore the silken trousers and embroidered jacket of her people; but her hair was bobbed and her walk, her gestures, her whole manner all too obviously copied from her American sisters. She carried a tray piled high with New Year delicacies.

"My daughter, Rose," Kee Lim announced. "Behold, our famous cousin from Hawaii." He turned to Charlie Chan. "She, too, would be an American, insolent as the daughters of the foolish white men."

The girl laughed. "Why not? I was born here. I went to American grammar schools. And now I work American fashion."

"Work?" repeated Charlie.

"The classics of girlhood are forgotten," explained Kee Lim. "All day she sits in the Chinatown Telephone Exchange, shamelessly talking to a wall of teakwood that flashes red and yellow eyes."

"Is that so terrible?" asked the girl, with a laughing glance at her cousin.

"A most interesting labor," surmised Charlie.

"I'll tell the world it is," answered the girl in English, and went out. A moment later she returned with a battered old wine jug. Into Swatow bowls she poured two hot libations; then, taking a seat on the far side of the room, she gazed curiously at this notable relative from across the seas. Once she had read of his exploits in the San Francisco papers.

For an hour or more Chan sat, talking with his cousin of the distant days when they were children in China. Finally he glanced toward the mantel.

"Does that clock speak the truth?" he asked.

Kee Lim shrugged. "It is a foreign-devil clock," he said, "and therefore a great liar."

Chan consulted his watch. "With the keenest regret," he announced, "I find I must walk my way. Tonight my business carries me far from here—to the desert that lies in the south. I have had the presumption, honest and industrious cousin, to direct my wife to send to your house any letters of importance addressed to me. Should a message arrive in my absence you will be good enough to hold it here, awaiting my return. In a few days, at most, I will walk this way again. Meanwhile I go beyond the reach of messengers."

The girl rose and came forward. "Even on the desert," she said, "there are telephones."

Charlie looked at her with sudden interest. "On the desert?" he repeated.

"Most assuredly. Only two days ago I had a long-distance call for a ranch near El Dorado. A ranch named—but I do not remember."

"Perhaps the ranch of Madden," said Chan hopefully.

She nodded. "Yes, that was the name. It was a most unusual call."

"And it came from Chinatown?"

"Of course. From the bowl shop of Wong Ching, in Jackson Street. He desired to speak to his relative, Louie Wong, caretaker on Madden's ranch. The number El Dorado 76."

Chan dissembled his eagerness, but his heart was beating faster. He was of the foreign-devil police now. "Perhaps you heard what was said?"

"Louie Wong must come to San Francisco at once. Much money and a fine position awaited him here."

"Haie!" cut in Kee Lim. "It is not fitting that you reveal thus the secrets of your white-devil profession, even to one of the family of Chan."

"You are right, ever wise cousin," Charlie agreed. He turned to the girl. "You and I, little blossom, will meet again. Even though the desert has telephones, I am beyond reach there. Now, to my great regret, I must go."

Kee Lim followed him to the door. He stood there on the reed mat, stroking his thin beard and blinking. "Farewell, notable cousin. On that long journey of yours upon which you now set out—walk slowly."

"Farewell," Charlie answered. "All my good wishes for happiness in the new year."

Suddenly he found himself speaking English. "See you later," he called, and hurried down the stairs.

Once in the street, however, he obeyed his cousin's parting injunction and walked slowly indeed. A startling bit of news this from Rose, the telephone operator. Louie Wong was wanted in San Francisco—wanted by his relative Wong Ching, the bowl merchant. Why?

An old Chinese on a corner directed him to Jackson Street, and he climbed its steep sidewalk until he reached the shop of Wong Ching. The brightly lighted window was filled with Swatow cups and bowls, a rather beautiful display; but evidently during this holiday season the place was not open for business, for the curtains on the door were drawn.

Chan rattled the latch for a full minute, but no one came.

He crossed the street and took up a post in a dark doorway opposite. Sooner or later his summons would be answered. On a near-by balcony a Chinese orchestra was playing; the whanging flute, the shrill plink of the moon-kwan, the rasping cymbals and the drums filled the night with a blissful dissonance. Presently the musicians ceased, the din died away, and Chan heard only the click of American heels and the stealthy swish of felt slippers passing his hiding place.

In about ten minutes the door of Wong Ching's shop opened and a man came out. He stood looking cautiously up and down the dim street. A thin man in an overcoat which was buttoned close about him—a chilly seeming man. His hat was low over his eyes, and as a further means of decent he wore dark spectacles. Charlie Chan permitted a faint flash of interest to cross his chubby face.

The chilly man walked briskly down the hill, and stepping quickly from the doorway, Chan followed at a distance. They emerged into Grant Avenue; the dark-spectacled one turned to the right. Still Chan followed; this was child's play for him. One block—two—three. They came to a cheap hotel, the Noremark, on one of Grant Avenue's corners, and the man in the overcoat went inside.

Glancing at his watch, Chan decided to let his quarry escape, and turned in the direction of Union Square. His mind was troubled.

"This much even a fool could grasp," he thought. "We move toward a trap; but with eyes open—with eyes keenly open."

Back in his tiny hotel room, he restored to his inexpensive suitcase the few articles he had previously removed. Returning to the desk, he found that his trunk had reached the hotel but had not yet been taken upstairs. He arranged for its storage until his return, paid his bill, and sitting down in a great leather chair in the lobby, with his suitcase at his feet, he waited patiently.

At precisely 10:30 Bob Eden stepped inside the door of the hotel and beckoned. Following the young man to the street, Chan saw a big limousine drawn up to the curb.

"Jump in, Mr. Chan," said the boy, taking his bag. As the detective entered the darkened interior Alexander Eden greeted him from the gloom.

"Tell Michael to drive slowly—I want to talk," called the older man to his son. Bob Eden spoke to the chauffeur, then leaped into the car and it moved off down Geary Street.

"Mr. Chan," said the jeweler in a low voice, "I am very much disturbed."

"More events have taken place?" suggested Chan

"Decidedly," Eden replied. "You were not in the room this afternoon when I spoke of a telephone call I had received from a pay station at Sutter and Kearny Streets." He repeated the details. "This evening I called into consultation Al Draycott, head of the Gale Detective Agency, with which I have affiliations. I asked him to investigate and, if possible, find that man in the overcoat Bob saw at the dock.

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An hour ago he reported that he had located our man with no great difficulty. He has discovered him —— "

"—— at the Noremack Hotel, perhaps, on Grant Avenue," suggested Chan, dissembling a deep triumph.

"Good Lord!" gasped Eden. "You found him too? Why, that's amazing!"

"Amazing luck," said Chan. "Please pardon rude interruption. Will not occur again."

"Well, Draycott located this fellow, and reports that he is Shaky Phil Maydorf, one of the Maydorf brothers, as slick a pair of crooks as ever left New York for their health. The fellow suffers from malaria, I believe, but otherwise he is in good form, and, it seems, very much interested in our little affairs. But Mr. Chan—your own story—how in the world did you find him too?"

Chan shrugged. "Successful detective," he said, "is plenty often man on whom luck turns smiling face. This evening I bask in most heart-warming grin." He told of his visit to Chan Kee Lim, of the telephone call to the desert from Wong's bowl shop, and of his seeing the man in the overcoat leaving the shop.

"After that, simple matter to hound him to hotel," he finished.

"Well, I'm more disturbed than ever," Eden said. "They have called the caretaker away from Madden's ranch. Why? I tell you I don't like this business."

"Nonsense, father," Bob Eden protested. "It's rather interesting."

"Not to me. I don't welcome the attention of these Maydorfs—and where, by the way, is the other one? They are not the modern type of crook—the moron brand that relies entirely on a gun. They are men of brains—old-fashioned outlaws who are regarded with respect by the police, whom they have fought for many years. I called Sally Jordan and tried to abandon the whole proceeding, but that son of hers—he's itching to get the money, and he's urging her to go ahead. So what can I do? If it was anyone else I'd certainly drop out of the deal. But Sally Jordan—well, she's an old friend. And as you said this afternoon, Mr. Chan, there is such a thing as loyalty in the world. But I tell you I'm sending you two down there with the deepest reluctance."

"Don't you worry, dad," Bob Eden said. "It's going to be great fun, I'm sure. All my life I've wanted to be mixed up in a good exciting murder—as a spectator, of course."

"What are you talking about?" his father demanded.

"Why, Mr. Chan here is a detective, isn't he?—a detective on a vacation? If you've ever read a mystery story, you know that a detective never works so hard as when he's on a vacation. He's like the postman who goes for a long walk on his day off. Here we are, all set. We've got our bright and shining mark, our millionaire, P. J. Madden, one of the most famous financiers in America. I tell you, poor P. J. is doomed. Ten to one Mr. Chan and I will walk into that ranch house and find him dead on the first rug we come to."

"This is no joking matter," Eden rebuked severely. "Mr. Chan, you seem to be a man of considerable ability. Have you anything to suggest?"

Charlie smiled in the dark car. "Flattery sounds sweet to any ear," he remarked. "I have, it is true, inclination for making humble suggestion."

"Then, for heaven's sake, make it," Eden said.

"Pray give the future a thought. Young Mr. Eden and I walk hand in hand, like brothers, onto desert ranch. What will spectator say? Aha, they bring pearls! If not, why come together for strength?"

"Absolutely true," Eden agreed.

"Then why travel side by side?" Charlie continued. "It is my humble hint that Mr. Bob Eden arrive alone at ranch. Answering all inquiries, he says no, he does not carry pearls. So many dark clouds shade the scene, he is sent by honorable father to learn if all is well. When he is sure of that, he will telegraph necklace be sent at once, please."

"A good idea," Eden said. "Meanwhile ——"

"At somewhat same hour," Chan went on, "there stumble onto ranch weary old Chinese, seeking employment; one whose clothes are of a notable shabbiness, a wanderer over sand, a what you call?—a desert rat. Who would dream that on the stomach of such a one repose those valuable Phillimore pearls?"

"Say, that's immense!" cried Bob Eden.

"Might be," admitted Chan. "Both you and old Chinese look carefully about. If all is well, together you approach this Madden and hand over necklace. Even then, others need not know."

"Fine!" said the boy. "We'll separate when we board the train. If you're in doubt at any time, just keep your eye on me and tag along. We're due in Barstow tomorrow at 1:15, and then there's a train to El Dorado at 3:20, which arrives about six. I'm taking it, and you'd better do the same. One of my newspaper friends here has given me a letter to a fellow named Will Holley, who's editor of a little paper at El Dorado. I'm going to invite him to have dinner with me, then I'll drive out to Madden's. You, of course, will get out some other way. As somebody may be watching us, we won't speak on our journey. Friends once, but strangers now. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"Precisely the notion," agreed Chan.

The car had stopped before the ferry building. "I have your tickets here," Alexander Eden said, handing over a couple of envelopes. "You have lower berths in the same car, but at different ends. You'll find a little money there for expenses, Mr. Chan. I may say that I think your plan is excellent; but for heaven's sake, be careful, both of you. Bob, my boy, you're all I've got. I may have spoken harshly to you, but I—I —— Take care of yourself."

"Don't you worry, dad," Bob Eden said. "Though you'll never believe it, I'm grown up. And I've got a good man with me."

"Mr. Chan," Eden said, "good luck, and thank you a thousand times."

"Don't talk about it," smiled Charlie. "Happiest walk of postman's life is on his holiday. I will serve you well. Good-by."

He followed Bob Eden through the gates and onto the ferryboat. A moment later they had slipped out upon the black waters of the harbor. The rain was gone, the sky spattered with stars, but a chill wind blew through the Gate. Charlie stood alone by the rail; the dream of his life had come true; he knew the great mainland at last. The flaming ball atop the Ferry Building receded; the yellow lamps of the city marched up the hills and down again. He thought of the tiny island that was his home, of the house on Punch Bowl Hill, where his wife and children patiently awaited his return. Suddenly he was appalled at the distance he had come.

Bob Eden joined him there in the dark and waved his hand toward the glow in the sky above Grant Avenue. "A big night in Chinatown," he said.

"Very large night," agreed Chan. "And why not? Tomorrow is the first day of the new year—of the year 4869."

"Great Scott!" smiled Eden. "How time flies! A happy New Year to you."

"Similar one to you," said Chan. The boat plowed on. From the prison island of Alcatraz a cruel, relentless searchlight swept at intervals the inky waters. The wind was bitter now.

"I'm going inside," shivered Bob Eden. "This is good-by, I guess."

"Better so," admitted Charlie. "When you are finally at Madden's ranch, look about for that desert rat."

Alone, he continued to stare at the lamps of the city, cold and distant now, like the stars.

"A desert rat," he repeated softly, "with no fondly feeling for a trap."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Why Kill Bears?

(Continued)

I've killed two in my life, and regret it more than I can say; the pelts are not in my home, for I couldn't bear the sight of them. And upon each occasion I fought jack pine, swamp, open ridges, lowland and highland to get my kill up a tree; and my mind was filled with a detestable blood lust, a spirit of the chase; a wanton horror it is to me now.

And when I got the winded bears up a tree I shot them out. I was never in danger; the bear was given no chance—when we raised his sign we put the dogs on it and it was gone. Yet had we given these animals the slightest opportunity they would have traveled days and gone scores of miles to escape.

These killings cured me. I've been ashamed ever since; and my three high-power guns stand back of a door in my house, to be shown and talked about. Any of these guns will kill a bear at half a mile and will allow him to come within ten feet of me and then knock him down without the least fear of injury to my body, if I lodge the ball in the right place. No living bear has a chance against these weapons in the hands of an expert marksman.

As I feel, so do thousands of other men. They will never hunt another bear, except perhaps with a camera; and these men are standing back of a movement to create laws that will prevent all men from feeling as shameful about bear murder, with modern weapons, as they do.

When bears kill cattle, horses, sheep; when they enter ranch yards, chicken houses or become homicidal and a menace to a community, then they must be destroyed of course; but until such time the feeling in the West is growing that they should be allowed to roam as they will.

Care should be taken in this execution that a good-natured, law-abiding bear doesn't pay the penalty for his outlaw kin. Killers of domestic stock, like wolves, coyotes, sheep-killing dogs and bears, become abnormally cunning, and after the debauch shift the blame by putting plenty of distance between themselves and pursuit. They do not kill near their homes.

Sheep feeders, from pens, know what a killer dog will do, and bears grow just as cute. However, most bears have a distinct and easily identifiable track or sign; and this should be followed and the traps set or dogs allowed to get on the trail for this particular animal only.

"Lord bless my soul," said Bob Wheeler, on the North Fork of the Grand River to me one day, "ain't this one —— of a country to steal from the Indians? And now they've hazed them out, and the bear as well, they let the tourist in. I'd say this is one country that would bear a lotta bear if we'd make all these dudes hunt 'em with muzzle-loaders."

Squeaky Bob told a truth. Bears are the best tourists in the Rockies. They don't cut down trees, pull up wild flowers or leave camp fires to start forest conflagrations; they don't pollute streams, cut their initials in trees, paint their names on rocks or change nature. And they leave a country exactly as they find it.

—CLEM YORE.

Protection for Petrified Forests

(Continued)

This does not mean that the custodian is without official support. His superiors do what they can for him. The other national monuments are almost stripped of funds so that something can be done to protect the Petrified Forest. But the result is nil. Robbing Peter to pay Paul does not help Paul if Peter is a pauper to begin with.

The Petrified Forest covers forty square miles of land and is intersected by the principal transcontinental automobile route of the United States. To protect this great area, the custodian has three rangers for three months of the year, and only one ranger for another three months. During the remaining six months, when the tourist travel is still heavy, he is unable to employ a solitary guard in the entire forest.

Speeding across an unfenced, sand-blown plateau, the Tourist family comes upon a wooden policeman—a signboard warning them that they are entering a national monument from which no particle of petrified wood may be removed. They drive through scenery that looks like a jewelry factory after an earthquake. Nobody is in sight. Even the wooden policeman has disappeared.

So they get out and pick up a few bright splinters of petrified wood.

"Say, this would make a nice paper weight," says Mr. Tourist to his wife. "I guess they can spare this much."

By this time Mrs. Tourist has discovered a neat little mantelpiece of richly colored stone. An instant later her eye lights upon a pedestal of petrified wood—just the loveliest thing, and exactly what she has wanted in the garden. At last the Tourist family goes on its way, with the material for a wonderful fireplace stowed around the car. Most of it can be found, a week later, kicking around in some Arizona or New Mexico garage.

The wood taken by a single tourist is insignificant in quantity, but multiplied, as it must be, by the thousands and thousands who visit the forest annually, it is a menace to the very existence of the National Monument and will speedily destroy its scientific value.

A fragment of petrified wood, if cared for, is as beautiful in one place as another. But the Petrified Forest itself has a quality which cannot be transplanted. Just as the excavations in Egypt, with their tombs and mummies, bring before us the realities of ancient human life, so the Petrified Forest takes one back into the dim past of the earth itself.

The broken mesas of brown sandstone, the blue and purple clay valleys, stretching to the horizon without a touch of vegetation or a sign of life, furnish a setting that goes beyond the measurements of time. Add to this the stony replicas of trees that flourished when the world was young, and it seems as if a section of the earth itself had been mummified for all eternity.

In the entire forest no tree stands erect. Some primeval river washed them to the bed in which they turned to stone. It is a place of death, with memories of life. It is the mausoleum of the Mesozoic age.

The man who enters the Petrified Forest with feeling for what it represents turns back history a million years to the page. That privilege, given to our generation, should be the privilege of the men and women of America ten thousand years in the future.

Yet the destiny of the forest has been given over, not merely to the thieving tourist, but to the vandal. The vandal is not content with carrying the forest off. He is destroying it where it lies.

Travel, if you will, through the First Forest, which for nine months of the year lies absolutely without protection. The ground is littered with fragments of petrified wood, inches or yards deep, and varying in size from a pinhead to a bass drum. All that the forest contains—chalcedony, agate, opal, jasper, amethystine quartz, petrified bark—is lying loosely underfoot.

But what does the vandal do? He picks up a rock several times as big as his brain and proceeds to pound pieces off the largest petrified log he can find. He hammers the bark off the logs and breaks down the edges of their cross sections. He uses the great cross sections as anvils, hammering other rocks to pieces on them, marring the beauty and destroying the zonal rings of the great segments.

Then he goes off, with specimens not one iota better than he could have picked up on the ground, but leaving a wreck behind him

How long can this theft and vandalism go on without ruining the Petrified Forest and depriving us of a treasure unique on the face of the earth? Not many years, measured in days and months of tourist travel. Not the hundredth part of a second, measured in geologic time.

In all the age-long processes of sea burial and erosion since the Triassic period, the petrified trees have remained perfect specimens of Nature's miracle work. But in the seventy-two years since they were discovered by a railroad surveying party, they have been reduced to ruins by the people of the United States. Awe inspiring as the ruins are today, they are yet ruins. They are fragments of a glory that has gone, a remnant that threatens to become as pitiable as our scattered specimens of the American bison.

The thirty-year fight to save the Petrified Forest is nearing an end, and it will end in annihilation unless there is a stirring of public sentiment over the country, and action by Congress in response to it. The menace to the forest was put before Congress in 1895, with no action until 1906. During that time jewelry companies carried off or destroyed virtually every "gem log" in the forest. Hundreds of logs were blasted for amethysts, and even today the hillsides are littered with their shattered fragments.

President Roosevelt stopped the commercial despoliation by proclaiming the forest a national monument. The forest seemed to have been saved. Visitors began coming, but they were few in number, and they traveled by stage from the railroad, with the custodian of the monument as their driver.

The present threat against the Petrified Forest has been created by the automobile. Lester F. Ward, of the Smithsonian Institution, told Congress in 1899 that visitors to the forest carried off "as much as their means of transportation will permit." The automobile has not only multiplied the visitors a thousandfold, but it has enormously increased the carrying power of each of them.

Against the vast number of visitors the custodian is helpless. His headquarters are located so that he can personally protect the Rainbow Forest—the choicest part of the reservation. The main tourist highway is out of sight.

He can make only flying trips to other parts of the forest—patrolling it, by the way, on a motorcycle bought by himself and driven with gasoline paid for out of his own salary.

This situation is not due to the Interior Department, but to the fact that the current budget—the largest in the history of the Petrified Forest -gave the custodian just $2100 to spend —$1200 for the employment of rangers, and $900 for road work.

There are eleven and a half miles of miserable roads inside the National Monument, and $900 a year scarcely keeps them passable. But says Mr. Nelson:

"To build good roads through the forest now, when it is without police protection, would mean its immediate destruction. Even now it is the practice of garage and filling-station employes to give tourists tips on how to get petrified wood without being seen. All along the line in Arizona, they tell them how they can enter the forest on a certain road, get what they want and go back on the same road without coming within five miles of my headquarters."

The Petrified Forest changes from week to week, and is transformed from year to year.

A year ago there were stretches densely littered with the wood, where today the visitor will find nothing but clay and sandstone. Every change is on the road to destruction.

—IRVING BRANT.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 42)

Leading the great tide that is turning so swiftly—

Who is the Farmer?

THE men who own and work the broad acres that feed us stand as the very backbone of the nation's basic wealth and resources.

These quiet, truth-loving, plain-spoken people that live in the little white houses out in the fields exercise, together, an influence that carries all the way to the big White House in Washington.

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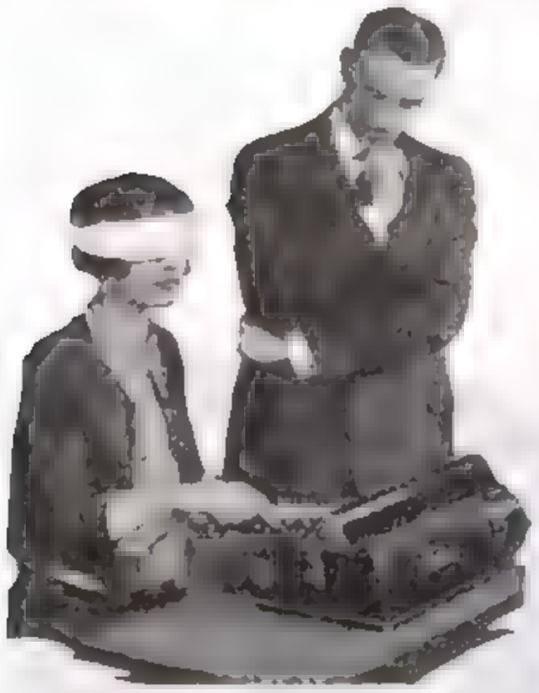

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MONTANA GOLF

(Continued from Page 48)

"I can't stand this!" Burch exclaimed at last. "Let's—let's go down in the grill, or—or go home, or something."

"Why don't we go out and bat around a few holes?" drawled Montana Jim. "I don't know but what I'd sort of like to."

"In this weather?" I asked.

"Well, you fellows know how you feel," Morley said. "Almost any kind of weather suits me to play golf in. If I knew the way around the course I'd give it a try anyway."

Just then Dot sobbed again and Burch jumped up.

"Oh, come on!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "I can't stand this. I've got to get out of here. Come on, Morley, we'll play a couple of holes. Come on, you two."

I looked at Mindaton and Mindaton looked at me, and we decided that our colds could stand a little fresh air. I went down for my clubs and Mindaton got his from the grillroom where he had left them.

The minute I stepped outside the wind whipped my caddie bag against my shins and Mindaton grabbed for his cap. It was blowing strong and the wind had a business-like vim that was rather unusual for that time of year. Old Burch and Montana Jim were waiting at the first tee and they had four caddies for us, so we went down to the tee. Burch is one of those men who use a half pinch of sand in making a tee and then push that half pinch into the ground when they put the ball on it, but this time he was using a good wad of wet sand, sinking his ball in it firmly.

"Lot of wind," he shouted as we came near him, and then dodged down to grab his ball, because the wind had blown it out of the hole in his tee and was rolling it away.

"Yes, quite a breeze," Morley laughed as he drew his driver from his extra long bag.

Burch teed his ball again and put his foot in front of it to keep the wind from rolling it, and he held his foot there while we paired off.

Mindaton and I were to play Burch and Morley, we decided, because Morley was Burch's guest, and we insisted that Burch and Morley have the honor, but we couldn't make Morley see it that way. He said we would toss for it, and we did, and Mindaton and I won.

I drove and then Mindaton drove, and then Morley asked Burch to show him the way, and Burch drove. With the wind helping him, old Burch got the prettiest drive I ever saw him get, and when Morley had watched it until it came to rest he opened the pocket on the side of his caddie bag and felt for a ball.

"Pshaw, now!" he exclaimed. "Left all my balls back in Montana!"

"I'll lend you one," Burch volunteered.

"No; that's all right," said Morley carelessly. "I can get along all right without one; better maybe."

"But you've got to have a ball," Burch said.

"No, I don't," Morley said. "Lots of times I play without a ball; mostly, to tell the truth."

"What's that?" I asked, sure I had not heard him correctly.

"I say I don't need any ball," said Morley. "We don't hardly ever use balls out where I play golf. Mostly not."

"Why don't you?" Mindaton asked.

"If you played my course you wouldn't ask," said Morley, smiling. "We've got a wind out there that is a wind. Our course lies along just under the rim rock and the wind blows pretty much all the time, and when she blows she blows. If you knock a ball up in the air that's the last you ever see of that ball. We had to stop using balls on windy days."

"Lost them all?" I suggested.

"Well, not so much that," Morley said, "as on account of the kicks from the ranchers around about. Cattle was all the time getting killed a mile or two mile on beyond. When a man drove a real good drive and the wind got behind it, one of these golf balls would go right through a steer like a bullet through an apple. We've got some wind out there. Yes, sir! I've put a ball down on a tee out there and seen it start right off faster than any man could run, and maybe hit a rock and jump five hundred yards, and that was the last I ever see of it. We mostly play golf without balls out there."

"But how in the world ——" Mindaton shouted.

We all had to shout, the wind was so strong.

"Well," drawled Morley, "when a man has been playing golf some while he sort of gets to know how his shot is going to be by the time he ends his stroke. He knows about how far his ball would have gone if he had had a ball. He knows where it would have landed, in the rough or where. A man knows about how many strokes he has to take when he's in a sand pit; he can tell by the way the ball would be lying if he had a ball."

"But I should think," said Mindaton, "that ——"

Morley seemed to know what Mindaton was going to say.

"Well, you see," he said carelessly, "we're mostly all gentlemen out where I play. Like you are here, of course," he added. "Gentlemen all, as the saying is. Yes, yes! I lost the club championship just that way last year; took three putts on the seventeenth and Joe Hurley took only two."

"Without a ball?" asked Burch.

"Sure! Without a ball," said Morley. "I knew as soon as I swung my putter for a three-foot putt that I'd missed the hole. I could feel it. 'Missed it by half an inch,' I said to Joe. He shook his head. 'Too bad, Jim,' he said. 'Where do you lie?' 'Well,' I says, 'I went a little to the left of the hole and the wind caught me and slung me into that depression beyond the hole, and I lie two feet off to the left there.' 'All right,' he says; 'watch me sink this one.' And sink it he did, just as pretty! 'Your match, Joe,' I says to him, and I went over and sunk my putt. We always play out our shots out there."

Mindaton looked at Morley.

"Fellows," he said suddenly, "let's play this eighteen holes as Montana golf. I like the idea. Let's try it."

"Fine!" I said. "Montana golf it is." And Burch agreed. Morley teed up an imaginary ball and took his left-hand stance.

"I ought to tell you fellows," he said, looking up when he had heeled his club, "that I'm a whale of a driver, mostly, in a wind. It's only fair I should tell you that; I've practiced it a lot out in Montana."

With that he pressed down with the head of his club in the way some golfers do, drew back his club and swung with more power than I have often seen used in a drive. He immediately frowned, handed his driver to his caddie and began hunting through his clubs.

He took out a mashie niblick, walked down from the tee and about twenty feet into the rough just in front of the tee and took a stance there.

"That's just the trouble when a fellow tries to show off before folks," he drawled in his half-humorous way. "I went and pressed that one and topped it good."

"I thought you swung too hard," I said. "You flattened your swing. But why do you have to lie behind that thistle?"

"Well, that's where it went, wasn't it?" Morley asked, and he swung his mashie niblick prettily, taking just a suspicion of turf, clipping the thistle stalk and bringing his club up nicely.

"That was well done," said Mindaton.

"Yes, I got out on the fairway pretty good that time," said Morley, streaking away with his long legs. He kept his eye on a spot on the fairway, and when he came up to it he asked the caddie for his brassie.

"How do you know your ball lies just there?" I asked him again.

"Well, it's where it went, didn't it?" Morley asked. "It couldn't be anywhere else, could it?"

I am fully justified in saying that I never enjoyed a game more than I enjoyed that game of Montana golf played by the four of us without a golf ball in sight. We are all four, I believe, gentlemen, and there was only one single time in the entire eighteen holes when there was anything like a dispute, and that was when Burch got in the sand pit at the ninth—a mean place to be. He had taken eight whacks at his ball in his usual vicious choppy style, getting madder and madder each time, and then he suddenly calmed down and got hold of himself and became a rational human being again and made what seemed to me a perfect niblick shot.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "That did it! You're out of the pit!"

"No such thing!" old Burch exclaimed testily. "What have you got to butt in for? You can't see what I did from where you are."

"I know a perfect shot when I see one, I guess," I said.

"You don't know anything," snapped Burch. "I know what I did. Can't you see that overhang of turf up there? My ball hit it and rolled back. Now shut up and let me play this. Ah!"

"You got out?" I asked.

"Yes, I got out," said Burch, and he climbed out of the pit. "You bet I got out that time." But when he was out of the pit and looked at the green he frowned again. "My luck!" he said with disgust.

"What's wrong now?" I asked him.

"Plenty," old Burch said; "I overran the green and went into that edge of rough yonder."

The whole thing was a revelation to me. I had always had a vague sort of idea that the average man if given a chance would be fairly decent, but I had had no idea that honor was so near the surface in all of us. I had had no idea that the average man, if playing on honor, would be not only so fair to the others but so fair to himself. I tried, in that game, to be extra scrupulously fair. I had a feeling that I was being that, but when I came to foot up my score I had a ninety-two, and ninety-two is just about my average game.

In the next week or so Montana golf took a tremendous hold on our club. We men who had played the first game talked about it, and the others took it up and tried it and were enthusiastic about it. Our pro was not so enthusiastic, but that was because he had balls for sale.

Our Montana friend was in big demand during that week or so, showing how Montana golf was played in Montana; but he had time to study the Dot-Alaska-Bob situation too. He made a point of getting Dot off alone and talking with her, and of getting Bob and Alaska to talk, and he talked with Bob alone and with Alaska alone.

One morning I happened to go into the grill and found Montana Jim there having a light breakfast, a mere snack of melon, wheat cakes, sirup, four fried eggs and two slices of ham, and he looked up when I entered. He motioned me to a chair at the table.

I'm wronging Jim; he had sausage too.

"This is great sausage," he said as I seated myself. "I sort of hate to leave this club."

"Going away?" I asked.

"Got to get back to the rim rock and the breezes," he grinned; and then he added more seriously, "You fellows still feel the same about the raw deal that Dot girl is getting?"

"We certainly do," I assured him

"Well, brother, I heard her sobbing again yesterday," Jim Morley said. "I feel mighty sorry for that girl myself. I've been

(Continued on Page 70)

There are times when only a Marmon will do

It sort of lends a spirit of adventure to go traveling in a Marmon. In fact, it gives one quite a tingle of self sufficiency . . . But why not? . . . You can go all day at any speed you like . . . You can show the nose of a Marmon and never tap the horn—yet other cars move over . . . Those in the back seat can talk and smoke and rest awhile, entirely unconcerned and complete in their comfort . . . You can go on fifty or even a hundred miles beyond where you intended to stop—and neither you nor your Marmon seem to get tired . . . No one cares much for plutocrats, but still even our best people, when they go on a trip in a Marmon, are inclined to feel just a little bit that way.

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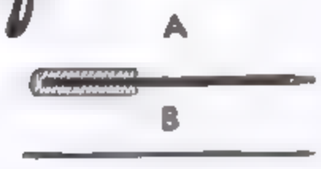

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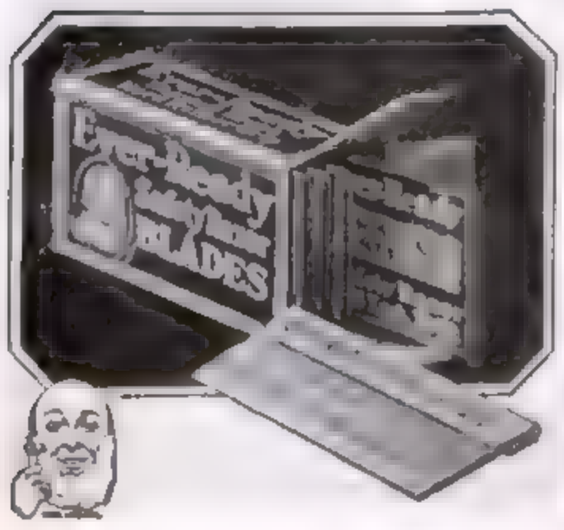

(Continued from Page 68)

talking to that Alaska girl some too. She's no mate for that Bob boy. I can get him to quit her, if you say so."

"I wish you could," I said. "We'd all bless you."

"Well, it's your club," he said, wiping his lips and pushing back his chair. "I don't want to butt in if you don't say so."

"If you can make Bob Roach give up Alaska Vane, we are all with you," I told him. "Do you mean to say you can do that?"

"Oh, sure!" he said carelessly. "That's easy."

"If you can, Jim," I said, "we will all remember you forever with gratitude. Do it!"

"If you want I should, all right," he said. "You got to help me some. You and Mindaton, say. I guess maybe I can fix it."

Our Montana friend strolled out onto the veranda, where Alaska Vane was leaning against one of the pillars in her usual nonchalant way, waiting for Bob to come up from the locker room with his clubs. She was dressed in the sportiest of sport clothes and was rouged and lip-stuck to the nines. Jim strolled up to her, giving her a wave of his hand as he neared her, and seated himself on the veranda railing. I could see her begin her usual tricks—eye work and twisting, as Mindaton called it—and Jim grinned and talked. Bob came up with his clubs and presently the three of them were talking, and Jim called me over to them.

"Say, George," he drawled, "I been talking to Bob and the lady about that Montana golf we been playing, and they'd like to try it. Wonder if you could find that man Mindaton and make up a foursome and sort of play around. I'd love to, only I got another game on, George."

"I'll get old Mindy," I said, because Jim had given me a wink that meant something, "and I'll be right with you."

"I'm wild to try the game," Alaska said as we walked to the first tee. "Don't they think of the most amusing things out West?"

We paired off with Alaska and Bob playing against Mindaton and me, and because we knew Alaska's game, we played a best-ball game, Bob's or Alaska's best to beat Mindaton's or my best on each of the eighteen holes. We gave Alaska and Bob the honor, and Bob told Alaska to drive.

You probably know women who play the game as Alaska Vane played it. She was breaking all records when she did one hundred and twenty-five for the eighteen holes. She was what might be called a trouble hound. Her game, if charted, would have looked like the chart of a hard-fought football game—not much progress, but a lot of across and back. Her straightest traveled down the course at an angle of forty-five degrees, like the minute hand of a watch at seven minutes after twelve. She was good at getting into traps, rough and bunkers, but bad at getting out of them, and she putted like a blind woman. She usually played our water hole, which is a pond, by playing around it in the rough. I never saw her drive a full hundred yards.

She began this Montana no-ball game by teeing her imaginary ball until it would have been as high as her ankle, and then she took a stance that was showy but suicidal, swung gayly, lowered one shoulder, stepped back as she swung, raised her head and whanged the head of her club into the turf a good three inches back of the ball—if there had been a ball.

"Oh, fine!" she exclaimed, looking far down the fairway.

Bob looked at her once, but he said nothing and stepped up to tee his imaginary ball. He swung clean and sweet, handed his driver to the caddie and stood aside for Mindaton and me. We drove.

"All right, let's go!" said Bob cheerily, and he gave Alaska a hand to help her down from the tee mound. She walked through the rough in front of the tee—sixty yards of it—and started down the fairway. Mindaton veered off to the left, having gone into the rough, as he knew, and presently I came to where I knew my ball would have been if I had had one, and I used a brassie. Mindaton drove out of the rough with a heavy iron. And still Alaska walked on at Bob's side. Now and then he made as if he was going to speak, but he kept silence. He came to the spot where he felt his ball would have been and he used a brassie. A sweet poke it was too.

"Aren't you somewhere about here?" he asked Alaska as Mindaton and I came up with them.

"Oh, no!" said Alaska. "I'm away up there."

Bob said nothing, but I saw his mouth draw in a little. He cleared his throat nervously. And he cleared it again, meaningly, as Alaska continued to walk up the fairway. She was beyond the spot where the longest ball had been driven by our best professional visitor, and she was still walking.

"Here I am!" she said at last, a good brassie-and-mashie distance from the green. "Give me a mashie, boy."

"I think you ought to use a brassie," Bob said softly.

"Oh, no!" said Alaska. "Not from here, Bob."

She lifted the club and swung gracefully.

"On the green!" she announced.

Now no man living in the present miserable world could have made that green with a mashie. One out of a thousand might have made it with an iron if the iron was exactly balanced and the shot a perfect one. But Alaska Vane made it with a trifling little whiff with a mashie—and in Montana golf a claimed shot cannot be questioned. Bob Roach reddened and kept his eyes from my face and Mindaton's.

It would be nonsense to detail all the plays of those eighteen holes. This first hole of ours is a par five that I am usually glad to do in a six; but Alaska, being on the green in two, putted out her hole in three. I took seven, Mindaton took six and Bob did a five.

"I would have had it anyway with my five," he said as Alaska teed her imaginary ball for the second.

"That's all right," I said, but he looked none the less uncomfortable. He looked even less comfortable when Alaska had driven.

"Where did that one go?" he asked her.

"Straight as a string, Bob," she said. "About three hundred yards."

"I thought you stood a little sideways," he said. "It looked to me as if you had your hands a little too far around on the club. I thought you hit the ball a little high. You didn't top it into that piece of rough over there, did you?"

"Of course not! What nonsense!" she declared.

Bob teed his Montana ball and swung viciously. When Mindaton and I had driven he walked down off the tee mound, letting Alaska do her own getting down, and took a niblick from his bag. He took a stance three feet in front of the tee mound.

"What are you doing that for?" Alaska asked him.

"This is where my ball is," said Bob sullenly. "I topped it."

"You never top them," said Alaska.

"I topped this one."

He chopped at the ball.

"In the sand pit," he said, and Alaska looked at him and her eyes glittered dangerously.

"I see I shall have to win this hole," she said, and she did. It is a par-three hole and she won it in three. One putt was all she took—on that hole or any other—during that game. She was playing miraculous golf. She could have used a toothpick or a hairpin and done any hole in par or less. But Bob grew more and more sullen. It hurt him to have Alaska show herself up in that way. We reached the twelfth hole.

Now our twelfth hole is a par three. It is a silly little hole, only one hundred and twenty-eight yards, but we call it the ladies' despair because that is what it is for all but our championship-class ladies. The tee is raised about three feet, but for one hundred yards in front of it is a good stiff weedy rough. Then comes ten yards of fair, ending at a five-foot bunker trapped with sand on either side. If you stand in the sand trap you can't see over the bunker. The green is marked by a bamboo with a red flag, because from the tee the green cannot be seen. It is the most mentally hazardous hole on our course for mediocre players. Most of our ladies play into the rough; the better ones thump into the bunker and roll back into the sand pit. Our best male players use a mashie, throwing the ball high and giving it a backspin, and thus get over the bunker and on the green in one, taking one or two putts for a two or a three. Three is good, two is extraordinary. Once every two or three years some lucky fellow happens to do the hole in one. Alaska teed her imaginary ball, took a mashie from her caddie and took her stance.

"She will do this one in two," I whispered to Mindaton.

"Yes," Mindaton said, and I saw Bob grow red behind the ears. Alaska drove. She must have missed her imaginary ball by a good six inches one way—swinging far above it—and by an inch the other way. It was one of those fluke shots all poor golfers make now and then, missing the ball entirely. Alaska stood immobile, her club gracefully frozen as it was at the end of her swing. She reminded me somewhat of the Winged Victory as she stood there. It was a pose of triumph.

"Bob!" she exclaimed. "I did it in one!"

"I beg your pardon?" Bob said stiffly.

"I say I did it in one!" she declared gayly.

"One what?" Bob asked.

"Why, one stroke—one shot, you silly!" she laughed.

"Oh! All right!" he said brusquely, and he stepped onto the tee and took a pinch of sand from the box. He bent down and his face was so red it was like an autumn maple leaf. He patted the sand in that way he has and placed the imaginary ball on it—and straightened up suddenly. "How do you know you did it in one?" he asked in a hard harsh voice he had never used, to my knowledge, in speaking to man, woman or dog.

Alaska looked at him and her face reddened under its rouge.

"I said I did it in one," she said crisply.

"I heard you say it," Bob said, glaring at her. "I want to know how you know it. Can you see through that bunker? You know mighty well you can't—nobody can. If you want me to tell you something, Miss Alaska Vane, you didn't hit that ball at all. Or, if you hit it, it's in the rough there. You never drove over that bunker in your life, and you never will. If you did drive over it you couldn't know where your ball was until you climbed over the bunker and looked. Nobody could. George Washington couldn't. Abraham Lincoln couldn't. I couldn't. You made this hole in one! You make it in about forty-seven—that's what you make it in!"

Of course, no woman could stand that. It was insufferably rude and we blamed Bob, but we understood just how he felt. Alaska Vane did her feeling without stopping to think about it. She handed her mashie to the caddie and lifted her head high in the air.

"Thank you!" she said sarcastically. "I understand!"

She turned and started for the clubhouse. Bob did not so much as look after her. He bent down and teed his imaginary ball, looked toward the flag that showed above the bunker. "Fore!" he called, and swung his club. An unfortunate thing happened. In going across our course from the twelfth to the clubhouse one crosses the fourteenth fairway at about half a fair driver shot from the fourteenth tee, and a foursome ahead of us happened to be driving. Blaylock was driving, to be exact, and he drove just as Bob yelled "Fore!" and his ball, traveling low and fast, hit Alaska in the rear, to one side and below the waist. We heard the smack of the ball and saw Alaska jump.

(Continued on Page 72)

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To this day, I imagine, she believes Bob Roach intentionally drove that ball at her. And it was no mere Montana ball that hit her!

We played out the eighteen holes and on the way back to the clubhouse Mindaton tried to say something to Bob, but he silenced him.

"Cut it!" he said. "I've had my lesson. I'm through with her. I'm a golfer and I've always been a golfer, and I'll always be a golfer, and I can't stand a person who doesn't play fair. I never suspected this, but I know it now, and I'm glad I learned the truth in time. Men, there was not one shot she made today that she counted fairly—not one!"

"We couldn't say anything, of course," I said.

"You were fine," Bob said. "Not one shot she counted fairly!"

Half an hour after we reached the clubhouse we saw Bob and Dot together and I never hope to see a happier face than Dot's was.

Montana Jim Morley came to where we were seated and slumped into a chair. He grinned at us.

"Worked?" he asked.

"It certainly did work," I told him. "He's off Alaska for life, or I'm a poor guesser. All we need do now is clinch it."

"Clinch it?" asked Montana Morley, pausing in his job of rolling a cigarette with one hand.

"Show old Bob the difference between the two women," I said. "Have him play a round of Montana golf with Dot."

"Hey! Off it, you!" cried Montana Jim with excitement. "Don't you go and do that. Great cats, no! Say, you're a governor of this club, ain't you? Well, you call a meeting and pass a rule against Montana golf, and pass it quick! Don't you let that Bob boy play any game of Montana golf with that Dot girl. You'll spoil it all; you'll spill the beans."

"And why shouldn't Bob play Dot a game of your Montana golf?" Mindaton asked.

"Why, thunder and blazes!" cried Montana Jim. "You ought to know that; this Dot girl is a woman too."

Well, maybe so. I don't know. Somebody else will have to fight that out. But there's one thing we do know over here at Pokatuk and you can take it for what it is worth ——

Mindaton dropped into the club yesterday and accosted me.

"George," he said, "you remember that Montana man old Burch brought to the club?"

"Old Montana Jim, the man who rolled cigarettes with one hand and taught us Montana golf?" I said. "I certainly do remember him, and a good scout he was too."

"Yes; that's true enough," Mindaton said. "But I met old Burch just now, and what do you think? You remember that Alaska Vane girl? Our Montana Jim Morley married her the week after he left here."

"Yes?" I said, and I could not think of anything much to say. "Well, maybe he liked her," was what I did say. And maybe he did.

BEFORE PERRY CAME

(Continued from Page 46)

He also pointed out that, owing to their constrained economic situation, the samurai had turned from their original position of the people's protectors to that of squeezers. He also observed that, in spite of the accepted fiction that merchants were the lowest class of people, they were gradually becoming the rulers of the country. The only way to save the situation was, he concluded, to abolish the class system. That was a great challenge to the rulers in Yedo. He then developed his theory of state and declared that the sovereign right rested not in the shogun of Yedo but in the emperor of Kioto. There he twisted the lion's tail. It was too much. Taking the hint of his friends, he retired from the service of the lord of Okayama.

He was only thirty-eight. His political activities lasted only ten years. But people who visit the province of Okayama now, still feel his influence there. When a real history of Japan liberalism is written, Banzan's name will stand out as high as that of Turgot's in France.

He lived thirty-four years in retirement. It was not a peaceful life either. He was a great musician, but had little leisure to enjoy his music. Thousands of admirers came to sit at his feet, lords, samurai and others. That increased the suspicion of the rulers of Yedo. Under persecution he lived and under persecution he died. He was not the only great scholar of course. There were scores of other constructive statesmen and thinkers who were molding the opinions of the people. The Japanese nation thus was being prepared for the momentous years of the late nineteenth century. It was not the descendants of the ignorant warriors of Yedo nor the offspring of the hustling merchants of Osaka, but the followers of teachers like Banzan that created the new Japan of today.

The life of Banzan can be summed up as the example of honest thinking, courageous expression, fearless action, remarkable freedom from self-interest and, last but not least, a striking simplicity of life. He was born poor and died poor. At about the age of sixteen he realized his physical inclination to grow fat. He knew that a fat warrior was not a good warrior. So he made up his mind to fight that danger. He took constant and most strenuous exercise until he was forty. He abstained from all luxurious diet. However, he was not a mere stoic. He was a first-rate musician on biwa. He was a poet. In later years his thought was gradually turning from Confucianism to Shintoism, the indigenous thought of Japan.

The story of Shintoism brings us back to another phase of Japanese life. That is ancestor worship.

I think the word "worship" was the cause of unnecessary misunderstanding. It can more properly be called ancestor reverence. It is a deep-seated conception in Japanese life. In law, in social custom and in the system of government, it struck its deep roots.

Writing about the origin of the custom of our ancestor worship, Baron Hozumi, President of the Privy Council, says, "It was the love of ancestors, not the dread of them, that gave rise to the custom of worshiping and making offerings of food and drink to their spirits." There are three kinds of it: First, the worship of the first imperial ancestor by the people; secondly, the worship of the patron god of the locality, which is a relic of the worship of clan ancestors by clansmen—this, by the way, inspires some of the loveliest festivals of Japan and adds to the attractions of country life; and thirdly, the worship of the family ancestors by the members of the household. The worship of the imperial ancestor came from the belief of the Japanese that all came from one and the same ancestor. It is at the root of the consciousness of national unity. This is the point where the meaning of our ancestor worship differs from that in China. The shrine at Ise is the Mecca of Japanese ancestor worshipers.

A notable feature of family ancestor worship is that at the fixed day of the ceremony, the members of the family get together and, after due offerings before the family cenotaph, "give voice to a resolve not to degrade in any way the good name of the ancestor." So writes Baron Hozumi. In medieval days, before the Tokugawas abolished war, warriors meeting on the battlefield always made the declaration of names.

(Continued on Page 74)

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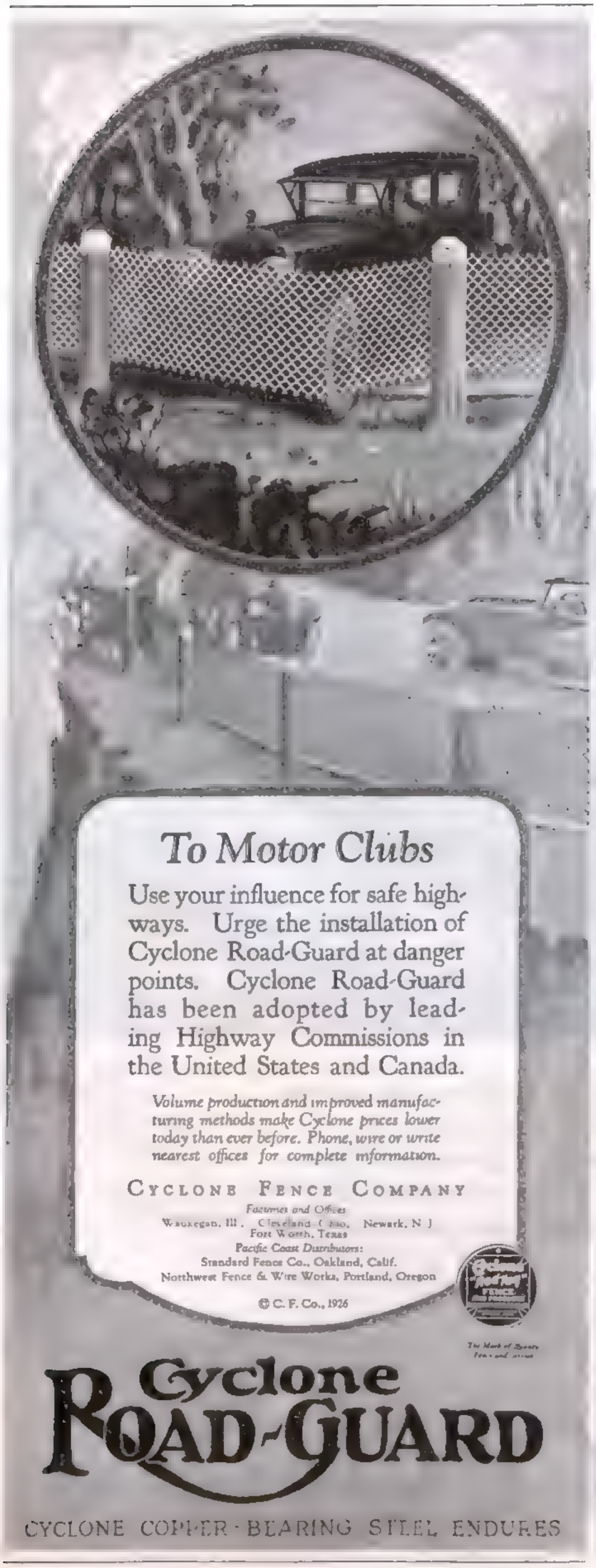
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(Continued from Page 72)

It ran like this: "I am Sasaki Shiro Takatsuna, the fourth son of Sasaki Saburo Hideyoshi, who is an inhabitant of the province of Omi and descendant of Emperor Uda in the ninth generation." Of course it was before the days of machine guns and poison gas. The enemy had to wait until the other party finished his peroration because his turn came next to do likewise. The significant part is that to give luster to the sacred names of their ancestors was the ambition of everybody. It gave stability to community life.

This idea of ancestor reverence was given a philosophical explanation by the scholars of the late Tokugawa period. In fact, the renaissance of learning that took place in the middle of this period enhanced the dignity of Shintoism and formulated the foundation of national consciousness of unity. The greatest care of the statesmen of modern Japan has always been how to use this dynamic force in the emotional life of the nation.

Baron Hozumi writes again, "I can speak from personal knowledge, that the principal care of Prince Ito—1841–1909—in preparing the draft of the constitution by the command of his sovereign was to reconcile and bring into harmony the traditional character of the government, based on reverence for the imperial ancestor, with the most advanced principles of modern constitutionalism."

As the concept of life revolved around the idea of perpetuating the sacred tradition of the ancestors, the social life of Japan took on a different note from that of the West. The introduction of the Western philosophy of individualism was the beginning of a great conflict of ideas and conducts. The fight of these two fundamental concepts of life will constitute a battleground of the fiercest fights in Japanese life. It goes to the root of the whole fabric of national, as well as individual, life. In other respects Japan has been fast changing. But in this conflict of individualism and collectivism the outcome is difficult to foresee. This reverence for the ancestor is the strongest citadel of Japanese conservatism. Even Japanese who are educated in Western countries, on their return, fall back gradually to this concept of life. I have watched this phenomenon with great interest. In this conflict of two ideas lies the major portion of family tragedies. I mean the conflict of love with the idea of family. A story of Japanese marriage must be presented some day to the people of the Western world in their language.

Martyrdom of Scientists

If this philosophy of Shintoism and ancestor worship did not have two outstanding virtues it might easily have been a stumblingblock for the Japanese nation. Fortunately, it had two saving graces in spite of its conservative tendencies; namely, simplicity and tolerance. Simplicity is a passion among the Japanese. It saved us from unnecessary theological discussion. Tolerance in our nature saved us from bigotry. We could always admire the higher attainments of other races and seek to adapt them to our life.

After the survey of the progress in the field of philosophy and political thought, we must turn our attention to that of sciences. Late in the seventeenth century, a great mathematician, Seki, worked out a study of higher mathematics. A scholar called Ino made a survey of the whole country and completed the map of Japan. But the greatest achievements in the natural sciences were to come later through the stimulus of Western ideas acquired through the contact with the Dutch. The long pent-up desire of the people to know about the outside world was reaching a feverish point.

A new group of scientists arose during the more tolerant administration of the eighth shogun—1716–1744. The accuracy of Western anatomical treatises was a surprise to Japanese medical students. Two scholars, after spending four long years at the task, completed, in 1774, a translation of a Dutch book of anatomy. It was a revelation to the country. Translations of all kinds followed and opened the eyes of the thinking people. They woke up with a shock to the fact that Japan was far behind in the progress of sciences. The dangers facing the country became glaringly vivid to these people. They warned the nation of the catastrophe which would come from ignoring the progress of the West. The outspoken statements of these scientists brought upon them the anger of the conservatists and the classical thinkers. The scientists were persecuted, one after another, but they bravely fought on. Many were put to death, but on the graves of their martyrdom prospered the new sciences of Japan. To their surprising farsightedness and their indefatigable industry more than anything else we owe, I think, Japan's escape from the mistake that China and India committed at the beginning of their contact with the West. This spirit of scientific research has given Japan not only a place among the scientists of the world in the past half century, but also the industries and armaments which stemmed the tide of the Western aggression in the East.

The Merchants' Rise to Power

As I said before, Japan was a national economic unity by the end of the seventeenth century. The economic system based on the village unit of agriculture was being superseded by commerce on a national basis. This meant also the accumulating of commercial capital in the hands of the merchant. In fact, by the end of the seventeenth century, Osaka became a great trading center and the power of the Osaka merchants threatened to overcome that of the feudal lords. The poverty-stricken landlords had to bow before the newly arisen commercial princes. In vain did the shogun in Tokio try to crush the power of these merchants, more than once by ruthlessly confiscating the wealth of the latter. But the impoverishment of one or two millionaires could not stem the rising tide of the new economic force. The samurai were heavily in debt to the merchants. The wording of their notes given as evidences of debt is interesting; it ran, "In case I fail to return the money on the promised date, I shall not object if you laugh at me in public."

The drifting of the money into the hands of the merchants meant also the shifting of culture in their direction. Art and literature as well as learning began to be patronized by the merchant class. The renaissance of Japanese literature which occurred at the end of the seventeenth century took its rise in commercial circles. Particularly during the heyday of art and literature under the reign of the eleventh shogun—1787–1837—a new culture blossomed forth, like flowers in spring, among the merchants of Yedo and Osaka.

Literature, as well as art, had once flourished in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but that was an aristocratic literature of the court. This time a democratic literature sprang up among the masses. Thus the field was sowed for the harvesting of a new era. In this way, the Tokugawas were gradually being undermined by the very things they gave to the nation; namely, peace and education.

Let us here glance over the life of the people during this period of seclusion. The population of the country according to the first census, in 1721, was some 26,060,000. By the second census, in 1732, it increased to 26,921,816. At the time of the first census, the total output of rice was estimated at about 25,780,000 *koku*—a *koku* being five bushels. So one *koku* of rice corresponded to one man. At the end of the Tokugawa era in 1867, the population was somewhere around 30,000,000. It is thus evident that the population of Japan did not increase much during these years of peace, whereas during the past sixty years it has risen from

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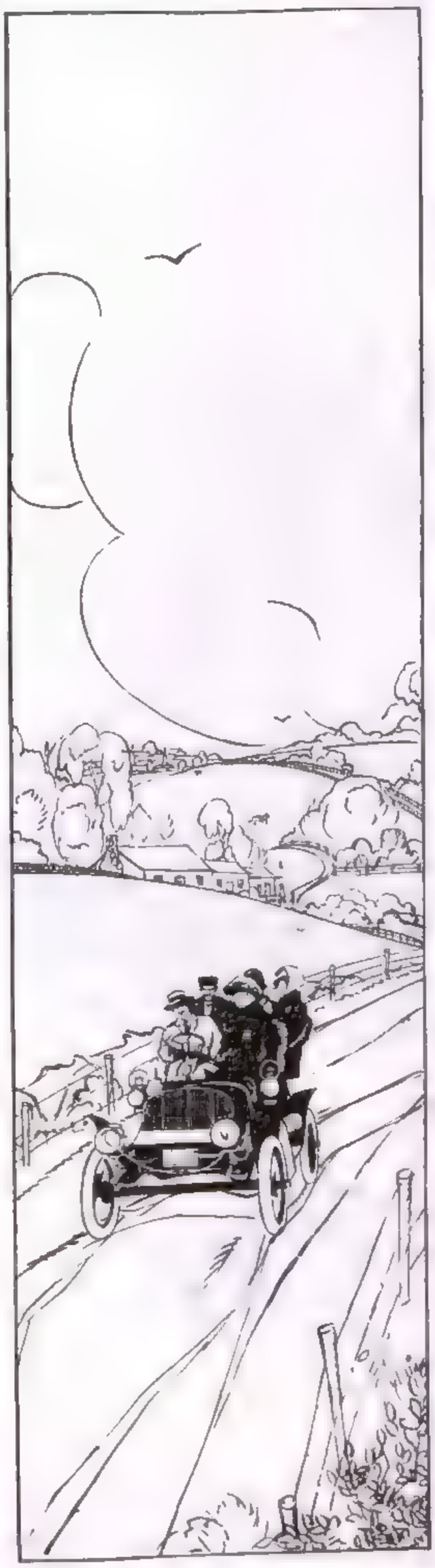
On Sunday afternoon in 1905



WITH the family perched high on the rear seat—with father and perhaps yourself cutting the wind in front, the motor-car in 1905 stuttered and staggered its way across an incredulous countryside. The Sunday afternoon drive in those days was the high spot of the week's entertainment—the thrill of that distant decade.

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(Continued from Page 74)

30,000,000 to about 60,000,000. This means that during the period of the seclusion a kind of birth control was practiced. As only the first son succeeded to the father's property, the rest of the sons had to be disposed of in some other way.

In a strictly regimented national life there were very few chances to find new jobs. The usual method of disposing of the extra male descendants was to get them adopted by some other families who lacked sons. This system of adoption was a great factor in conserving the social and political system. All trades and professions were hereditary. There was a sort of guild system among the people of the same trade. For the people who for some reason could not live a normal life there were temples of special kinds; for women there was "the relation-severing temple"; for men there was the "nothingness temple." Here they were put beyond the pale of common life and given seclusion and protection. The blind had special privileges. They shaved their heads after the fashion of the priests and organized a separate class. Trades like shampooing, massaging, music teaching and a certain kind of recitation of theatrical songs were their monopolies. They organized a guild and getting the family of Soga as their head, protected themselves.

Japanese Blue Laws

Theatrical people were less fortunate; they were not looked upon with much favor; actors were only one step higher than the beggars; no actresses were allowed. This resulted from the policy of protecting the morals of the people. Indeed, early in the eighteenth century a minister tried to impose a strict life on all the people and decreed many prohibitory rules; for example, merchants were not allowed to wear silk. That is the origin of the Japanese custom of using better linings for their overcoats than the outside materials. The Yedo merchants fooled the government by wearing cotton outside and silk inside.

We have a saying in Japan, "Food broke in Osaka and dress broke in Kioto." It means that people of Osaka spent all their money on good food, while those in Kioto spent it on beautiful clothes. It will be noticed that no city went broke on houses. This is one peculiar phase of Japanese life. We spend money on dress and things like tea cups and pictures out of all proportion to our incomes. The custom has a reason. During the Tokugawa period, cities like Yedo and Kioto suffered greatly from fire. In the early part of the period the feudal lords used to spend a great deal of money on gorgeous houses. As the houses were all built of wood, they were inflammable to a high degree, and fires, called Flowers of Yedo, were common and disastrous in spite of well-organized fire brigades.

The Economic Conflagration

It was this constant danger from fire and earthquake that gave the Japanese the habit of not spending much money on houses. They sought satisfaction rather in spending more for dress and small objects of art that could easily be carried away at the time of fire or earthquake. In the matter of food it was considered unworthy of the samurai to spend even thought on good dishes. It was ruled out of their life, and even now the intellectual people of Japan have that aversion to talking and thinking about food.

It was only among the merchants that good cuisine was indulged in. It was the prosperous merchant class of those days that gradually developed an elaborate mode of life—a mode of life superior in taste to that adopted after the opening of the country to Western practices.

In short, by the end of the reign of the eleventh shogun—1787–1837—Japan had developed a highly distinct and unique civilization of her own in philosophy, literature, art, economics, politics and life in general. This constitutes the foundation of the present Japanese life. In the meanwhile, the Tokugawa régime was exhausting its usefulness, and the economic system of village agriculture and strict class divisions was breaking down. New political theories threatened the existence of the shogunate. Nothing but the striking of a match was needed to set the whole political and economic fabric on fire—and the rôle of striking the match fell to the lot of an American naval officer. The booming of the first American gun off the coast of Uraga signalized not only the arrival of the American fleet, but also the downfall of a political system unique in the history of the world. The gate was opened wide in 1858 and Western civilization rushed in like a flood. From that time on, the history of Japan belongs to the history of the world. What has happened in these momentous seventy years is another story.

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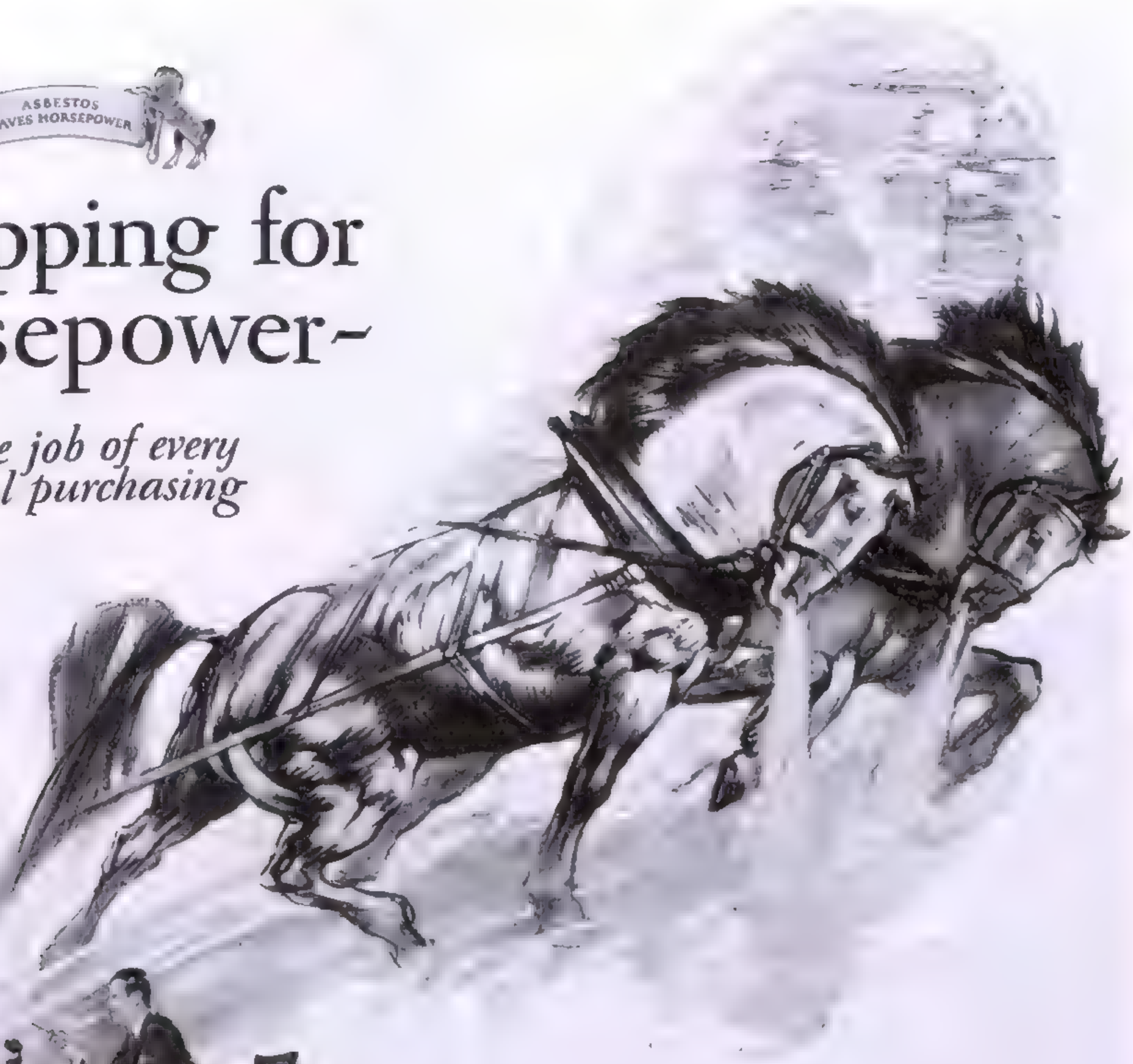

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(Continued from Page 53)

"Well, suh, I was just studyin' 'bout dis Reverend Horatius—what you call him now?"

"The Rev. Horatius Kerr Exum, S.T.D."

"All dat? Lawd, Lawd, dat's what dey calls him now! Us used to call him Raish."

"Raish?" the major repeated. "Then you knew him?"

"Sholy, suh. Dat boy was born an' halfway raised in dis county."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Mr. Exum mentioned the fact that he had once been a Mississippian."

"Sho was a red-hot one. Jeerusalem, major! 'Twarn't no wuss tore-down boy in nary state dan dat same boy Raish. He was a terror. De terror of Rayville. Folks couldn't figger on what Raish was corntrivin' to do next. Had ev'ybody bluffed. You oughter 'member his pa. Lived over yonder at Rayville, todes de river. Since dis railroad come through, Rayville ain't nigh half as big as it used to be. Used to be two stores, one big'n an' one little'n. De big store got burnt up an' left de little'n. So Rayville ain't nigh half as big. Jest one shack an' a wide place in de road. Dat town was named fer dis boy."

"Rayville named for Doctor Exum?" the major queried. "How do you make that?"

"It was dis way, major: Ev'y time folks went ridin' by in deir hoss an' buggy, dey'd hear Ma Exum out in de field, or in de woods some place, hollerin' an' hollerin', 'You Raish! You Raish! You Raish!' It sound like she was sayin' 'Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!' same as people hollers on de Fo'th o' July. 'Scusin' dat fuss, however, 'twarn't no other kind o' noise made in Rayville. So de folks what went ridin' by dey called de place Hoorayville. Den dey drapped de 'Hoo'—jest said Rayville an' let it go at dat. Anyhow, dat's where ole Senator Exum used to live."

"Senator Exum?" The major sat up and took notice. "Yes, yes, I remember yarns about him and his battle with the convicts."

"Dat's him," Joney nodded. "He's dis preacher's pa. Folks talked a heap about Ole Ex. 'Cose, de way newspapers spoke it, dey said 'Senator Exum.' An' so did some people what didn't know him. But ingenerally folks said Ole Ex. You understan', major, dat senator man which we already had, settin' in de legislature at Jackson, he up an' died on our hands. So de white folks 'lected Ole Ex in his place. Picked Ole Ex unanimous, 'cause dey could spare him mo' handier dan dey could spare anybody else. He warn't no 'count at home, so dey shipped him away to de legislature.

"Anyhow, senator hung aroun' his house all durin' de week, never hit a lick o' work, quawlin' wid dis boy o' hisn, Raish—now de Rev'ren' Horatius. An' on Saddy he always rid to town straddle-wise o' Gravy. Lawd, Lawd, I 'members him good, joggin' 'long de big road on Gravy. Him an' Gravy! Ugh! Ugh! Dey sho made a triflin' team. Gravy was a sort o' spindlin', knock-kneed, fleabit roan, wid long hair, full o' cockleburs. Jest matched Ole Ex, which never squandered nary nickel on barber shops when dere was a saloon next door. Bofe him an' Gravy sho did need a curryin'. Dere dey'd go, ev'y Saddy mornin', pokin' 'long to town fer senator's reg'lar rations—fo' plugs o' natural leaf an' half a gallon o' licker. Dat's de rations what he bought on Saddy to run him through de week. Den he rollicked around town all day, from one barroom to another, lappin' up treats which folks give him. Long todes night he'd go pokin' home.

"Major, Ole Ex was a mighty pot-gutted white man, built like a beer keg, rollin' on short legs. In de saddle, he'd slosh over ev'y which way, same as a sack half full o' meal. Sho was a sight, ridin' home pickled to de gills. Done let de bridle fall, an' grabbin' de pommel of his saddle, which had a jug tied to it. 'Cose Gravy knowed de way home, an' Gravy kept sober."

"But," the major interrupted, "Senator Exum bore the reputation of being a courageous man. Once he beat off a gang of escaped convicts that attacked him on the road—captured some—think I heard that he captured two."

"'Cordin' to his tale, major, an' I'm leadin' up to dat. Dis here Raish—de rev'ren'—had a finger in it too. You got to tell dat story bofe ways: fust how Ole Ex bragged his brags; den second, what tuk place. An' mighty few folks, 'scusin' me, ever knowed de troof.

"You 'member in dem days o' clearin' land, buildin' levees an' layin' out roads, de state done a heap o' work wid convict labor. Had a big camp 'bout twenty miles from here. An' one day folks went crazy when word come dat a hundred o' de wust prisoners had done 'scaped. Scary people say dey was rangin' de woods, robbin' an' plunderin' houses. Ev'y time a pig squealed or a chicken squawked, wimmen whispered, 'Convicts! Convicts!' an' huddled close together. Even some men never trusted deir nose out-o'-doors at night. Busted up de schools an' de churches. Fer two days mens an' wimmens bofe had de mollywobbles. 'Cose no 'mount o' convicts couldn't hinder ole Senator Ex from travelin' to town fer rations, bein' plumb out o' licker. I seen him go by dat mornin', settin' up sober, lickety-split fer de saloon.

"'Pears like dat day dere was a man waitin' at de bank to pay him a bunch o' money, an' Ma Exum she 'quired dat money powerful bad at home. So she made de senator promise solemn dat he'd 'rive back wid it befo' dinnertime an' not risk no convicts on de road atter dark. Howsomever, Ole Ex got full, an' de more he'd ponder over dem convicts, de fuller he got, an' de longer he tarried fer one mo', jest one mo'. Dat throwed him late, wid his chawin' tobacker, de jug tied to his saddle, an' sixty-three dollars in cash, when Gravy sot out to tote him home.

"Now, major, here's where Raish come in, dat spatter-faced boy wid mo' freckles on his jaw dan you kin plaster aginst a barn door. 'Pears like his ma kept watchin' de road an' watchin' de road. Dark was comin', an' de senator hadn't showed up. Ma couldn't bear to think o' her husband lyin' in a ditch wid all dat money on his pusson. Dat's how come she hollered fer Raish to go an' find his pa. Raish an' 'nother little boy was busy makin' coon traps to set in de woods dat night. 'Cose dey didn't want to quit. It fretted 'em turrible to have deir fun broke up. But 'twarn't no sense arguin' wid ma. She nagged an' nagged ontil Raish an' Aleck jumped on deir ponies an' lit out, mad as two settin' hens.

"Away dey galloped. Struck a nigh cut through de woods fer town. Anyhow, dey'd been gone quite a spell befo' ma seed de senator arrivin', grippin' his pommel wid one hand an' wavin' tother. 'Convicts! Convicts!' he bellered. 'Ev'ybody run! Quick!'

"It jest happened dat Mister Ben McCoy had drapped in to borry a plow, an' was settin' on ma's gallery when dey glimpsed de senator. Sech a sight! Sech a sight! Wuss'n de senator looked dat time when he tumbled off in Boggy Ford. De senator sho was scratched up wid briers, de tails gashed on his coat from scrapin' aginst a wire fence, an' covered wid swamp mud. 'Twarn't nary mistake 'bout it, major, somethin' awful had tuk place.

"'Cose Mister Ben McCoy rushed to him, wid ma an' a passel o' skeered niggers.

"'What's de matter, senator? What's de matter?'

"'Convicts! Convicts! Hep me up on my gallery. I'm wore out.'

"Dey sot him in his big chair, an' de fust thing de senator craved was a drink.

"'Whar's yo' jug?' ma inquired, lookin' at de saddle.

"'Don't know, ma. Must ha' fell off in de fight. An' all my tobacker.'

"'De money? De money?' When ma considered dat sixty-three dollars she nigh went wild a-rummagin' through de senator's pockets. 'Did you have de money? Did you have de money?'

"'Yes, ma, I was fetchin' it home to you.'

"'An' got robbed? Got robbed?'

"'No, I never give up nary cent to dem convicts. Must ha' lost it in de fight.'

"Den ma set up a turrible screechin' ontil de senator made her hush. 'Shet yo' mouf, ma. I'm lucky to git home alive.'

"Dat's what got him started, tellin' how fo' double-j'inted convicts stopped him wid rifles right where Si Hopper's corn patch comes up to de woods. Fo' desprit men punched his ribs wid deir guns ontil he jumped off ole Gravy an' beat 'em scan'lous, fit dat gang o' convicts all over de road, across de cornfield, den walloped 'em proper in de big woods. 'Awful fight, awful!' de senator 'spressed hisself; an' his 'pearance sho did prove it.

"'We got to clean out dem convicts,' Mister Ben McCoy spoke up right brief, an' galloped away to rouse de neighborhood. After while, here come de neighbors, ev'y feller what had some grown man to leave at home. And each new crowd which rid up, de senator tole 'em 'bout his fight. Dat fust time he tole it dere was four convicts, de nex' time dere was six, den ten; he stopped at fo'teen, stood pat on fo'teen. By sundown, from tellin' it so much, de senator had got to namin' de very men. He say de leader was Cap Foley, de bank robber.

"'Cose, major, in all dat 'citement an' cornfusion concernin' de convicts which had busted loose, nobody didn't pay 'tention when two little boys clumb ma's pasture fence an' sneaked in. 'Cause folks was listenin' to Ole Ex. Dere Raish sot on de steps, hearin' his pa tell how he strangled one o' dem bigges' prisoners wid his left hand, den laid out two mo' wid a billet o' wood.

"Ev'y minute mo' neighbors 'rived, an' mo' neighbors. De thicker dey got, de madder dey got, an' was aimin' fer a war 'ginst de convicts. Dey made squads, ten an' ten an' ten. 'Lected Squire Feltus deir high general, wid cap'ns to each company. Things was gittin' so tight dat Raish couldn't stand it no longer, 'cause he knowed what dem neighbors would do to him ef dey ever found out.

"So Raish called his ma to de kitchen, an' what he tole her she ain't never repeated to nobody. Not all of it, even to de squire.

"Y' onderstan', major, de squire was cap'n, fixin' to send out squads an' tellin' 'em where to search. De whole front yard swarmed wid riders an' hosses waitin' his word, when ma motioned fer de squire to come in her room. Den she shut de do', locked it. 'Cose she swore de squire on a stack o' Bibles dat he'd never breathe it to a livin' human bein' soul, what Raish had did. 'Cause dem neighbors would tan de hide off o' Raish. Den Ma Exum whispered to de squire dat Raish had got skeered an' fessed up.

"Dat's where we reaches de second part o' dis tale, 'cause Raish dasn't 'fess ev'ything to his ma. Nobody mought never knowed ef I hadn't tuk dem two little boys a-huntin'; an' one night, whilst we sot around our camp fire, dey come powerful nigh tellin' me de troof.

"Now den, major, de best I could patch it all together, Raish was awful peevish when ma stopped him from playin' to go hunt fer his daddy. Dem two boys rid through the woods, as I forestated, to cut off a long bend in de road. 'Bout three miles from home dey seed de ole senator hangin' onto de pommel, noddin' his head dis way an' dat, half asleep. Tother little boy never tuk no part; he stayed back an' helt deir ponies, while Raish wropped a handkerchief over his face, broke down a cornstalk an' stripped it ontil dat cornstalk mought look like a gun barrel—to a man what's drunk. Den Raish crope to de edge o' de field an' hid, till his pa come. Dat's when he riz up 'mongst de corn right sudden an' spoke down deep in his belly:

"'Halt! Money or yo' life!' Shucks! Raish didn't need to say halt twice, not wid old Gravy. Gravy was always skeered somebody might whisper whoa an' he wouldn't hear it. Gravy stopped right dere, reins draggin' loose in de road an' him busy steppin' over 'em.

"'What? What?' De senator kinder braced up an' blinked. Wid a head full o' whisky an' convicts, it never 'quired much to make him see things.

"'Money or yo' life!' Raish 'peated louder, an' de senator immediately flung down his pocketbook, floppin' over an' over in de dust.

"Maybe Raish didn't figger on proceedin' dat far; but he'd done started an' couldn't quit.

"'Yo' jug!' he give de nex' order, an' his pa commenced untyin' de string, at de same time Raish talked back'ards over his shoulder, same as if he had a whole army behint him: 'Don't shoot him, men—onless he bats a eye. Spare de ole man's life—spare 'im.'

"Which encouraged Senator Ex to hurry ontyin' de knot an' let his jug fall.

"'Yo' tobacker! Keep him covered, men!'

"Y'onderstan', boss," old Joney chuckled, "dis boy done got his bizness in a jam. At de fust off-startin', he never aimed to do no mo' dan skeer his pa from de bushes, den run. But when Senator Ex flung down dat money so brief, Raish couldn't go 'way an' leave dat. Neither could he step out whar his pa would see him. So Raish he pondered an' pondered what to do, den give one mo' order:

"'Ride forward! Ten paces! Stop!'

"Which give him time to pick up dem things an' crawl back 'mongst de corn. Now he had to make his git-away befo' his pa cotch on, so he hollered ag'in:

"'Stand where you are! Hands up fer fifteen minutes! Kill him, Bill, kill him if he attempts to run!'

"When de senator hear dem fierce words spoke, up went bofe hands, high up; an' he kep' 'em dere, way up. Fifteen minutes? De senator got so skeered he mought move befo' de time was up, an' dat convict would kill him, dat he remained right still, no tellin' how long, ontil Gravy got tired an' commenced to graze. 'Whoa, Gravy! Whoa, Gravy!' he says wid his hands up, to show dem robbers it was de hoss movin' an' not him. Anyhow Gravy rambled off in de briers an' brushed de senator aginst a wire fence. Dat's when he snagged his coat tails an' fell in de brier patch. Bein' on de ground, he cotch de bridle agin an' come home.

"Now, major, from what dem boys tole me in camp, dat's how Senator Exum beat up de gang o' convicts. But you onderstan' dat Ma Exum never tole de squire all dis. She never did know it all.

"To his dyin' day, whenever Senator Exum got a stranger cornered, he tole 'im how he licked dem fo'teen desprit men. But Raish ain't opened his mouf. Never is. An', major, tonight when you call him Doctor Exum, dat's when I fust 'dentify de spatter-face boy an' my mind run back to all o' dis. You say he's a great big preacher—up North?"

"Yes, Joney, a famous divine."

"Divine? Huh!"

"Rich congregation in Philadelphia."

"Ugh! Ugh!" the negro grunted. "Spatter-face Raish! Terror o' Rayville! Jest like I forestated, major, when a egg hatches, 'tain't no tellin' what sort o' chickens is liable to pop out."

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TRIAL MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 27)

Marcia had taken off her hat and coat, and fallen wearily into an armchair. And there occurred one of those significant pauses in the conversation, which tell a woman to go, or a man to stay. Sylvie cheerfully took the hint and sat up.

"Well, give Thor Rita's message," she said. "But if I were you, Constance, I wouldn't let him come over, just the same! I s'pose I oughtn't to say it, since I'm her guest, but Rita's trying to vamp Thor. She came to my room last night and cried, and said she believed she was going to have an entirely new experience at last."

"And what was that?" asked Constance coldly.

"Being hopelessly in love," replied Sylvie, putting on her coat. "It's never happened to her before. The other men Rita's been in love with have always loved her, too, but Thor doesn't. And of course it makes her awfully unhappy, but sort of thrilled. Anyway, she says, even if it hurts, it's something absolutely new."

"Thor should be very proud of furnishing Rita with a new thrill," said Constance. "Do tell her from me, Sylvie, that she is perfectly welcome to all her sensations and"—Constance hesitated, then went on in that strange, cold voice—"and to Thor."

"What!" gasped Sylvie.

And: "Why, Constance, dear!" from Marcia.

"Do you mean your engagement's broken?" asked Sylvie practically; and as Constance didn't reply—"Or are you just jealous of Rita?" Sylvie continued, unabashed. "You needn't be. She looks simply terrible in the morning, before her maid comes in. Still," she reflected, "a man never knows that until too late, does he?"

When Sylvie had gone, after many farewells—she was one of those unfortunates who seem to find it difficult to depart—Marcia looked rather anxiously at Constance, who had flung herself down on the couch.

"Aren't you feeling well today, dear?" ventured Marcia.

"Oh, I'm all right." Constance moved her shoulders impatiently. "But that darned Hattie-Belle didn't come this morning and I had everything to do. That's why I'm not dressed. I had to get my own breakfast!" declared Constance in a tone of deep injury. "And I didn't know how to make coffee, and the toast burned up when I wasn't looking. I even had to make the fire!" she exclaimed, frowning at the miserable smoke on the hearth.

"But, Constance," said Marcia, wrinkling her brow in surprise, "hasn't Thor been here at all today?"

Constance hesitated, then said only, "No."

And she picked up a book, to barricade herself against further conversation.

Marcia went into her own room, and came back presently with a sewing basket, and a look of tactful determination. She sat down near Constance, and for a few moments bent silently over her sewing, before she asked, as casually as possible:

"Where is Thor?"

Constance raised her brows, but not her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know." Her tone was elaborately careless.

"Oh!"

Marcia took little, fine stitches on the sheer white cloth. Silence again for a few seconds—the ticking of a clock. Outside the snow creaked and slid from the roof with the sound of a long sigh.

"It's still so dreadful out," remarked Marcia cheerfully. "I wonder if it wouldn't be nice to have dinner at home for a change. I can cook, you know."

Constance was silent.

Marcia proceeded with her usual diplomacy.

"Shall I telephone Thor?"

"No."

The decisiveness of the answer was startling after the previous indifference of Constance's tone.

"Oh!" Marcia stitched placidly. "Well, no doubt, Thor will call up later."

"Perhaps." Constance's voice had regained its indifference. "If he does, you two have dinner together. I'm going out."

"Going out—without Thor?"

"Yes. Why not?"

Her tone froze Marcia into temporary silence, but after a moment, she asked, in a tone of mild sarcasm, "Do you mind very much, Constance, telling me where you are going? I don't like to be tiresome—but just in case Thor asks. It might seem strange ——"

Constance favored her with a cool stare.

"I am dining with Tollie."

"Tollie!"

"Yes. Do you mind?"

"I? Why, of course not."

"I didn't think you would, Marcia, or I shouldn't have accepted."

"Tollie is not my property, dear," said Marcia. "There's no reason for me to mind. But Thor ——"

"Thor really cannot expect me to live by his ridiculously narrow standards."

"Not even though you are to be married?"

"It's better to have things settled before marriage, than after. Don't you think so?"

"Well, at any rate Adelaide thought so," Marcia couldn't resist saying.

Constance frowned, then shrugged her shoulders and rose from the couch with languid grace.

"I suppose I'd better run upstairs now and make myself beautiful for Tollie," she remarked lightly.

"You need never make yourself beautiful."

Marcia began with a compliment, and proceeded more slowly with what she really wanted to say.

"But, Constance dear ——"

"Please, Marcia," said Constance, "I'd rather not be chaperoned just at present."

Marcia flushed.

"You may do exactly as you please of course!" she cried quickly. "And it makes it especially hard for me, because you might think I'm saying this just on account of Tollie."

"Oh, no, Marcia. I quite understand that you and Tollie are simply good friends."

"I'm glad you realize that," said Marcia. "But I'd speak anyway, even at the risk of being totally misunderstood. For I'm much too fond of you, Constance, and—and of Thor ——"

"Oh, yes!" Constance raised her eyebrows a little, and smiled down at Marcia coolly. "I know."

Marcia's color deepened.

"What I want to say—what I mean to say ——"

"Well?"

"I don't know what happened last night ——"

"Why should you think that anything happened?" Constance rapped out, with disconcerting sharpness.

But Marcia floundered on bravely.

"I mean—Sylvie spoke of Rita's infatuation—if something happened last night to make you jealous of Rita, and you are doing this to get even with Thor —— Oh, don't play that foolish game, Constance! Forgive me for interfering, my dear, but it is such a foolish game. Please believe me, I've learned so much more about life than you."

Constance burst into laughter.

"You know more about life than I, Marcia? Well, that's funny!"

Marcia looked deeply hurt.

"At least," she said with dignity, "I am older than you, dear, and I've been married."

"Oh, my goodness! As if that mattered. Why, I'd know more about life than you, Marcia, if I'd been shut up, always, in a convent."

"My dear child, what can you possibly mean?"

"Well, for instance," Constance smiled down at Marcia coolly, "I suppose you don't even know that you're in love with Thor."

"I—I in love with Thor?"

She was covered with blushes, but she tried to laugh.

"Why, my dear, don't be ridiculous!"

"I knew you wouldn't admit it—not even to yourself. That's what I meant when I said you know nothing about life. You still pretend your heart is frozen, Marcia, but I've seen signs of the great spring thaw."

"Constance, I can't allow you to speak to me so! You surely—it's surely not me you're jealous of?"

"I'm not jealous of anybody. I didn't say Thor was in love with you. I suppose he loves me—in his own fashion."

"Then you are not doing this because ——"

"Because it amuses me, that's all."

"No, Constance, that is not all," declared Marcia with extraordinary courage. "I refuse to believe you'd speak to me so cruelly unless you had been hurt yourself. You think I don't know much about life, but I do know this about women: When a woman is hurt her very first impulse is to wound some other woman. If she's essentially decent she gets over that, in time, and wants to save others from being hurt. It's because I've suffered that I want to save you."

Constance looked at her coldly.

"And what do you want to save me from, Marcia?"

"From foolishly throwing away your happiness, and Thor's."

"Perhaps you had better keep him from doing that."

"I suppose you don't care to tell me exactly what that means, dear."

Constance gave a light, impatient laugh.

"I am not sure I meant anything important."

"Don't think I am trying to force confidences from you," replied Marcia with dignity, "but I am quite sure you are not acting like this without a reason. Something must have happened while I was away."

"Then perhaps you can get Thor to tell you about it," replied Constance.

XXI

ADELAIDE had wired that no one was to meet her, but she was decidedly chilled at not being met.

"I wonder if anyone really means that they don't want to be the least trouble?" she complained, as she and her drooping child got into a taxi, and proceeded on their unwelcomed way. "Personally I like to be rather a lot of trouble," confessed Adelaide

"I did think Constance would meet us," said Gay. "Of course Thor is busy."

"Oh, well!" Adelaide comforted her. "Probably Constance is busy too. Housekeeping, you know. Wouldn't it be funny, darling, if our big sister had learned to be useful, as well as ornamental?"

She darted a quick glance at her pale little daughter, and Gay tried to smile, but it was a fiasco. None of her smiles had been a success lately, and Adelaide was more frightened than she cared to own.

"You mustn't be disappointed, darling," said Adelaide, "if Constance isn't wildly enthusiastic about us just now. It will all come right again some day. But, you see, when you're first in love ——"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"You know?"

"I mean, I understand. It's all right, mommie. I'm not sore at Constance."

Adelaide refrained from shrieking, "Then for heaven's sake, my precious baby, what is the matter with you?"

Instead, she very prudently concealed her anxiety—just as she had done all those weeks in Midland—and rattled on with pretended enthusiasm about their plans for the next few days. And when they were installed in the suite Adelaide had reserved in a hotel that should have thrilled any young girl from the provinces, and food had been sent up—all the things Gay particularly liked—Adelaide pretended not to see that Gay had quite lost her schoolboyish passion for eating.

In fact, when it became rather too apparent that Gay couldn't swallow at all, Adelaide cried impatiently, "Do stop stuffing yourself, and let's go shopping! I can't wait to see you in summer clothes again, Gay. You are too sweet in white frocks, though, of course, you're much too young yet to appreciate the seductive power of white; and I don't know any girl who can wear sport things so well as you. And, oh, Gay, you must have a bright red hat, and one of those fascinating red morocco bags. Beach pajamas, of course—I'm wild about those furious colors they're wearing—and a string of pearls—daddy said I might get you a tiny one—and don't you want a new perfume? Oh! And a little dog ——" She paused, her invention exhausted, and still no answering gleam from Gay.

Then Gay forced her lips into a mournful smile, and said, "I'd love to have the puppy, mother. But let's go to see Constance first."

"Stupid darling! Foolish lamb!" Adelaide was fuming inwardly all the way to Thor's studio. "Can't you see that no one is worth all that devotion? Especially a female relative!"

This the overtone of her irritated intelligence, while underneath her heart was crying, "Oh, my poor baby, if you love a sister so much, what—what is going to become of you when you love a man?"

And, all at once, Adelaide understood those mothers who exact deathbed promises of celibacy, who chain their daughters through a lifetime with pretended illness, or drive away every suitor with suspicious faultfinding. Those tortured creatures, condemned by the world as monsters of selfishness, seemed to Adelaide, at that moment, like poor desperate mother birds who flutter bravely before the huntsman Life.

"But of course no one wants to be saved from life," Adelaide concluded very sensibly, "and the only really bitter women I have ever known were those who had never been allowed to suffer. It's very trying, of course, when others boast of wounds, not to be able to show a single scar."

"Darling," she said out loud, "I hope you will marry a complete egotist."

Gay, who also had been lost in thought, raised startled eyes.

"Why, mommie?"

"Because, dear, only an egotist could use all your terrible power of devotion. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive' was written for women—women like you, I mean."

"I know," said Gay surprisingly.

And it was surprising, too, that she was not surprised at being called a woman.

XXII

THEY knew that Thor's apartment was on the top floor, so they went straight upstairs without encountering Mike. And after Gay had rung vainly many times, she found that the door was unlocked. So the two visitors groped their way through the little dark hall, and pushed open the door of Thor's studio, to be welcomed by the stale, acrid odor of dust and smoke, and a scene of complete desolation.

The whole place had that widowed, half-crazed look which comes as surely to rooms as to women, who have been loved and then deserted. Three days' dust upholstered the furniture in gray velvet, and over the once-shining floor the hearth had erupted a

(Continued on Page 85)

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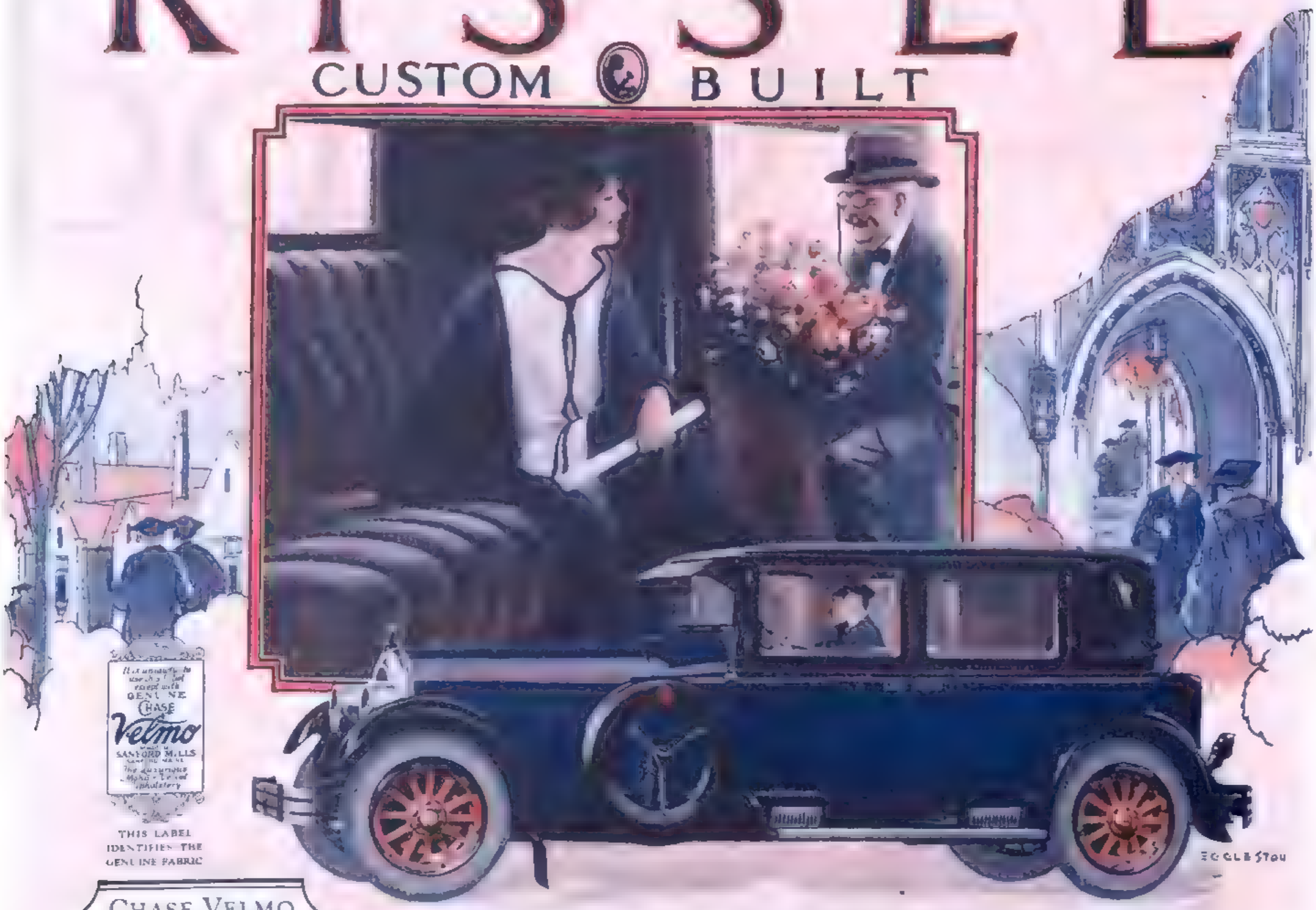

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is made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced [illegible]. Among those using this perfected Mohair Velvet are

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KISSEL. All [illegible]

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MARMON. Optional in all [illegible]

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The 9-inch Oscillator
(East of the Rockies)
$12.50
Built with either A. C. or D. C. motors

Fans

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 80)

volcanic shower of soot and ashes. And every object in the room was out of tune. It seemed as if some playful creature had tossed up handfuls of half-consumed cigarettes, and let them fall where they would. Canvases were propped at drunken angles against the walls, cupboards were leering immodestly, books balanced acrobatically on shelves, flowers perishing hideously. A pink-chiffon chemise wantoned over the balcony railing, a tiny satin slipper was flung face downward on the floor, its spiked heel rising like a shriek of despair, while egg-stained dishes loafed disgustingly on a crumb-strewn table.

Adelaide was the first to recover speech.

"Now you see, Gay," she said gently, "why Constance couldn't come to meet us. She was too busy housekeeping."

And then Adelaide laughed until the tears stood in her eyes. Laughed until she saw, with a start, that the tears were in Gay's eyes, too, but not from laughter.

"Oh, my darling, what is the matter now?"

For not even a mother's patience is inexhaustible.

"It's too perfectly ghastly," Gay whispered.

And then, all at once, she did the most amazing thing—a thing she had never done before in all her life, but that was not amazing. It was the way she did it. With astounding competence, Gay flew at the room! She shed her hat and coat, and, with a sort of instinct, found brooms, and mops, and dust cloths, and simply worried dirt and disorder like a savage little animal at a bone; while Adelaide, gaspingly, sat and watched her incomprehensible infant.

And when the room was restored to something like sanity, Adelaide thought that Gay looked happier than she had in months. A streak of soot adorned her nose, and her rebellious bath-sponge hair was curling up in tight little golden rings on her wet forehead. She held up her disgustingly grubby hands, and laughed with a sort of excitement. She bounded up the stairs, two at a time, and, a moment later, was hanging over the balcony railing at a perilous angle, her eyes quite round with horror.

"Gosh, mommie, if you thought the studio was a mess, you ought to see Constance's room!"

"I don't want to see it," replied Adelaide firmly.

"She always was the sloppiest creature," declared Gay, a ring of maternal pride in her tone.

She disappeared, and a muffled, intermittent shout came down to Adelaide, as Gay splashed about making herself presentable, and conscientiously recording the horrors of Constance's boudoir.

"Her gold-lace evening dress is lying right in the middle of the floor, mommie! At least fifteen pairs of shoes ——

"Good night! Almond cream all over the dressing ta—— Say, mommie," Gay interrupted herself with a wildly excited shout, "her brushes are gone!"

"What?" Adelaide responded anxiously.

"Constance's brushes and her dressing case—she must have gone away somewhere."

A dreadful thought caused Adelaide to close her eyes, and fall back weakly on the sofa, but at that moment Constance herself strolled in. In striking contrast to the state of her home, Constance was, as usual, suave, and serene, and beautifully groomed. She greeted her mother as nonchalantly as if they had parted only an hour before, and when Gay came rushing down, Constance permitted, rather than returned, the impetuous sisterly embrace.

Of explanations, and apologies, there were absolutely none.

"I don't want to seem parental," remarked Adelaide at last, "but really, my dear Constance, I hadn't the slightest idea what had become of you!"

Constance slid out of her wrap with a graceful shrug of the shoulders, and draped herself on the sofa, as if she, too, were a soft fabric.

"Darling," she protested, "nothing had become of me."

Her tone showed distaste for the melodramatic phrase.

"Marcia's aunt died," she added, as if that were sufficient explanation of everything. And she relaxed into an even more careless and graceful pose, and seemed to lose all interest in the conversation.

Meanwhile, Gay, sitting bolt upright on a straight chair, was gazing at Constance with the expression of a very good puppy who waits quietly for a pat, only the eyes moving. Twice her mouth opened for a question, and twice she closed it again firmly.

"Marcia has been in Montclair for the last three days," Constance volunteered finally, in a bored voice, "and I have been staying with Caroline Payne."

"If you must have an account of my actions!" her manner added.

Adelaide, who knew this mood well, and that the best policy was to ignore it, went quietly upstairs. But Gay, always eager to find an excuse for Constance and so keep up the pretense that their affection was equal, exclaimed with a relieved air, "Oh, so that's why you didn't meet us? You didn't get mother's wire."

"But I did," replied Constance coolly. "Or rather, Mike sent it to me."

"Who's Mike?"

"The janitor."

"Oh, then Thor hasn't been here either?"

Constance's eyebrows went up. "I really don't know."

"You don't know!" cried Gay, deeply shocked. "Do you mean to say you haven't seen Thor for the last three days?"

Constance's eyebrows went still higher. She gave Gay the smile she reserved for impertinent persons. Then, as this seemed to have no effect, a deliberate sisterly inspection.

Gay wore a two-piece frock of beige crêpe de chine, the short skirt revealing her sturdy child's legs, the jumper buttoned up tightly over her childish breast, a little white collar tucked neatly beneath her chin and a round boyish felt hat. But her look of a saucy little boy Gay no longer wore. Instead, the wide, laughing mouth actually drooped, the round blue eyes, once so happy, now seemed dismayed. Constance explained the change characteristically.

"For heaven's sake, Gay," she demanded with elder-sisterly severity, "what's wrong with that hat?"

"It's not the hat that's wrong—it's my face," Gay admitted. "I can't suit my expression to my hat, like you ought to. This is a saucy lid, and my face looks what I think they call woebegone." And, as Constance stared, she added, wearily, "When I force myself to grin I just look sick. So I've given up."

Constance's solicitude was aroused. She spoke in the annoyed tone we use toward loved ones when they are ill.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I don't know. I wish I did. The doctor can't find out either. He says I'm in perfect health."

"But how do you feel?"

"Sort of—quivering."

"Do you mean nervous?"

"No. It's hard to describe. But it's as if someone had hit me right in the stomach."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!"

Constance was now thoroughly concerned.

"Don't have indigestion, Gay! Nothing is more unattractive."

"I don't want anyone to know," said Gay. "But Constance," her voice sank to a whisper, "I'm scared."

"Scared of what?"

"Because ——" Gay's voice took on a tone of awed unbelief. "Listen! I wake up feeling unhappy."

"I suppose lots of people do," retorted Constance. "But I don't see any reason you should."

"I don't either. That's exactly what scares me."

"Then, why don't you just make up your mind ——"

"My mind's got nothing to do with it. It's something that's happened to me."

"I never heard anything so silly."

"I never did either. Maybe I'm one of those people who are two people, and now I'm changing into the other one. Well, I don't like her a bit. I wish I could get me back again."

"Gay," cried Constance, struck by a sudden thought, "you haven't fallen in love by any chance, have you? You never have before!"

"Oh, Good Lord," groaned Gay, without irreverence, "I thought love made you happy!"

"That's just the way they fool you about life."

"Then, gosh," cried Gay, "why do people want to get rejuvenated?"

"Who's your crush?" demanded Constance practically.

Then another and more terrible aspect of her dilemma occurred to the victim.

"Oh, gosh, you don't s'pose I could be in love with someone without knowing who it is. I mean, I hope I haven't fallen in love with any of those silly boys I've been just playing around with. Oh, gosh, Constance, that wouldn't be fair. I simply wouldn't marry any of those boys in Midland. I'd want a grown-up man, at least. Oh, gosh!"

"Can't you say anything but gosh!"

"Only God, and mother won't let me. Though I mean it like praying now," said Gay earnestly. "Oh, gosh, I hope it isn't love. The doctor never mentioned that."

"Of course he wouldn't. Because he hasn't got any cure for it."

"Well, my gosh!" cried the victim irritably. "Why don't they discover something? For the sake of suffering humanity. You'd think the Rockefellers, or somebody, would endow a research hospital!"

Constance's sympathy was exhausted. Her thoughts had returned to herself.

She frowned, and her voice was cold as she said, "Of course I'm sorry you feel so rotten, Gay, but I do think it was horribly selfish of you to coax mother into taking you to Palm Beach just when you knew I couldn't go."

"Why, Constance," Gay gasped, and the tears fell as suddenly as summer rain, "I didn't! It was mother's idea. I don't care about it a bit. Besides, you know I'd have heaps more fun if you were going to be there too."

Constance put her arm around her little sister and obligingly wiped away the tears with her own handkerchief.

"Perhaps mother would think it was best to take me along, if she knew it would do you good," she suggested amiably.

But Adelaide, approached on the subject that afternoon, as they walked down Fifth Avenue, replied coolly, "Can Thor afford to send you to Palm Beach, Constance?"

"Thor afford it?"

"Yes, dear. You are his wife—at least, theoretically."

"Even if I were really his wife," Constance retorted, "I suppose I might visit my own family occasionally."

"Yes, love. If you were invited."

"Does that mean you don't want me, mother?"

"It means, my dear, that I expect you to live up to your agreement. You may either stay here with Thor six months, as you promised, or you may call the whole thing a failure and give Thor up. But you can't run away as soon as you're bored, and then come back."

"But why should you assume that I'm bored with Thor, simply because I'd like to go South?" cried Constance. "Surely we can bear a few weeks' separation, no matter how crazy we are about each other."

"You didn't think so when you were in Midland," Adelaide reminded her.

"Oh, mother," Gay interposed pleadingly, "I'd enjoy it twice as much with Constance! I don't want to go at all without her!" she burst out rebelliously, and her lip quivered.

(Continued on Page 87)

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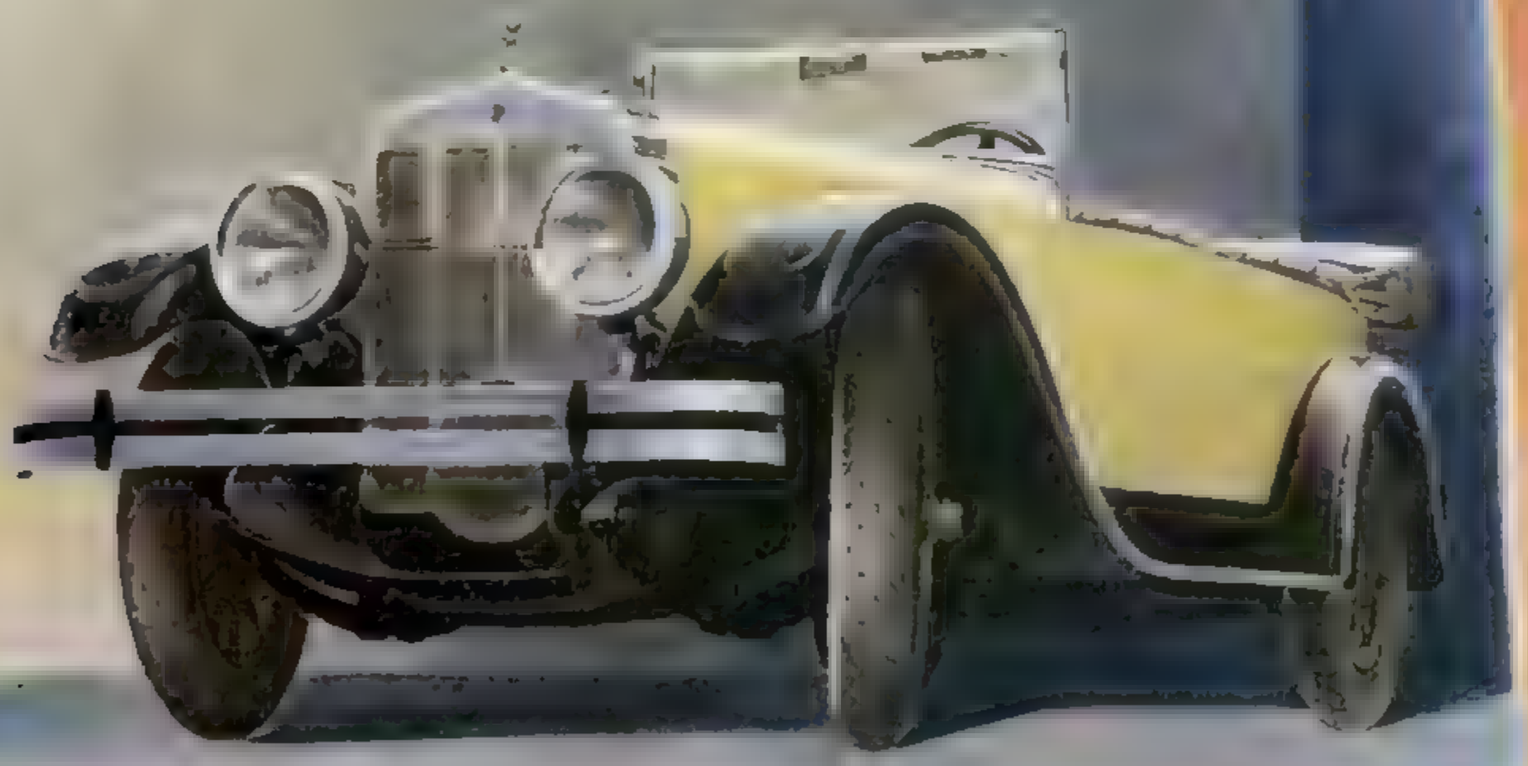

FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 85)

"Look here, Gay!" said Adelaide, calmly but firmly. "If you cry in this shop I shall spank you."

They were just entering a very smart shop, celebrated for its beautiful play clothes, and Adelaide briskly nodded and smiled at a saleswoman she knew.

"Please show us your jolliest sweaters, Miss Jane. Something for my younger daughter."

"I might as well look at a few things, too, now I'm here," murmured Constance.

Adelaide raised her eyebrows at this, but made no comment; and so they proceeded through a riot of gayly colored sweaters and hats, to crêpe-de-chine skirts, and jumpers, and scarfs.

Adelaide had chosen a number of white-silk frocks for Gay, and had just pounced, with a cry of delight, on a knitted jumper and skirt of a childish shade of pink, when she heard Constance reflect out loud:

"Well, whether one's going South or not, I think it's an awfully good idea to get your summer things in the Palm Beach season. Don't you, Miss Jane?"

Of course Miss Jane did. She declared, in fact, that that was the only way to procure the freshest and best of the market. So, carried away by the fascinating, and essentially feminine, incongruity of snow and straw hats, Constance threw herself into the buying mood quite as earnestly as Adelaide and Gay, and within a very short time had added the following absolutely indispensable items to her winter wardrobe:

Three Lenglen tennis dresses—white silk.

Three dresses in which to watch others play tennis—Monaco blue, *bois de rose*, and love's nest green.

Several chiffon frocks, hand-painted in the modern manner.

A number of scarfs by Agnès.

A taffeta coat.

Another coat of hand blocked linen.

A bath cape, and beach pajamas, of futurist design.

A Japanese parasol.

And a perfectly adorable veil, rather like an Oriental headdress, to protect the complexion from sunburn.

But when the looting of that particular shop was over, and they were ready to move on to the next hunting ground, Adelaide said:

"Oh, Miss Jane, the things I bought, and Miss Gay's, are to be charged as usual. What will you do Constance, dear—charge your things, or pay for them?"

Constance stopped short—it is a fact that she had never once thought of this—she turned quite pale with anger, and glared at Adelaide. But of course she couldn't reply as she would have liked, with the saleswoman staring, so she said coldly:

"Charge them please, Miss Jane."

Miss Jane was well-trained, she was suave and discreet, but she didn't quite know what to do in this unprecedented situation.

She stammered, "I beg pardon, Miss Constance, charge them? But—but not to Mr. Bannester's account?"

And she cast an appealing glance at Mrs. Bannester.

Adelaide smiled.

"That's quite correct, Miss Jane, not to Mr. Bannester's account."

"Then ——"

"To me, personally," said Constance haughtily.

Miss Jane refrained from saying that Miss Constance Bannester had no personal account at that shop, but her face was most unhappy.

"Oh, certainly, I am sure it will be quite all right," she hastened to say, "but if you don't mind, Miss Bannester—it's a mere formality, of course—would you mind just coming with me to the credit department for a moment—it's only a little matter of red tape, you understand—the rules require ——"

She stopped short at the sight of Constance's furiously frozen face.

"I'm—I'm ever so sorry to bother you, Miss Bannester," the poor woman went on, mumbling desperately, and then, to her astonishment, she saw that Mrs. Bannester was smiling.

"Yes, Constance, dear, you'd better go with Miss Jane," said Adelaide briskly. "They've got to be careful in the credit department, you know—so many people go about buying clothes they can never pay for. They know, of course, that your father will pay; he's done it so often before, poor dear! But yours is a new account."

"Really, mother ——"

Constance stopped, biting back her furious words, looking as if she were almost ready to cry from anger.

Adelaide said kindly, "Don't do it unless you can really afford the things, dear. It isn't too late to reconsider—I'm sure Miss Jane won't mind. You don't really need those clothes, anyway, Constance, since you aren't going South."

And Miss Jane, eager to placate, and to smooth away a difficult situation, hastened to say, "Oh, no, Miss Bannester, if you don't really want the things, it's quite all right."

"But I do want them," Constance interrupted imperiously. She held her head very high, and stared coldly at her mother and Miss Jane. "And I think I may be allowed to know what clothes I need."

"Of course, dear," agreed Adelaide sweetly. "Especially since you are paying for them."

After that a frenzy of defiance seemed to possess Constance, and as they went from shop to shop she bought steadily, lavishly, without even stopping to ask the price, anything, everything, that happened to take her fancy.

XXIII

BEHIND a telephone directory, the only book in the room except the Bible, Adelaide was politely pretending not to notice that a quarrel was in progress. She had walked right into the midst of it, and could hardly leave without being less tactful than if she stayed. Besides, they were so absorbed they scarcely noticed her. Poor darlings! They must have flown at each other's throats the first moment they were left alone, when Adelaide went into her bedroom to take off her wrap—gold brocade with a black fox border.

Adelaide had telephoned Thor, late that afternoon, when her shopping was over, to invite him to dinner, and the Follies. But Thor was dining with Marcia, who was still in Montclair. Could he join them after the theater though? Adelaide would be delighted. Would they care to go to supper somewhere? Oh, no, thanks, they'd all had the most tiring day. Gay was not even to be allowed the Follies. . . . Howl from Gay, who was listening to Adelaide's end of the conversation. . . . No, Gay was to be put to bed right after dinner.

"Why, mommie, we're leaving tomorrow! Aren't I to see Thor at all?"

Adelaide turned away from the telephone and made a little laughing face at her.

"Oh, I'll let Thor tiptoe in and see my baby asleep," she teased, and was startled by Gay's vivid blush.

"Bless us, she's growing up," thought Adelaide most regretfully. "Developing modesty, and all the adult vices"

Thor was waiting for them, when they came back from the theater. Adelaide he greeted with something like relief, and Constance with an attempt at cool indifference, shot through with sarcasm.

"Hello, Constance. Glad to see you again."

Her acting was more successful. He might have been an acquaintance, merely.

"Oh, hello, Thor! What do you know?"

"Nothing." Bitter emphasis. "About you," in an undertone.

And, now, here they were, sitting stiffly on a stiff Empire sofa, quarreling in low tones, while not even the hard, brilliant hotel lights could diminish their extraordinary youthful beauty.

"Civilized powers of spite," reflected Adelaide, "I couldn't hold out that long! Not with a man who looked like Thor. And as for Constance ——"

Some women have the power of summoning added beauty, as a serpent venom. Against the crafty severity of black velvet Constance's white arms shone with the soft, triumphant luster of pearls, pearls wound about a throat no less white, black hair painted on a white brow, mouth more inviting than fruit.

"But you knew very well where I was!" She tossed the words lightly at Thor, as if they, and he, were not of the slightest consequence. "I left my address at the studio. Besides, you telephoned."

"So you did get my messages?"

"Of course. Caroline has well-trained servants."

"Do you mind telling me why you wouldn't come to the telephone?"

"Oh, Caroline kept me frightfully busy."

"At what? Or may I ask?"

"Oh, bridge most of the time. You don't care for it."

"I suppose you saw a lot of Tollie."

"Tollie among others."

"You dined with him the night after Rita's party! Marcia told me."

"It was no secret. I suppose you've seen a lot of Marcia."

"Naturally, I went out there as soon as I heard ——"

"Oh, naturally!"

"Why do you say it like that? Marcia was alone, there were no other relatives, you know. If I could help her, it was only ——"

"Your duty! Yes, Thor, I am quite sure you will always do your duty."

"And is that why you despise me?"

"I was only thinking—that, personally, I do so hate being considered a duty! I'd ever so much rather be a pleasure."

"Well, you certainly haven't wanted to be a pleasure for the last three days!"

"And what about you?"

"I've done my best! I've tried in every way to see you. You've refused. Why, I don't know!"

"Oh, of course you wouldn't know."

"Good Lord, Constance, what's it all about? What do you want?" His voice dropped, deepened. "You know I love you. Darling, I do love you!"

"In your own way, no doubt."

"How do you want to be loved?"

"Perhaps that isn't possible for you."

"Look here! I've had enough of this! I can't stand ——"

He rose abruptly, and crossed the room to Adelaide.

She raised an innocent face from the telephone directory, and smiled up into Thor's angry and tortured eyes.

"Look here, Mrs. Bannester," he blurted out, "I want you to release me from my promise!"

Adelaide was startled, even shocked, but she concealed her emotions, and spoke gently, "Just what do you mean, Thor? That you don't want to marry my daughter?"

"No. I want to marry her now. At once!"

Adelaide was even more shocked, but she still managed a smile, and a tone of faint mockery.

"At once? Tonight? Or would tomorrow do? I thought you promised to wait six months, Thor."

"I did." His tone was doggedly determined, almost sullen. "I know I did. But now I'm asking you to release me from that promise."

"And may I ask why? Has even this short trial convinced you so completely that your marriage would be a success?"

He looked at his future mother-in-law with most unhappy eyes.

"No," he said honestly, "to tell the truth, it hasn't."

"Just the contrary, perhaps?" she hinted.

"Well, in some things—yes."

"Financially?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter."

"I'm afraid the time may come when that will be the only thing that does matter. But never mind, now. I know I can't convince you. How has your work gone?"

He was silent.

"So Constance has not only lived beyond your income," said Adelaide, "but she has interfered seriously with your career. And now that you see how disastrous your marriage would be," remarked Adelaide, in a tone of ironic detachment, "you want to marry at once! How very logical men are!"

"All that's got nothing to do with it," Thor muttered desperately. "I love Constance. Can't help it."

"Oh, my poor Thor, when a man says he can't help loving a woman he means he would like very much to help it!"

"Just the same ——" he began.

But she interrupted him with spirit.

"Just the same," laughed Adelaide, "you will have to give me a better reason for releasing you from your promise, than that I was very wise to have you make it."

"But look here, Mrs. Bannester!" Thor burst out, and his serious, troubled voice, his grave face, sobered Adelaide. "When I made that promise I didn't know—I mean, I didn't realize ——"

He hesitated, confused, groping for words, and Adelaide, for the first time, was shot through with a quiver of maternal anxiety. She glanced quickly toward Constance, but that young person's calm face told nothing.

She was still sitting quietly where Thor had left her, her manner that of one who listens to a conversation which is of no personal interest.

Adelaide searched Thor's face again. It was expressive enough, yet did not enlighten Adelaide, since it was expressive only of the emotions which she herself was feeling—anxiety and confusion.

"You see, at the time"—Thor went on with his explanation—"at the time I agreed to your plan, Mrs. Bannester, it seemed all right. Anything would, that meant I wouldn't be separated from Constance!"

He grew very red, but his eyes met Adelaide's squarely.

For a second, Adelaide quite lost her poise, and was afraid she might utter some terrified expression of maternal love which would forever alienate her daughter's affections. But she controlled her primitive emotion in time, and sat quite still and silent.

And while Adelaide hesitated, torn between her old desire to prevent the marriage and her new perception of some turn in the situation, and while Thor waited for her decision, with his lips set in a line of stubborn determination, Constance rose leisurely, and came over to them, her black-velvet cloak trailing from one gardenia-white shoulder.

Adelaide turned to her daughter, tried again to read that youthful and yet so amazingly composed face.

Nothing! Nothing there except a serene smile.

But wait! What was there vaguely familiar beneath it?

Something which stirred in Adelaide dim feminine memories. Oh, yes, Constance had that air of triumphant sweetness, which a woman wears, when she means to punish the man she loves.

With a long breath of relief, Adelaide turned to Thor.

"I think we should let Constance decide," she said gently.

And, as gently, with amazing gentleness, and meekness, and sweetness, Constance answered.

"And I think we should keep our promise, mother. Thor must wait."

XXIV

MARCIA meant to see Adelaide that morning, as soon as she got into town, but she was delayed in leaving Montclair—always so many last-minute things to do about closing up a house—and then she had an appointment at her hairdresser's, and a facial massage, and a manicure, and by the time she was through, it was two o'clock, and she'd had no lunch, and when she did

finally reach Adelaide's hotel, she was told that Adelaide had gone.

"But are you quite sure?" Marcia asked, in such a dismayed tone, and looking so unusually pretty, and young, and helpless, in her mourning, that the clerk relaxed his professional hauteur.

"Oh, quite sure, madam," he replied kindly. "But if you would like Mrs Bannester's forwarding address ——"

"Oh, no. No, thanks. I know where Mrs. Bannester has gone," said Marcia. "But I am surprised she went away so soon. Are you quite sure she has gone away—out of town, I mean, and not just out?"

This doubting of his accuracy, and of the accurate services of his hotel, was a bit too impertinent, and the clerk's manner became frigidly reserved.

"Oh, quite sure, madam," he observed impersonally, his bored eyes fixed upon some distant horizon. And so there was nothing left for Marcia to do but to go home.

Home! She blushed a little as this name for Thor's apartment sprang into her thoughts. Poor boy! Poor boy! It hadn't been much of a home for him lately. Really, Marcia found herself almost disliking Constance. She had most particularly wanted to speak to Adelaide about her daughter's very strange behavior—not that Thor had complained, of course, but Marcia could see that the poor boy had been wretched. Why, he hadn't been able to paint at all for the last three days—he'd told Marcia that, anyway. They had seen quite a lot of each other in those three days—what a dear boy—but why should she always call Thor a boy? Really, it was rather ridiculous of her, wasn't it, when she was only a few years older?

Ten years! That certainly wasn't much, especially if you had never looked your age—everyone said so.

Well, of course, her age and Thor's had no relative importance, but there was no use behaving like a man's mother. He was a man—Thor—a real man, not a boy. He seemed years older than his age sometimes, because he was, after all, so masterful. Positively, he had seemed much older than Marcia, when he had come out to Montclair to help and advise her, and how sweet it had been to obey him.

To eat, not because she was hungry, but just to please Thor; to rest because he said you must, and now to come back to his apartment, not because the situation there would be pleasant or agreeable—in fact, Marcia rather dreaded seeing Constance, somehow—but because she could help Thor. Make his home really homelike for him, in spite of Constance; give him an opportunity to do his work in peace and comfort—yes, she would, even if it came to very plain speaking with that young lady. Yes, Marcia would sacrifice herself for Thor.

Unfortunately, when we are in the mood for sacrifice, we often find the opportunity, as if making up your mind to be noble brought down that calamity upon you. For Fate is the malicious fairy who grants avowed wishes, and not the secret desires of the heart.

No sooner had Marcia opened the door of Thor's studio, than she found her opportunity. At first it didn't look like that, but only someone crouched down on the sofa, in a little heap. Marcia approached, expecting to see Constance weeping and repentant, and to console her, and tell her how she ought to treat Thor, and the little heap raised its head, and it was not weeping, and it was not Constance, but ——

"Gay!" gasped Marcia.

Bubbles of mirth threatened to break through the solemn blue stare. But Gay managed to make her voice quite sober.

"Oh, hello, Marcia. I got left."

"Left?" echoed Marcia.

"Missed the train," said Gay coolly. "Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

Marcia looked at her thoughtfully.

"I don't know whether it was stupid or clever of you," she replied. "How did it happen?"

"Mother went on ahead with the bags and things, and I stopped for something in a shop. I guess I must have stayed too long. Anyway, when I got to the station the train was gone."

"And Adelaide went on without you?"

"I guess she thought I was in the dining car," said Gay innocently. "I told her I might go straight in to luncheon as soon as I got on the train."

"Oh, you told her that, before? So you meant to miss the train, you bad child!"

"I wired mother I was all right," Gay said placatingly.

"And that you would follow on the next train you could get a reservation on?"

"No-o, I just said I was safe. And—er—stopping with Constance."

"Stopping with Constance!"

"I could sleep on the studio couch," Gay pleaded. "I promise not to be in the way, or any trouble."

Marcia thought a long time, remembered a good many things she had observed in Midland, and when she finally spoke, there was something of renunciation in her manner. Her smile was sweet and pathetic. She took Gay in her arms.

"Darling," she said, "send your mother another wire, won't you? Say I've been called back to Midland, and ask if it won't be all right for you to take my place?"

"Gosh, Marcia," cried Gay, "I'm not driving you out, am I?"

"Don't be absurd, dear child."

"I mean you're sure you've got to go? It's not just on my account?"

"I think perhaps it's on Thor's account," said Marcia, and the sweetness of her smile was rather heartbreaking. "I—I'm sure"—her voice faltered—"it's better for him just to have young people—a young person."

"I'm not exactly a young person, though," said Gay very seriously. "I mean I can take care of Constance and myself, and Thor, all right. It isn't"—said Gay with great solemnity—"it isn't as if I hadn't lived and suffered."

"Suffered!" cried Marcia.

"Yes, a lot," Gay whispered. "But don't tell anyone, will you, Marcia? Elaine the fair, the lily maid, is too darned out of date."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30

They gazed, they thrilled and straightway fell
Into each other's arms.

Oh, Love is deaf and deaf was he,
And blind is Love, and she was blind!
And tardily they came to find
Love's poignant, frequent tragedy.
She was Trochaic, every bit,
He moved with a Dactylic dash;
They mated in a moment rash,
And they could never fit.

The quarrel ran its wonted course
That chronic disagreement starts;
Though passion pleads within their hearts
There is no peace but in divorce.
He still is brave, she still is fair,
And though to part was bitter pain,
Again she has no Words—again
He is without an Air! —*Ted Robinson.*

An Analysis of the Air

WHAT do we breathe? Would you like to know?

Ask of the man with a radio ——

"Talks on morals, glee-club chorals,
Irish ballads, rules for salads,
German Lieders, Shakspere readers,
great pianists, loud tin-pan-ists,
Dixie mammies—Ike's or Sammy's—
strings and brasses, water glasses,
bedtime stories, scenic glories,
Yiddish cantors, negro chanters,
opera singers, Swiss bell ringers,
kiddies prattling, boxers battling,
whistlers tuneful, yodelers croonful,
stock quotations, school orations,
organs booming, cellos zooming,
gypsy csárdás, hints for larders,
weather chances, Russian dances,
White House matters, salesmen's chatters,
ukuleles, local dailies,
imitations, mixed-up stations,
serenaders, scout first-aiders,
tarantellas, books best-sellers,
poeticians, home physicians,
banjo strummers, playlet mummers,
dinner speeches, sobful screeches,
calls distressful, S-O-S-ful,
Charleston teachers, earnest preachers,
old-time actors, rube charack-ters,
haymow fiddles, jokes and riddles,
chimes a-clanging, men haranguing,
every topic, tame or tropic,
calisthenics, health, eugenics,
culture courses, business losses,
civic duties, facial beauties,
ladies' fashions, movie passions,
mothers' hours, hardy flowers,
cults and isms, catechisms,
jazz bands—plenty! More than twenty,
add the static's acrobatics,
moaning, shrieking,
groaning, squeaking,
hooting, squalling,
tooting, bawling,
snapping, howling,
yapping, yowling.

"That's what we breathe, if you want to know!"

Says the man who owns a radio.
—*George S. Chappell.*

Nasty Cracks

I

THEY look alike, but I have learned
There is a difference, somehow;
The statesman gets it when he's dead,
The politician gets it now.

II

Just as our pile begins to grow,
Some circumstance upsets it;
Man wants but little here below—
And generally he gets it.

III

A woman heeds nor sun nor snow;
No ordinary law is hers;
Her winter garb is thin and low;
In summertime she wears her furs.

IV

We hate the boss with hate profound
And swing our hammer at his slats;
Election day we rally round
And help him build a row of flats.

V

A woman's skirt scheme's too profound
For man's mentality to reck;
One year she drags it on the ground,
Next year she wears it round her neck.

VI

Don't think the whole wide world is bound
To shed tears when you moan;
The stars you see when you hit the ground
Are seen by you alone.

VII

We idolize the man who dares—
That is, in case he wins;
But if he dares and loses, then
We kick him on the shins.

VIII

Today, in dimity and lawn,
The woman is a violet;
Tomorrow she's a thing of brawn
In pants, and smokes a cigarette.

IX

Oh, well, the rain falls on the just—
But not the unjust feller,
Because the unjust, he keeps dry
Beneath the just's umbreller.
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

"Quite Yer Kiddin', Irene!"

He had been President—yet here he won the honor which he wanted most of all

Over his coffee the "old lion" rose at the end of the table. It was the last great scene in one of America's most picturesque careers.

Much has been written and said about Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. Surely at one time the nation was against him. Yet on that day in January long ago, the old South vindicated its own.

The man who had been President six years before was now Senator-Elect from Tennessee.

And now in the dining room of the old Maxwell House, the distinguished men of his state had gathered to do him honor. There they feasted him. And there, over their coffee, they cheered and applauded as he rose to speak.

It was natural that the Maxwell House should be chosen for this final tribute. Throughout all the South it was celebrated for its wonderful food. And it was its coffee which was to bring it the most lasting fame of all.

Gradually the news of it spread through the whole country

For years a special blend of fine coffees was served at the Maxwell House—so rich, so mellow that those who once tasted it could not forget it. Long afterward it remained as the most vivid memory of that fine, old hotel.

Year after year, at the great dinners and banquets, at the balls and masques, it was this coffee that the guests always praised most highly. Year after year they carried the news of it to their homes in all parts of the South.

Long ago this blend was already known and used throughout all that land of good things to eat and drink.

Today its fame has spread from coast to coast. The same blend that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House is being served by critical families in all parts of the United States. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today.

Maxwell House is now America's largest selling high grade coffee. It has pleased more people than any other coffee ever put on the market.

The rare, full flavor and rich aroma of this blend are now offered to you. Your very first taste will tell you why it has become so famous. See what new pleasure it will give your family at breakfast and at dinner. Plan now to serve it tomorrow. All better grocers have Maxwell House Coffee on hand in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

Vigorous bodies crave this

To some, daily bathing is a habit; others bathe because they're made to. But people who know the tingling pep and sparkle of Lifebuoy cleanness bathe because they *like* to.

Cause of body odor—and its prevention

A DEEP SEATED accumulation in pores—fatty waste secreted by skin glands and the acids of perspiration—is the cause of unpleasant odor.

Ordinary washing is not enough.

Lifebuoy does absolutely remove this cause of odor. Its remarkable antiseptic gives to the lather a searching, super-cleansing power which gets down into the pores, emulsifies and carries away all of this waste matter.

After a Lifebuoy bath your skin stays sweet and fresh all day, no matter how much you perspire.

fresh, reviving cleanness

DO YOU KNOW why you feel great after a Lifebuoy bath—why, even on hottest days, there is no body odor to embarrass—why daily Lifebuoy bathing is so good for health?

THERE'S A REASON as real as hunger before meals. Your body asks for a Lifebuoy bath as your stomach asks for food. Bathing means almost as much to health as eating and sleeping.

Lifebuoy, mind you, is different. It's not like these polite, sweetly scented soaps.

This isn't just talk. Get a cake and prove it. One whiff of Lifebuoy's pungent, clean odor—quickly vanishing—tells you that here is a soap meant to do a big, real job.

It does it. Sweep a cake over your body. Watch the big, creamy lather burst into bloom. *Feel* it get into the pores. Tingle to its gentle tonic. Then rinse. You're clean—of course. But not just ordinary visible cleanness. This cleanness is a sensation—a thrill. Cool freshness—like a sea breeze on a sultry afternoon—waves over and through you. Pores breathe. You're happy.

When your shoulders snap back, and new life ripples your muscles, and troubles fade—then you'll know what Lifebuoy is going to mean to you all the rest of your life.

Why a gorgeous Lifebuoy bath is as welcome as a square meal to a half famished wayfarer

Don't you always feel better in a bathing suit? Get this—when the human body was designed, clothes weren't planned for. It was meant that purifying sunshine should bathe every inch of your body all day.

Skin does more than cover your bones. It is a vital organ and its work is to get rid of body waste—*a quart every day.* This waste comes through your pores. Smother pores and you can't live. The Roman boy who was gilded all over for a pageant died before they could get off the air-tight gilding.

Yet clothes and modern living tend to smother skin. Air is full of grease and dangerous dust. Pores get clogged with all this inside and outside dirt. Then you feel sticky, low spirited, fatigued. Nerves get jumpy.

So that is why you feel great after Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather has flooded off this dangerous, clogging, smothering film.

Wives and mothers—listen!

YOU KNOW your husband gets a real thrill out of Lifebuoy. You insist that your children's health shall have its sure protection.

But here's a little secret. *You* are going to like Lifebuoy more than any of them. When you see the rosy softness it brings to your sensitive skin when its soothing touch has given your tired body all-day freshness, with no suggestion of body odor, you, too, will say, "Lifebuoy is the finest soap I ever used."

Unpleasant body odors—good-by!

A real man who's on his toes all day must perspire. That's why the deep, searching purification of a Lifebuoy bath is so necessary. The cause of body odor is removed. You stay fresh all day.

The clean, antiseptic odor of Lifebuoy rinses off completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is *pure*—its orange red is the color of its pure palm fruit oil. Get your cake to-day. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

HAVOLINE
—the power oil

Keep your oil level up, but drain and refill at regular intervals. Use the right grade of oil for your car

Havoline is sold from bulk for crankcase replenishment or complete refill. Also furnished in 1- or 5-gallon cans and in 30- or 50-gallon drums. Write for name of nearest dealer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
Lawrenceville, Illinois

YOUR automobile is essentially a power plant on wheels. Ease of handling, comfort, safety, speed—all are a direct reflection of power.

That's why oil is so important to you. The wrong oil steals your power—the right oil builds it up to par and keeps it there.

Havoline engineers discovered this fact about motor oil; then went out and proved it in 60,000 tests on the Wasson Motor Check—all over the country and in every kind of car. No other motor oil has ever undergone such a practical and convincing demonstration, and, as a result, no motor oil has grown so rapidly in popularity.

Do you know whether you are getting full value from your power plant? A crankcase filling of Havoline will open your eyes to the difference a fine power oil can make in the operation of your car.

Oil is more than oil — it is power

LAND OF PLENTY

(Continued from Page 7)

population is needed as an offset to the growing preponderance of the cities. A farm is usually a home in an entirely different sense from a rented tenement or even a rented house in the city. Farmers are sturdy citizens, the backbone of the nation. Thus it is reasoned that the more of them we have, the better.

Then, too, about twenty years ago there was sincere nation-wide alarm lest the food supply might shortly disappear. As a result we entered upon a policy of subsidizing agricultural expansion by devoting interest-free money to the reclamation of Western lands, although the majority of farmers on private lands have had to pay high interest rates.

Under the impulse of this concern over a possible shortage of food, there has persisted, despite overwhelming evidence that no such danger exists, an unreasoning but deep-seated conviction that there is something inherently meritorious in getting people to take up land. This feeling that there is essential virtue in farming, no matter if the farmer can make only the barest living, seems almost indestructible.

This state of mind is found everywhere, but naturally is much accentuated in the Far Western states, with their great areas. The mere unoccupied space, the vacant room, the very dimensions of these states, irk those who go there to fill them up. It will take time, generations perhaps, to make the Far West over into industrial territory, such as Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Michigan and Ohio. Perhaps that will never happen. But farmers can occupy the land at once. Therefore if it is to be filled at all, it must be by means of agricultural settlement.

"They say the Florida Everglades will hold 30,000,000 people when drained," a famous humorist told his California audiences. "But Florida has nothing on California, because if your mountains are leveled there will be space to hold at least 30,000,000. Someone may ask who is going to level these mountains. My reply is that it will be the same man who drains the Everglades."

Multiplication by Subdivision

But speaking in all seriousness, land in the newer states seems actually to nettle and offend until it is taken up. There is a feeling that land is not put to its best and fullest use until subdivided into small agricultural parcels. The growth and development of the West seems to have come as the result of land settlement and subdivision.

Progress, it is held, consists of steady development. There was a time when New England farmers objected to the settlement of the Mississippi Valley and described it as overdevelopment because their own farms were not as yet fully cultivated. If the visitor from the Atlantic Seaboard or Middle West questions the wisdom of California's rapid development, he is pointedly asked if the East is losing too many people to the Pacific Coast for its own comfort.

If the native or long-established resident is the one who opines that there is too much subdivision, he is rebuked for shortness of vision. Talk of that kind is an old story, he is reminded, and yet the state has kept right on growing.

If there are too many farmers, would the state be better off with half as many, and if that were the case, would it be better off with none at all? The position of those who shy off from rapid settlement is easily ridiculed. Listen to what the president of a great land company in search of new settlers has to say:

"Of course, there are many old-fashioned landowning farmers still existing in this state who want no newcomers because it will raise land values and taxes. Their unprogressive cry is, 'Let me alone! I am well fixed and do not have to level my land, or break up the plow pan, or pay an irrigation tax. I want no competition with new varieties, new methods or better management. Down with the Bullfornia land peddlers and boomers and poets and rainbow painters who will not let us alone!

"'See how they have ruined Los Angeles, Fresno and other parts of the state. We have to pay for highways, we cannot live in peace, they have brought too much new money and ability into the country and have run the value of land up above where I can make any profit. I cannot take it easy any more. We want this boosting slowed up for a while so we can get by as we used to. Why all this change and disturbance?'"

But dropping ridicule for the less two-edged sword of sober fact, it is peculiarly true in the arid West that continued land settlement and subdivision are closely related to progress and prosperity. This is because of the irrigation factor. In California, grazing and even wheat farming have been conducted on a great scale in the past, and are even now no mean factor, all without irrigation. But grazing and grain farming do not lend themselves to subdivision or to the support of either a large or a fast-growing population.

California has the ingredients for agriculture, but they have to be assembled. In other words, water has to be brought from a distance, or pumped, for irrigation purposes. But the cost of such works means that an acre must yield a large return, which can be had by planting crops like lemons, walnuts, oranges, peaches, pears, raisins, prunes, asparagus and lettuce.

The Boosters' Barrage

Most farmers cannot afford to own many acres given over to such costly products, and they do not need to own many. The result is a very large population, high land values and a big volume of general business. Merchants, railroads, bankers, real-estate brokers and other business interests find much to do.

The individual does not necessarily make a larger net profit from lemons and walnuts on tens of acres than he would from grain on hundreds or cattle on thousands. But there is room for an infinitely greater number of individuals, and society as a whole produces a larger return. Every acre of irrigated land will produce as much as ten to a hundred acres of arid land.

The bulk of the irrigation development in California in recent years, and indeed much of it throughout the West, has been for the purpose of increasing and intensifying crop production on lands already under crude forms of cultivation, rather than to bring in wholly new desert areas.

It is true that homesteading on the Mohave and other great desert spaces of Southeastern California, by ex-service men, invalids and inexperienced persons in general, has in many instances been a pitiful and distressing thing. Under our outworn land laws, Uncle Sam still has more than 19,000,000 acres of land of this character in California, free for the asking to any citizen, and much of it of little value. Indeed, one of the agricultural experts of the state has said that "none of it is worth a pants button except for the pleasure of gambling."

It is one of the futile absurdities of our Government that the Department of the Interior should be offering millions of acres of poor land in more than one state to the settler, while the Department of Agriculture is telling the world as that there should be a halt in land settlement!

But the great economic expansion of California farming has been on rich irrigated lands rather than of the desert-homestead variety. In one section after another the landowners have formed irrigation districts, envious of the increased production in neighboring districts where the water had already been turned on. Even the mountain counties are falling into line.

The appeal is made to local pride and the desire for growth: "Don't you want Frog Hollow County, potentially the greatest in the state, to go ahead? Do you wish this glorious county to be held back in thralldom by selfish interests? Don't you want to see it grow?" Experts can always be had solemnly to state that Frog Hollow soil will yield a bewildering variety of crops, provided only water can be had.

To object to such a development seems like treason to the community. It is no trick at all to get an advertising agency to invent slogans and put up alluring signs. Shortly tons of folders appear, "showing," as one satirical-minded farmer has said, "lithographed farms with pink soil, a blue cow, a terra-cotta villa, purple fruits on bottle-green trees, and a happy family in formal afternoon dress, all picking perfect fruit into yellow baskets, while a yeoman in the middle distance is seen plowing mathematically parallel furrows against a background of snow-topped mountains in the distance."

But satire goes only a little way when the fact is mentioned that the adjoining county has greatly added to its population and increased its values by millions through the device of forming an irrigation district.

"California is essentially in the development period," is the way one of the professors in the division of irrigation of the state university explains it. "Every community is seeking to express itself in terms of more people, better schools, better roads and a higher agricultural civilization. In a very large measure, this can be done only through the creation of new irrigation facilities."

Yet an investigator who studies this question impartially and dispassionately will have to admit that the desire for a higher agricultural civilization is not the sole motive behind land settlement and subdivision, with the necessary accompaniment of irrigation facilities. Net profits accruing to the farmer are not the exclusive objects in mind.

In a newly settled country, the stream of agricultural newcomers, with their capital, is so stimulating to business prosperity that no one need wonder at the occasional failure to give thought to the prosperity of the going concern which is on the ground and already engaged in farming.

Pocket-Handkerchief Farms

One of the impelling motives for land settlement and subdivision, it must be recognized, lies in the simple fact that there is more business in selling five acres to twenty men than in selling 100 acres to one man. It is difficult to combat the idea of subdivision, as Thomas F. Hunt, former dean of the State College of Agriculture, has pointed out, because it is based on the well-known sound business principle that the smaller the unit of land sold the larger the price obtainable per acre.

It is only fair to point out that there is a rapidly growing conviction in the real-estate profession that land must be serviced after it is sold. In other words, the farmer should be helped to make a profit after he has purchased. But I do not think that any representative of the real-estate interests would deny that in the past the emphasis has been placed pretty largely upon making the sale.

The most extreme development of the subdivision idea seems to find its expression in the pocket-handkerchief farms of one or two acres in Southern California. This is a subject which another writer in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is taking up, but brief reference to it is necessary here. Authorities on farming insist that one of the chief factors of success is an adequate gross income, which is mathematically impossible with a midget acreage.

One of the poultry experts at the College of Agriculture told me that he considered five acres a minimum for poultry, the most intensive perhaps of any type of farming, provided the owner wishes to earn even a labor income.

But, of course, great numbers of the so-called farms of one and two acres are taken for mere residential purposes by invalids or retired persons, who would not be doing anything at all if they did not go upon these small plots of land.

They become tired of doing nothing, and one or two acres is the nearest they will ever get to farming. Besides, if they pay for the land in cash, free from debt, they may fare better in a way, despite the tiny income received, than the man engaged in actual commercial farming, but with a heavy mortgage upon his land.

But the motives for subdivision must be viewed from still another angle. Although the number of farms in California has increased rapidly, and the state is outstripping most others in the rate of its agricultural production, there has been widespread complaint in the past few years in many sections because of a lack of settlers. To the outsider who notes the rapid growth of California, this may seem like a contradiction in terms, but there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of such a statement.

There are sections of the state which have filled up with astounding rapidity, but other sections, with an abundance of land, good soil and far greater supplies of water, have not been peopled fast enough to suit important interests. Speaking of some twenty or so of the largest land companies in the state, Professor Adams, an authority on irrigation problems, said last year:

Interstate Competition

"Everywhere the absence of settlers and the difficulty of obtaining them is fully appreciated. In only one of the enterprises listed has settlement been satisfactory, and in that, success has been due to a very favorable combination of circumstances and land that has been unusually productive in quick crops.

"One company has brought in some fifteen excursion parties from the Middle West and through this and other efforts is reported to have disposed of about one-third of a 60,000-acre tract. Another with 52,000 acres, which has been on the market for eleven years, has to date sold about 13,000 at the usual price of about $315 an acre."

In spite of the host of small farms, great landholdings in California were and still are in the hands of a few private owners or companies. Mr. Mendenhall, spokesman for a group of these owners, says that, roughly, something like 1,000,000 acres of bare land have been prepared for colonization in the past ten years, with the idea that a demand would develop. Perhaps it was thought that European farmers would pour in after the war, but if so, the new immigration law stopped that. Says this spokesman for the great holders:

"Then came the postwar agricultural depression and another delay in selling. Subsequently, just when the outlook appeared favorable, the drought and the hoof-and-mouth disease extended the period of delayed sales. The Florida boom and the efforts of other states have further slackened the farm-land settlement movement. And so, because of these and other reasons, we find a tremendous acreage of land ready for the new farm-land settler, but being carried by owners who did not anticipate such a long-drawn-out dormant turnover period. In some cases portions of this great farm-land debt have matured. In most cases maturity dates are fast approaching."

It is said that a few years ago, when the state itself founded two farm colonies for small settlers, who were to be aided with state funds, no less than forty parcels of

Stop that radiator leak before it harms your car

ONE-THIRD of all engine over hauling jobs are caused by leaky radiators. Don't neglect the littlest leak. Insure against leaks with "X" Liquid.

Get a can today. "X" doesn't *plug* the leaks—it seals them with a film as tough as metal.

No paper pulp, solder or cement in "X" to clog the tubes. Nothing that isn't liquid. Insist on "X" in the ORANGE can.

"X" LABORATORIES
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"X"

LIQUID

X Liquid has been used for years by Standard Oil Gas Elec., A. T. & T. Co. etc. and the U. S. Govt. on All Arctic and endurance flights from the Trans Atlantic Flight in 1922 to the MacMillan Arctic Expedition in 1925

land were offered the state for purchase by large owners willing to part with their holdings.

It is easy to make sport of the timid old fogies who do not want continued land settlement and subdivision, but it is just as easy to turn around and gibe, as one of the farm leaders does, at the "land developers whose millions of acres they altruistically decline to farm personally, but would be willing to permit ambitious settlers to acquire for a consideration."

This same farmer, who is manager of a growers' cooperative association, in reporting on the deliberations of an agricultural committee of which he was chairman said:

"We wrangled over the problem of how to sell land to settlers who do not want to buy, and who have no money with which to pay. We reached the usual individual conclusions—those having town lots to sell figuring on the vital need for more city toilers; those with country lands to sell extolling the value of the honest farmer, especially the new settler with $5000, to the stability and dignity of the nation."

Taunts of this sort aside, the stream of new settlers with ample capital to insure success is nothing like as large, in some sections, as the sellers of land might wish. It is the intending settler with $2000 or less that is numerous, but agricultural authorities agree that $5000 to $10,000 is needed.

It is expecting a great deal of the farmer to pay down his entire but trifling capital as a first installment on the cost, and then make a success, with most of the purchase price, plus interest, taxes and charges, still to meet

Buying on a Boom

Prior to 1913 there were only 600,000 acres of land in California in irrigation districts. Between 1913 and 1921 this area was increased to 2,100,000 acres, and is now about 2,700,000, although the development in the past five or six years has been chiefly in projects begun during the war and the immediate postwar period. The important point is that large areas of land have facilities or equipment for irrigated agriculture without being in use, for the reason that settlers have not taken them up.

Many of these works were constructed during a period of high costs. Crops were bringing fancy prices, and speculative values in land were considered certain. But interest and depreciation must always be taken care of on the entire works, even though not all the land is being farmed.

The Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1923, in speaking of Western land settlement in general, says that settlement activity is always greatest when agriculture is booming: "At such times, when land values are inflated and costs of reclamation, buildings, livestock and machinery are at high levels, settlers in large numbers incur these high costs, only to be compelled shortly to enter a period of depression under a heavy load of indebtedness."

Possibly farmers, being unaccustomed to finance, do not always appreciate to the full that interest on bonds issued against their land must be taken out of their agriculture. Farmers are not the only people who have a deliciously vague but erroneous idea that if bonds are sold to bankers and investors the money comes as a gift from the outside, when in reality the producer only is the man who pays.

"The problems in this Western country have sometimes been seen only in their finality and not in the necessary steps," said the president of a leading bank. "Like a village growing into a town and then into a city, a group of pioneer dry farmers may in course of time, through their own efforts, find themselves welded into such a stable community, with such a good background, good conditions, and with so much capital and surplus, that costly works are justified.

"It is only the background that comes from years of accumulated capital and surplus that gives the right to go into funded debt in any line of business. But when 40,000 or 50,000 acres of raw land are opened up, with no human units ready, then we have a problem. The owner does not fare well, because the first payment made by the settler goes to meet the selling charge, and yet the settler has nothing left for working capital."

"I should think the new settler would find all this very technical," I remarked to a salesman for a land company who had shown me a wonderful system of reclamation and irrigation works, power houses, ditches, pumps and the like. "How can you make him understand it?"

"He would be bewildered," was the reply, "if he stopped to concentrate long upon his individual problem and its relation to all this work. But if he gets the big idea of the prosperity of the valley, and of what all this means to the valley, then it does not seem to trouble him. It is the big idea which we have to get across."

Making every allowance for the rising plane of selling ethics and for the fact that many settlers do succeed, it remains true that in the past, at least, the settlement of land has been somewhat marred by an eagerness to sell not always matched by an equally zealous regard for the future welfare of the settler.

In neither Florida nor California—to take the two most conspicuous land-settlement states—have land salesmen always been noted for their long previous residence, their established financial responsibility in the community, their reputation as scientific agricultural authorities or their success as dirt farmers.

The Yearbook of the Federal Department of Agriculture for 1923, in referring to the American tendency to overdo land settlement, says it has been so continuous "that there has come to be a sort of cynical resignation to the evils involved and an acceptance of them as the price of national expansion.

"This is reflected in the widespread belief that at least three waves of settlers are necessary in order to settle a new region."

"The losses of the new landowners attempting to develop irrigated farms in our new projects are themselves tremendous," said one of the economists at the experiment station of the State College of Agriculture at a recent important meeting of California farmers. "Land settlement has been so generally unfortunate that some individuals closely associated with irrigation development frankly consider as normal a turnover of two or three settlers before the land becomes productive enough for the farmer to stick."

Claiming Land and Reclaiming It

Dr. George P. Clements, manager of the agricultural department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, declares that with soil right, water right, price right and crop adapted to climatic conditions, "California agricultural lands offer more to the husbandmen in things that count than anywhere else on earth. Although production costs are higher, acre yields are correspondingly greater and quality superior."

But he also calls attention to the fact that California new lands require two or three years to tame and make productive, and where the crop is horticultural the costs go on for from four to twelve years according to crop.

"The bane of the California farmer has been the ease with which he could occupy land. From the beginning of white occupation he has been led to believe that to acquire property was insurance to accrued wealth. It takes capital to reclaim land. It takes capital to develop the land into a farm and bring the farm to an income-bearing basis. A developed farm in California therefore represents the cost of the land, the reclamation or assembly costs, the cost of time and labor taming the land, and the costs of time in waiting on and producing the crop. These are the costs to the husbandman. They are all more or less of a gamble. It is only when the acre produces that he learns whether he has won or lost.

"The number of those who stay by the gamble to the end are a small percentage. The reclaimer sells his bet to another gambler and charges him his cost of outlay up to the stage of development at the sale, plus his goodwill."

In the Department of Agriculture Yearbook for 1923 there is a detailed study of the land problem. It is pointed out that for the last decade or more there has been little self-propulsion in the movement to the land. The impelling forces have been supplied from without rather than from within the movement, by owners of undeveloped lands, land companies, reclamation enterprises, railways and local business interests.

"These forces and methods have resulted in the continual misdirection of land utilization and settlement. Land that should have been kept in forests for at least the next forest cycle has been forced into occupation by settlers. The losses incurred by settlers in abortive attempts to obtain a foothold on the land . . . are paralleled by the losses of financial agencies engaged directly or indirectly in the settlement of land. But even more serious is the tendency to lower the average level of profitableness for the established farming industry."

Unprofitable Expansion

"Owners of land, however unsuitable for farming, are strongly impelled, through the constant pressure of taxes and other carrying charges, to sell it if possible. Local communities appear to benefit by the immigration of settlers even if they are unsuccessful in maintaining themselves on the land, and the unsuccessful settlers themselves are often eager to unload on another wave of immigrants."

Doctor Gray, senior economist in charge of this study, says the very activity of these forces implies that the process of agricultural expansion has gone beyond "the natural basis of adequate return to the settler.

"When land companies must spend from $10 to $100 an acre in selling land with the expectation of adding this cost to the capitalization of the farm, it evidences an unnatural process of expansion, an employment of forced draft to attain an abnormal speed. The resulting expansion is disastrous to the settler, and it tends to supply that extra margin of competition which renders established farming an unprofitable occupation.

"If America were, like Great Britain, confronted by a problem of military security conditioned largely by a very limited food supply, or by a problem of permanent unemployment, a policy of encouraging expansion beyond its normal economic limits might be justified.

"It will be pointed out by some that families can still be found who will go on the land and remain, in spite of what may be regarded as a subnormal return. More than that, many of them will actually accumulate wealth where they might not have done so under the conditions of urban employment. Comprehensive studies which we have made of some thousands of settlers in the Great Lakes states, and of other thousands of farmers on irrigation projects in the West, have shown just that fact. Though average returns were subnormal, the farmers had made progress in accumulation.

"It will always be possible to find persons who will undertake to settle in new regions on the basis of subnormal returns. . . . It is not easy for the individual, especially of limited training and experience, to estimate correctly the prospective returns from a farm enterprise, especially when the outlook is presented in the most roseate colors. It might well be questioned, however, whether the existence of such an attitude on the part of a minor fraction of our population is a sound basis for a policy of agricultural expansion."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

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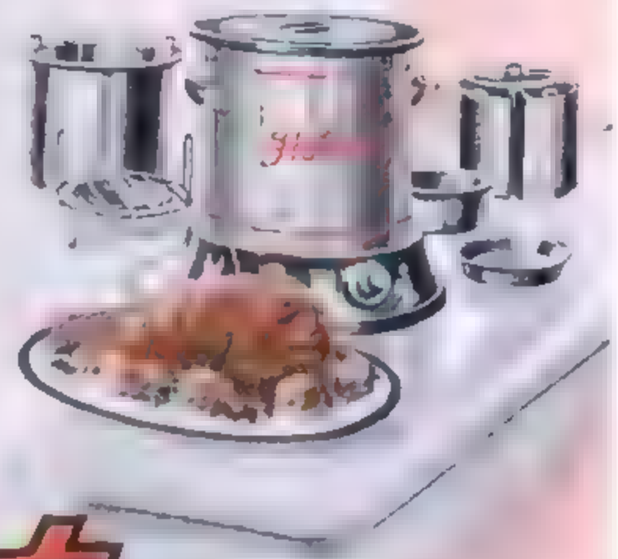

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THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

WITH THE GANGSTERS

Continued from Page 54

Sitting in a chair in the back room of his saloon one evening at about eleven o'clock, pretending sleep, snoring rhythmically enough, I felt the sensation of being relieved of several dollars in change and a cheap watch by an enterprising gangster. The old saying that when one is in a strange place one must do as the natives do holds good among the gangsters and stewed sailors too. To pose as a water-front soak and not allow oneself to be frisked would create suspicion immediately.

Doe, the gang boss, employed his own kind as bartenders. His porter was also a gangster. A part of this dignitary's duties was to attend the lunch counter, besides his regular work as sweeper and polisher. My assistant investigator repeatedly suggested that he thought it would be a fine idea for him to try to land the porter's job and thus be in a better position to listen in and perhaps establish better connections.

"How in the world are you going to get the porter's job?" I asked him.

"I have a scheme," he replied, "that is simple enough. One must meet the gangster on his own ground; use his own methods, his own weapons to fight him, give him his own medicine. If you will give me a free hand I think I'll be able to boss the hot-dog grill and polish the foot rails in the place inside of a week."

"Go to it," I told him. "If you can manage to get in there as porter, you ought to be able to get some live dope."

My assistant was very enthusiastic about his work, putting his very best efforts into it. He posed as a sailor on the beach; panhandling on the streets in the vicinity of the saloon if he thought he was being observed by gangsters, as well as boning patrons, including gangsters, for drinks. All the bartenders, as well as John Doe himself, got to know him and treated him with pleasant tolerance. Even in his natural state he was likable and took well. But what about the porter's job?

Well, the gangster porter in John Doe's saloon on his way home one night was mysteriously laid flat, à la gangster, by a flying missile emerging from a dark alley. A policeman came along, picked him up, made a diagnosis of his case and sent him to a hospital. There he remained for six weeks. Early the next morning, as soon as the bartender had opened John Doe's saloon, my assistant walked in, his hands trembling, his legs shaking seemingly, and boned the barkeep for a bracer. He got it.

Solving Unemployment

"Funny," remarked the gangster bartender after a while, "Chuck"—meaning the porter—"is not here. Ought to be here long ago. Place looks bum. Confound his lazy carcass anyway!"

"Show me the broom and mop, boss," my assistant volunteered, "and I'll help out till he comes."

"You're on," snapped the bartender eagerly. "Here, take another before you start."

When John Doe arrived in the afternoon things about the inside of the place looked spick and span, polished and bright. Hot dogs were systematically lined up in platoon mass formation on the grill; the pig's-head platter and mustard pot washed and slicked up for the first time, let us say, in thirty years. The boss, John Doe, looked admiringly at my assistant, standing behind the lunch counter deftly forking hot dogs into slit rolls and rapidly handing out the total result to his hungry customers.

John Doe turned to his bartender and asked, "Where is Chuck?"

"Somebody got him last night on his way home. He's in the hospital. Just had a phone message," replied the barkeeper.

My assistant had been listening to every word. This was his opportunity. He stopped his hot-dog activities for the time being and stepped from behind the lunch counter, breezed up to the gangster boss and asked him for the porter's job.

"All right, lad," John answered indifferently, as though he treated the request as of no consequence. "You hang around here and make yourself useful until Chuck comes out of the hospital."

The porter's job in this place was not such an easy one. There were many little odd jobs in connection with it which were not in any way related to the ordinary work in the average speak-easy. The building, a small affair, in which the saloon was located on the street floor, was on a corner. Next to it was a building of similar size with a notions store on the ground floor, and next to this building was a junk yard. The store was conducted by a gangster. It did very little business. It made no attempt to do so, simply plugging along as a stall.

The cellars underneath the two buildings were separated by a formidable stone partition with a steel door, which gave access from one cellar to the other. This door, when not in use, was always locked with a heavy padlock. The lock side of the door was in the cellar under the notions store. This underground space below the notions store was utilized as a temporary storeroom for odds and ends of loot snitched from steamship piers, freight cars, trucks, and so on, and brought there piecemeal by gang field workers.

Merchandising De Luxe

The main entrance to this cellar was from the junk yard next to it. John Doe kept a truck especially for the purpose of quickly solving awkward transportation problems. This truck, when in operation, was driven into the junk yard and loaded. It was a businesslike arrangement; a splendid layout. The cellar underneath the saloon was used as a workshop. It was stored with empty barrels, lumber and the necessary tools with which to repair old and make new containers in which safely to transport any and all merchandise collected and temporarily deposited in the cellar underneath the notions store.

It was the new porter's duty to do this repairing, recooper old barrels and make new cases. However, he was not let in on the workings of the secret depository next door. He was simply a clumsy mechanic tinkering in his musty subterranean workshop. Whenever John Doe ordered a new case to be made he made it and left it there. He simply obeyed orders. When through with a job in the cellar he came up out of his hole and attended to his proper duties on the floor above. Members of Doe's staff would then unlock the door leading in from the cellar under the notions store and yank a completed case or barrel from the cellar underneath the saloon into their loot nest, pack it with swag, shoot it up and out into the junk yard, load it on the rapid-transit truck and whisk it away to the particular fence with whom a deal for the reception of the goods had been made. The principle involved in this method of delivery is just about the same as that of a large department store. Merchandising de luxe.

As soon as we discovered the secret cellar under the notions store, we assigned a tail man to Doe's transportation system. Thus we readily located several fences with whom the boss did business. The movements of these fences were also put under constant surveillance. Their every move was known to us. Seemingly all of them conducted legitimate places of business.

Swag that was brought to and deposited in the cellar underneath the shop hardly ever remained there longer than twenty-four hours at the most. It was packed or repacked, the original containers destroyed, and hauled away almost immediately.

One day my assistant became a very busy man. John Doe had directed him to recooper several old barrels and make two new cases. He left his hot-dog grill to take care of itself and descended into the cellar. He tackled the job with enthusiasm, as he was wont to tackle anything. A big haul had been made. It turned out that the freight-car division of the gang had made a successful raid on a string of freight cars standing in a railroad yard, getting away with many thousand dollars' worth of silk, cloth, shirts, shoes, silk stockings, and so on. This loot had been brought to the secret cellar in taxis and otherwise, to be barreled and cased for an immediate and safe conduct to the various fences with whom the gang boss did business.

The place was exceptionally busy that day, humming with the strains of profitable merchandising from the night before. All hustle and bustle. Booze flowed freely over the bar. It was free to every rum-logged soak on the water front. It was a day of feasting and good cheer for everybody. John Doe smiled genially enough, beaming, the smile of hospitality softening his hardened features. Indeed, the dullest person could hardly become lonesome in a place like this. There was something doing all the time.

One night John Doe evinced a desire for Jamaica rum. There were several hundred hogsheads of this stuff standing on a neighboring pier. He directed four experienced members of his marine division to get some of this rum for him. Equipped with a diagram of the pier on which the hogsheads of rum were stored, showing their exact location, two braces with an inch bit in each and six ten-gallon milk cans, the four venturesome gang operatives got into a skiff and paddled underneath the pier.

With the aid of the diagram they soon found the section under which the barrels of rum stood. The pier's flooring was of wood, two-inch planks doubled. Bringing their augers into play, they bored and bored up through the planks, feeling their way. Should they strike into space between the hogsheads, they would start anew and bore seven or eight inches to the left or to the right of the hole that failed to strike rum, thus striking the end of a rum barrel.

A Bored Watchman

The gangsters are industrious. They bored and bored, bungholes and vents. Rum flowed freely into their milk cans. No doubt a good deal of it went to waste. But nevertheless, by making several trips during the night, they filled four empty whisky barrels in the cellar.

But the enterprise had a rather humorous end. It may have been tragic, depending on the way one looks at it. It was afterward learned that the watchman guarding the rum on the pier, naturally being a gentleman of leisure anyway, had been taking it easy on a box he had planted for that specific purpose on the outside rim of where the hogsheads of rum stood. He was sitting on his box and reclining his back against one of the hogsheads, his heels resting on the floor of the pier. Thus for the time being his legs also were resting themselves from their base of inactive mobility to their extreme points of utter uselessness at an angle, let us guess, of forty-five degrees.

Directly underneath the spot where the watchman sat the four rum drillers were busy getting their last load. They must have misread the diagram showing the location of the stuff. At any rate, they made a serious miscalculation and bored up through the flooring of the pier about three feet outside of the space in which all the hogsheads were stored, and where the watchman was resting. The smoothly boring auger, oiled to keep it quiet, came slowly but surely up through the flooring and started in to worm its way into the calf of one of the watchman's legs. It had made a neat little hole in his inert limb before he opened his eyes and got busy with his wind pumps.

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• • • • •

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—These are the things you can do before the doctor comes. Just a few First Aid materials are needed—but when they are needed, they are needed instantly. Seconds are precious!

Although automobile manufacturers are building sturdier cars than ever before, staunchly equipped with brakes and strong steering apparatus, the number of automobile accidents has steadily increased from year to year. In 1925 there were ten times as many deaths from this cause as there were in 1911.

Last year more than 600,000 persons were seriously injured and 21,000 lost their lives. Because motor cars are easily handled, careless persons forget the tremendous power of these swift-moving vehicles.

A knowledge of what to do and a First Aid emergency equipment are invaluable—not only in the car but at home where injuries frequently occur from cuts, falls, burns, scalds or poisons. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail you, without cost, a booklet on First Aid which tells the things you should know to be able to save lives.

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Thinking a rat had bitten him, he let out a yell that woke up everybody on the pier and hurriedly hobbled off the pier and betook himself to the nearest hospital to have the bite cauterized. This unexpected commotion from above put a damper on the rum borers' activities for that night. They retreated to the cellar with their paraphernalia, satisfied with a difficult task well done.

At times trucks also were confiscated. Unlike the stick-up man's system of acquiring loaded trucks without giving value received, the gangsters use strategy. They are the polished diplomats of commercial piracy. One day the driver of a truck loaded with candy, five tons of it, left it standing at the curb in front of an eating place while he went inside for his lunch. Two field gangsters, operating at large, went in after him and planted themselves at his table and engaged him in conversation, while two other gangsters jumped onto the seat of his truck and drove it to John Doe's cache.

John Doe's cellar was a busy mart, goods coming in and going out at all times. It seems almost foolish to pay for merchandise when it can be obtained so easily without. These gangster go-getters are exceptionally versatile, changing their tactics of acquiring loot in a twinkling. And they are everlastingly at it. They go and get it anywhere, anything. One night a few of them climbed onto the roof of a garage and with the aid of a stout rope lowered themselves down through an open skylight. They overpowered the keeper, who happened to be taking a nap, bound and gagged him and tied him to a wheel of a five-ton truck.

They then broke open six cases containing linen napkins and tablecloths, which were on a truck standing there with its load overnight, put their loot into two touring cars, opened the front doors of the garage and thus carried their swag to John Doe's merchandise dig. Early the next morning the stuff was shipped by way of the gang boss' special delivery to one of the regular fences. What became of the two touring cars I am unable to say.

Avoiding a Boomerang

Shortly afterward a raid was made on a neighboring shoe store. A squad of John Doe's house-breaking division removed a few bricks in the rear wall of the store and cleaned out the place, taking more than 500 pairs of shoes. These gangsters seemed to be itching for new ventures every day; no let-up.

It may be asked why we didn't tip off the police with all this plundering going on right under our noses. It wasn't policy for us to do so. In the first place we were neither employed nor paid to do police work. We were private investigators being paid for doing a certain class of work in connection with a certain fraud or crime. Our success in this particular work depended much upon keeping our mouths shut pertaining to everything that took place about us. Our employers were interested only in the recovery of the stolen furs and the apprehension of those who were connected with the theft of them. Secondly, had we notified the police, no doubt a premature raid would have been made by them. This would have disrupted our work and perhaps scattered our subjects to such an extent that it would have taken us months to adjust it.

In justice to our employers, we had to save time. We were free-lance investigators not in any way connected with the gumshoe industry. We were not keen on subjecting our employers to unnecessary risks and a long-drawn-out siege involving heavy expenses by tipping off the police and thus perhaps throwing a bomb into our own camp. We were there to get results in as short a time as possible. What the gangsters did was really none of our business, and if an investigator wants to get results he must attend strictly to his own business.

Our tail men reported frequent meetings between the gang boss and his fences. These meetings took place in John Doe's apartment. This, at the time, we considered important. So we tapped his phone and installed a listening-in device in his apartment, both these instruments of information being wired into an adjoining suite that we had luckily been able to rent.

This feat had been comparatively easy of accomplishment. My assistant, on one of his frequent errands to take one thing or another, such as a few bottles of whisky and other stimulating liquids, to these private rooms, had had the forethought to slip into the shop of a neighborhood locksmith and have a duplicate key made while he waited. Thus John Doe's apartment was at our mercy. It was, of course, thoroughly frisked; but as the gangsters hardly ever keep any written record of their many transactions, nothing of importance pertaining to our case was found. Frisking was in order, however. It is a poor policy for a sleuth to give his nose a vacation. He must keep it in an acute state at all times

The Cat and the Mouse

The locks on the doors leading down from the junk yard and into the secret cellar under the notions shop and into the cellar under the saloon were fitted with keys by experts. At such times as the gangsters were not busy receiving and shipping goods in this depot of commercial swag we would investigate the premises thoroughly. But we were unable to find anything that could give us an inkling as to the possible disposition made of the valuable loot we were after, and about which we felt pretty sure the gang boss knew something. The mystery becomes deeper.

Listening in on John Doe's phone didn't reveal anything. He very seldom used it. It was practically a dead letter. But the other operator's reports showed that from time to time sums of money, ranging from several hundred to a thousand dollars or so, had been mentioned and evidently passed to the gang boss by his various visitors, mostly fences. The conversation at such meetings was generally short and snappy, spoken guardedly, as is the case with most shady business men, and therefore difficult for the operator to catch.

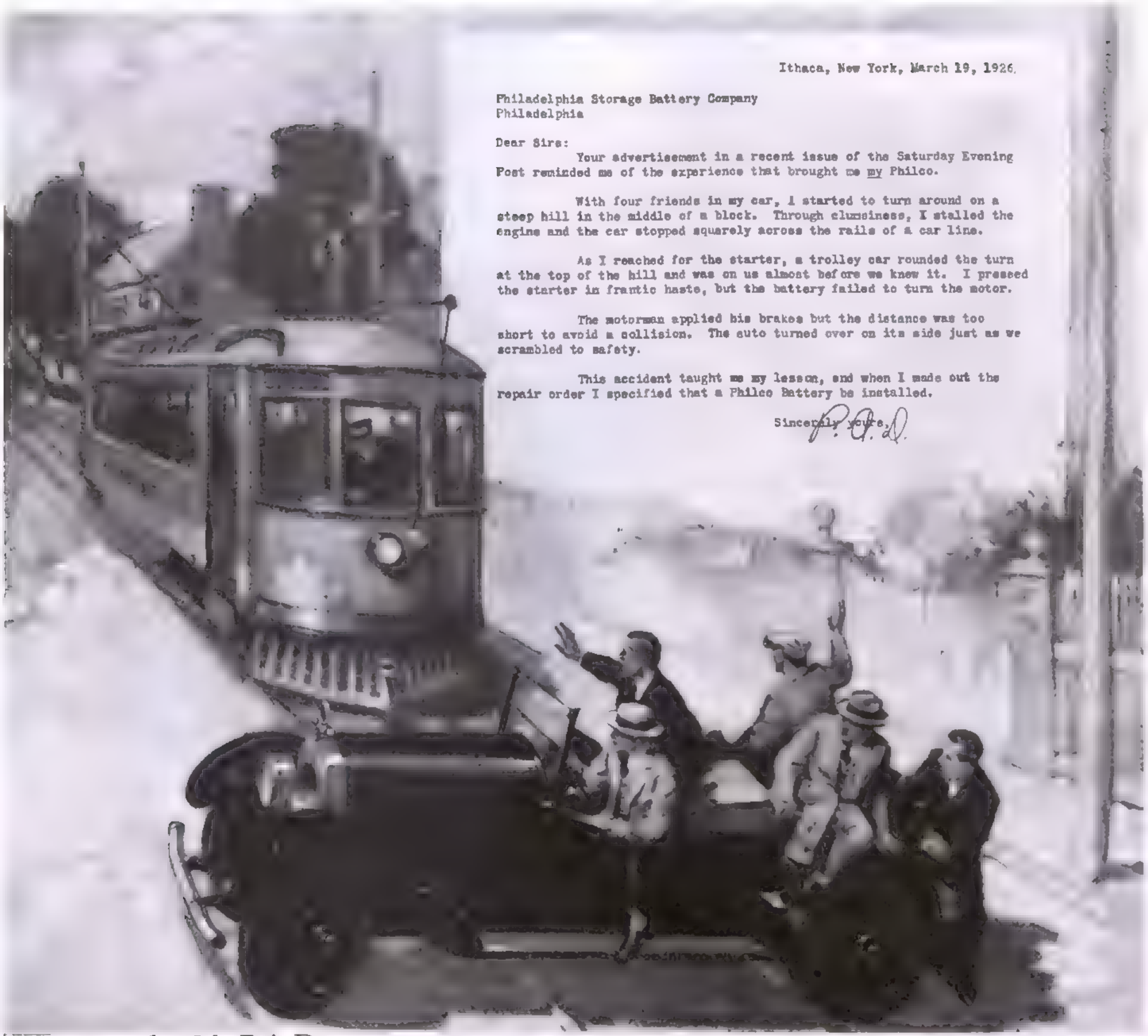
Of course, such small sums of money as were mentioned had no meaning to us. Even a hard-boiled fence would pay from $20,000 to $30,000 for the swag we were after. Whatever was said at such conclaves distinctly enough to be accurately recorded by our operator had no reference to furs and was therefore irrelevant to our case. It seemed as though we were on the wrong track, because by now we had been on the job for nearly three weeks without getting any result. However, we were not altogether discouraged.

Patience is the greatest asset of a cat at the mouth of a mouse hole. At the risk of offending the 100-per-cent go-getter by my opinion on the subject, I am inclined to think that patience is the most valuable of all abstract nouns handed down to us from the hieroglyphic age.

Roping among the gangsters is rather hazardous and difficult work. Should they suspect a roping sleuth among them, the chances are that that sleuth will sleuth no more. They are cunning and close-mouthed—exceptionally so. A stranger will find it almost impossible to draw any of them into a conversation relating to their business. They are instinctively suspicious of nonmembers. An outsider who tries to penetrate into their confidence will find himself dealing with an unusually shrewd element. If he wants to learn anything he must be satisfied to wait for odd remarks to drop now and then when they are off their guard, and piece them together.

Two field gangsters not members of the headquarters staff, were nibbling at hot-dog sandwiches in front of the lunch counter in the saloon. My assistant was standing behind the counter tinkering with hot and cold dogs, a model of disinterestedness—unconcerned.

Continued on Page 100



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this happened to Mr. P. A. D.

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Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, *Philadelphia*

PHILCO Automobile Radio Electric Truck Industrial Tractors Farm Lighting Passenger Cars Mine Locomotives Auxiliary Power Marine Isolated Plant BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 98)

Said one in an undertone to the other, "They'll get theirs. Th' boss' sore as 'ell."

My assistant busied himself slamming a few more copper-colored viands on the hot-dog grill.

"Damn dirty trick. They'll bump sure."

"When ye see 'em las'?"

"Met Mull las' night in Paddy's. He's a roll t' choke a cow. Be'n away ever since. Jus' come back. Wants t' see me termorrow in 'is room."

While this disconnected conversation took place, I was sitting in the back room of the saloon having one of my imaginary naps. My assistant, besides his regular duties as porter, also acted as bouncer in emergencies. As soon as he could possibly get away from behind the lunch counter without creating unnecessary suspicion, he picked up a wiping cloth and came into the back room and started to wipe off the tables.

When he came to the one at which I was sitting he grabbed me by the neck and bellowed, "Get out of here, you big stiff! Where you think you're at—a lodging house?"

While thus ejecting me from the premises through the side door he whispered in my ear a synopsis of what he had overheard and suggested that the two gangsters each be given a tail. At the time I didn't think much of this lead, but we couldn't afford to let the least bit of dope slip by. So I went to a near-by phone booth and in a short while two soft-heeled adventurers of the romantic gum-shoe trail were by my side. By means of a somewhat complicated and prearranged code of signals, which was used only when absolutely necessary, the gangsters were pointed out to the two tail men by my assistant. They were henceforth to the end of the hunt under our constant surveillance.

Paddy's café was well known to us.

Switching suddenly from a water-front soak to an immaculately attired gentleman of opulence, and posing as a person willing and eager to participate in any adventure promising a liberal return, I now spent most of my time in Paddy's. Paddy's was not a gangster hangout, though a few of the more sporty ones, while on a temporary vacation and rigged in their best, sometimes took a notion to patronize the place and splurge. The steady hangers-on in Paddy's café were of a different type entirely. They were more fastidious; dressed more elegantly; drank more moderately; kept their vowel chambers more free from refuse, thus allowing their tongues to make a firmer impression on the pharynx and soft palate; evinced much better manners—manners that roughnecks always term bunk.

Using the Glad Hand

I soon became a welcome mixer among some clever metropolitan gentlemen living by their wits. I spent money freely, lavishly, and established myself as a regular fellow. Introduction followed introduction. "Awf'ly glad to meet you"; "Pleased to know you"; "It is a pleasure, indeed"; "Interesting to know you, I am sure, my dear fellow," were some of my stock phrases at such ceremonies.

I also had the honor to be introduced by a young yegg, with whom I had come into exceptionally friendly relations, to a fat-jowled politician, who immediately begged me to join their political club in the neighborhood. I spent time and money there, not because I thought any of the frequenters in the place was in any way connected with our case but because I thought it best to make my headquarters there in case Mull should show up. I felt sure he would revisit the place. In this I was not mistaken.

Our tail men on the tracks of the two gangsters who in a moment of carelessness had opened their mouths a bit too much in the presence of my assistant in Doe's saloon, reported that one of them had visited Mull in his room in a second-rate Broadway hotel. Thus the mysterious Mull had been tracked to his lair and identified. He had also been pointed out to all tail men and investigators working on the case. He was a marked man, a prominent gangster.

From then on we worked on the theory that Mull had the furs hid somewhere or else that he had disposed of them. After a few days Mull did show up in Paddy's. He seemed to know quite a few there. "Hello, Mull"; "Hello, Mull," greeted him here and there from among the hangers-on. The same young yegg who had introduced me to the fat-jowled politician, and in whose company I was now almost constantly, introduced me to him.

We sipped our drinks. The young yegg came back immediately; he was a good sport, but his roll seemed rather thin. When Mull finally made up his mind to buy, he pulled out a huge wad of yellow backs, dressed with century notes. He was flush and he seemed to delight in proving to the world that he was. While we were standing at the bar chatting and drinking I became thoroughly convinced that Mr. Mull was the bird we were after, the bird to be caged. Then and there I formulated the plan by which he was subsequently trapped.

The Trap With Furry Bait

Having had several rounds of drinks, I pleaded an important engagement with a dentist, excused myself and walked out and hurried to a Broadway hotel. There I engaged a room. Jumping into a taxi, I was driven to the fur house to which the five missing cases of skins had been consigned. Here I made arrangements to have two trunks filled with expensive skins sent to my room in the Broadway hotel in which I had registered. This took about two hours. At about eight o'clock the same evening I was back in Paddy's.

Mull had gone, but the usual hangers-on, including the young yegg who had introduced me to Mull, were there. I edged in, so to speak, brotherly like, and after an hour or so of semiconfidential talk hinted to my friend, the young yegg, and one of his pals, a commercial burglar, that I was temporarily low in funds. I became very confidential with them, casually feeling my way, going into details about my imaginary profession adopted for the occasion. I hinted that I stood ready to pull a cash job where there would be some reasonable prospects of a worthwhile haul. I needed cash and I must have it.

I had some junk in my hotel room, I told them, that I had got by piecemeal through different night jobs. But as I was a comparative stranger in town, I didn't know where to dispose of it. I had been thinking, I told them, of shipping it to Chi—Chicago—my home town, where I knew fences by the score.

The young yegg became enthusiastic immediately. He proposed a yegg job in an uptown milk depot that he had had under observation for some time. It was a cinch, he said, though it would require from three to four men to do the job right. The safe, he complained, stood in full view from the street, with an electric light in front of it, and would have to be moved to the back room for operation. This would require some force. Then there was the watchman to be taken care of, to say nothing about a scout on the outside. He said he had already provided himself with a decoy safe painted on canvas, an exact duplicate of the original, he said.

We all agreed to look over the plant and familiarize ourselves with the lay of the land and then decide upon a time for final action. I bought a round of drinks. After a while I casually suggested that we all go to my room and have a look at my stolen furs. Maybe some of them knew where the skins could be sold. Sure they did. They were only too eager to have a peep. So to my room we went.

Upon the insistence of the owners of the furs that I had borrowed, I had placed a double guard on them. These two armed huskies were hid in a room next to mine. I felt safe.

My only object in bringing them there was to have some of them tell Mull that I had snitched furs in my possession that I wanted to get rid of. I preferred this news to reach him through a second or third party. And I felt certain the young yegg would tell him, because the two of them seemed to be on exceptionally friendly terms. I was right.

Two days later Mull walked into Paddy's. At the time the young yegg and myself were placing small bets with a hanger-on bookmaker.

Mull stepped over to the young yegg's side and they engaged in a whispered conversation. Presently the young yegg beckoned me. I joined them.

"Mull, here, will fix you up on that stuff," the young yegg told me.

And Mull agreed to do the best he could for me. He stepped into a phone booth. In a minute or so he came out. He said he would have a man to look at my skins at seven o'clock that night. It was agreed that he should bring the fence to my room in the Broadway hotel where the furs were.

"I gifs yu five hunter tollars. No odder pen'ees more," bargained the liberal fence after he had looked over the furs.

"I won't let 'em go for such a ridiculous figure," I countered. "It took me over two months to collect them. Tell you what I'll do, just to show you I am a good sport. I'll take an even twenty-five hundred for 'em."

After some lengthy bargaining, we finally agreed on eleven hundred dollars C. O. D. The delivery was to be made the next day. He said that his friend Mull would show me where to bring them. Well and good.

Darwin's Chinaware Theory

When the fence emerged from the hotel a double tail was hooked onto him. He made his way directly to his store. At 11:50 that night, ten minutes before the usual time water-front shops are closed, five breezy customers rushed into his place and overwhelmed him and his son with confused orders for various articles. While this brisk business was going on one of the customers slipped into the back room and down into the musty cellar. This customer forgot to come out before the fence closed his store at twelve o'clock and went home. At one o'clock this prowling customer released two heavy wooden barriers on a rear window looking out into the back yard. I crawled in.

The premises were thoroughly frisked. We found no furs; but we did find what we thought was foreign wood or boards that corresponded with the wood of which the boards used in the packing cases of the remaining seven cases of the fur shipment had been made. All boards on which had been stamped names, marks and serial numbers had evidently been destroyed. At any rate we could find no trace of such evidence.

After a two-hour search we happened to bump onto a locked drawer in an old desk. We unlocked it and in it we found bundles of old letters, receipts, vouchers, and so on. Every piece was examined. One of the vouchers in particular attracted our attention and aroused our curiosity. It was a voucher for nine barrels of chinaware stored in a storage warehouse. And the most mysterious part of it was that upon subsequent investigation this chinaware, through a wonderful process of evolution, more fascinating than the monkey theory, turned out to be the Russian sable and Siberian silver fox skins for which we had been scenting.

"Ye rat!" snarled Mull as a bull and myself snapped the nippers on his wrists in his room at five o'clock the same morning.

At first he didn't take kindly to his sudden drop, but he was a good sport and calmed down and came clean. He implicated John Doe as the instigator of the big raid. He frankly admitted that he had double-crossed the gang boss, and rather shamefacedly excused his action by saying that John Doe was too much of a hog, allowing his field workers only a niggardly percentage of what they brought in. He said he had simply revolted against an unbearable tyranny.

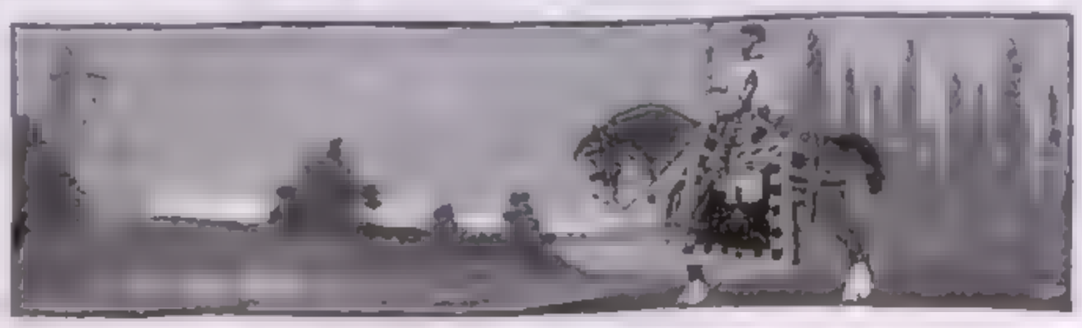
He and his helper on the truck on which the five cases of skins had been taken from the pier had received $5000 on account from the fence. They were promised more as soon as the fence could dispose of his loot.

A Smoke Screen

Those who have had the patience to follow me through this tale are certainly entitled to know how the gangsters switched the five cases of furs and managed to get them off the pier in the first place. Such a trick is comparatively easy. It is customary for the driver of a truck, when he is delivering only a part of his load on a pier, to say to the gateman as he drives in, for instance, "I have eleven cases on my truck. I am delivering only four cases here. I'll have seven going out."

The gateman will then take the number of his truck. The driver drives in and delivers his four cases and comes out with seven cases on his truck without being subjected to further questioning by the gateman. He was O.K.'d before going in; the gateman recognizes the number on his truck going out. On some piers the checker checking off a part of a load from a truck will simply write on any kind of scrap paper, "Pass out truck number so-and-so with so many cases on it." That is all there is to it. So it was therefore very simple for Mull and his helper to drive their truck with six cases on it in on the pier and say to the gateman, "Watch, we 'ave six cases. We're deliverin' one. We'll 'ave five goin' out."

Of course old-time water-front workers, including wise watchmen, will be a bit skeptical here. True, they will say, that is the way it is done. But how could Mull and his helper dump off their truck the cases they had brought and load the five cases of furs onto it without being observed by the several watchmen who were guarding the valuable fur shipment? Easy enough. The subtle gangster general had provided for this contingency. Strategy and gopherology work wonders. When Mull drove his truck down the pier another bunch of gangsters working as longshoremen on the pier started a brisk blaze about a hundred feet away from where the furs were. This unexpected bit of conflagration necessitated the immediate attention of all the watchmen on the pier. While everybody was busy with water buckets and emergency fire hose, Mull, his helper and his band of gangster longshoremen made the switch in a twinkling, and during the height of the excitement drove off the pier. But instead of driving directly to the secret cellar, as he had been ordered to do, Mull and his helper drove in an entirely different direction that led to the great house of the fence.



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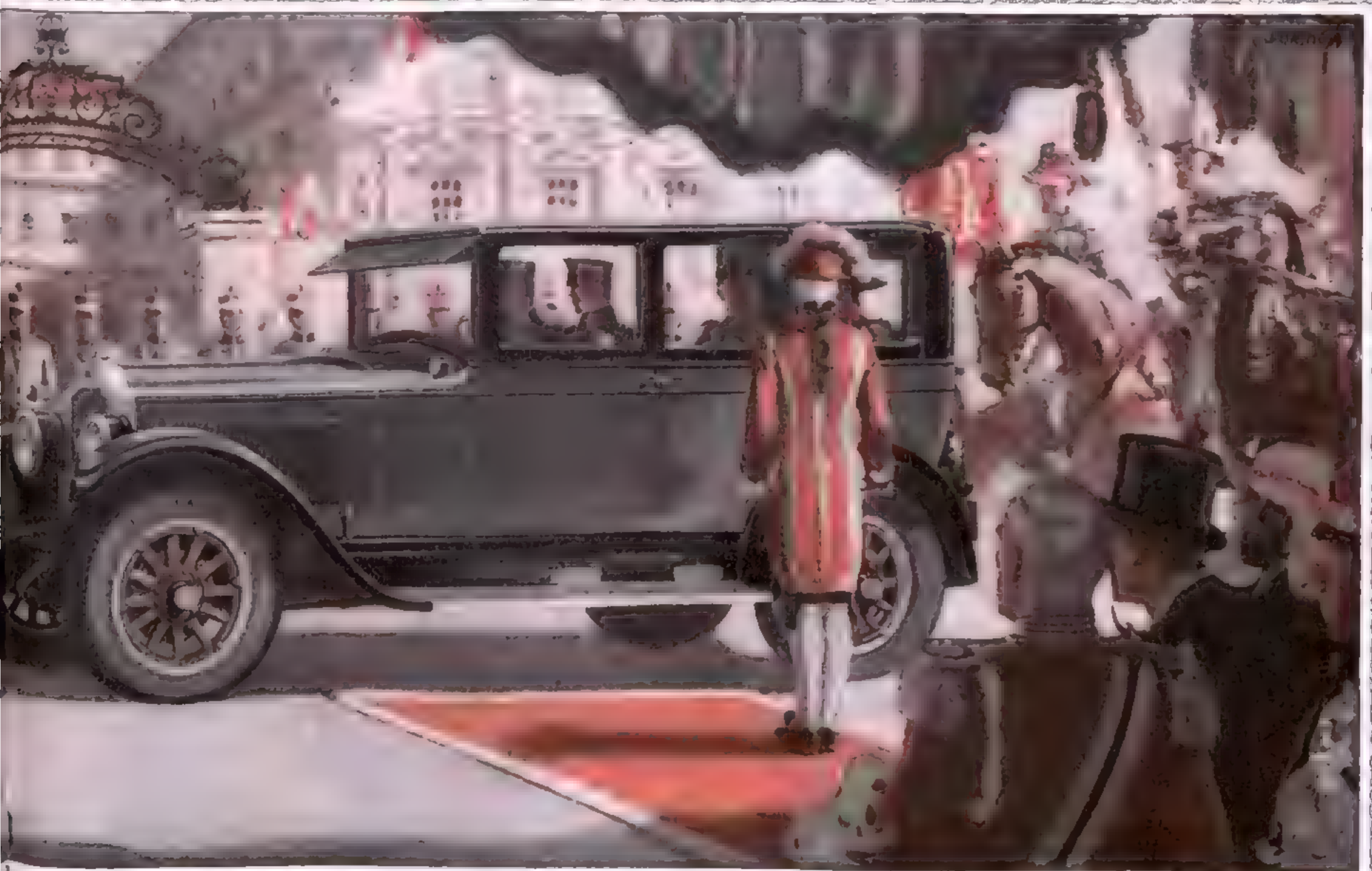

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RED SHADOWS

(Continued from Page 40

"Launch a boat!" Jann Le Goff ordered. The others stared, amazed. No one moved. Cadic shook his head

"No boat can live out there, tonight," Cadic said

The Le Goffs were not listening. Already they were pushing a staunch double-oared dory, the same beside which Yvon Michel sat with Concepcion early that evening, down to the water.

Somehow they got the boat afloat while the others looked on, stupefied. Waist-deep in the water, they clung, one on each side, pulled in and out by the surge of waves and the suction of the undertow. Finally, as the craft was again hurled in, they scrambled aboard and seized the oars Just as she began the outward sweep a slight boyish figure tore down the beach. Cadic gave a cry and tried to stop it, but was a fraction of a second too late. The figure gave a flying leap, half crawled, half fell over the stern, and then crouched on the bottom at Yvon Michel's feet, while he and his father bent to the task of getting the boat offshore. He did not notice the third person for several minutes—minutes of tremendous exertion that brought sweat streaming over his eyes. During a flash of lightning he saw Concepcion, huddled at his knees, face white, frightened eyes looking up at him.

"Hope it's not a big boat out there," Jann Le Goff grunted from the seat behind him.

"You!" Yvon Michel said, bending forward, so surprised that he momentarily stopped rowing and a sea half broke upon them as the boat veered

He felt a quick caressing touch upon his hand—"I'll bail." In the light of another flash he saw her smile, faintly.

"Why—why did you come?" He stuttered the words, and Jann Le Goff began to curse at him to pay attention.

"I'll never leave you," she replied.

The tide was half out, and therefore the downward sweep of the waves made the water over the sandspit much shallower than usual. Jann Le Goff steered the boat headlong against the tossing wall of spray. They felt her scrape bottom for a moment, but then an outward rush of boiling foam swept them clear. They were outside the bar, and another flash of lightning showed a small launch, a pleasure vedette, pounding to pieces, half out of water on the sunken rocks only a hundred yards distant

Two persons were aboard. They were sprawled out on the roof of the small cabin and clung to the iron handrailings as the seas rolled over them. The Le Goffs got the dory to within twenty yards of the wreck, but dared not go nearer. All their seamanship was necessary to keep the boat hove to in the tremendous swells. Sometimes they wallowed in a trough so deep that all about them was a wall of water, pitch black. Then they would be lifted so high that they looked almost directly down on the vedette, nearly submerged by breaking waves.

Concepcion insisted on taking Yvon Michel's place at the oars while he groped for a line in the stern locker. He braced his long legs against the sides and waited until a lightning flash, coincident with the boat rising to the top of a billow, gave him a chance for the throw. The rope fell short, and again he tried, again failing. The third time a gust of wind helped lift the heavy coil across the cabin of the wreck, where it fell directly between the two men. They were weak from their buffeting, but were still strong enough to do their part. Yvon Michel, with one end of the line tied to the seat and a coil about his waist, held it taut as one of the men, evidently obeying instructions from his companion, wrapped the other end about himself and leaped into a receding wave. The backwash brought him half the distance before Yvon Michel found it necessary to pull.

Then came a fight that lasted for minutes. Yvon Michel, braced firm despite the pitching dory, felt the coil tighten about him till he almost cried out in pain. But there came another respite when he brought the man alongside, although almost hauled overboard himself. He leaned far over, and by a tremendous effort lifted him over the side, half drowned and unconscious

Concepcion dropped her oars, to make the man comfortable, to revive him if possible. He was middle-aged, and his water-logged garments were well-cut summer flannels. Jann Le Goff never uttered a sound, but strained mightily against his oars to keep the dory head on to the crests of the waves and afloat. Yvon Michel sent the line back to the man remaining on the wreck. This man was able to negotiate the distance better and more quickly than the other. He was a seaman, the launch owner, in fact, and despite what he had gone through was still able to swim and fight his own battle with the storm. Yvon Michel signaled him to climb forward to the bows and again took his former place at the oars. Concepcion was still occupied with the unconscious man in the stern.

When they turned back toward Friars' Island the storm had increased. They struggled for every yard of advance. Tremendous thunder peals followed vivid lightning. In one long zigzag flash they saw the launch slip off the rock and disappear.

Another showed them the situation at the bar, across which the white-topped combers rushed furiously. But for an instant they saw the sandspit quite clearly, for now the tide was at full ebb. The bar stretched almost the entire distance across the mouth of the harbor. To attempt a passage at either end meant being dashed to pieces against high cliffs that rose sheer, sheltering the village, at both ends of the beach. Even between the bar and the beach the waters were churned and lashed into fury.

They tried to hold back, to catch the onward sweep of a wave sufficiently long to carry them across the bar. To go aground there meant the probable swamping of the dory, and death. But once over, would it be possible to remain? The back sweep seemed irresistible. Suddenly they were lifted high in the air and shot forward, and then they bounced down with such a crash that the dory's keel timbers creaked as she struck the sands.

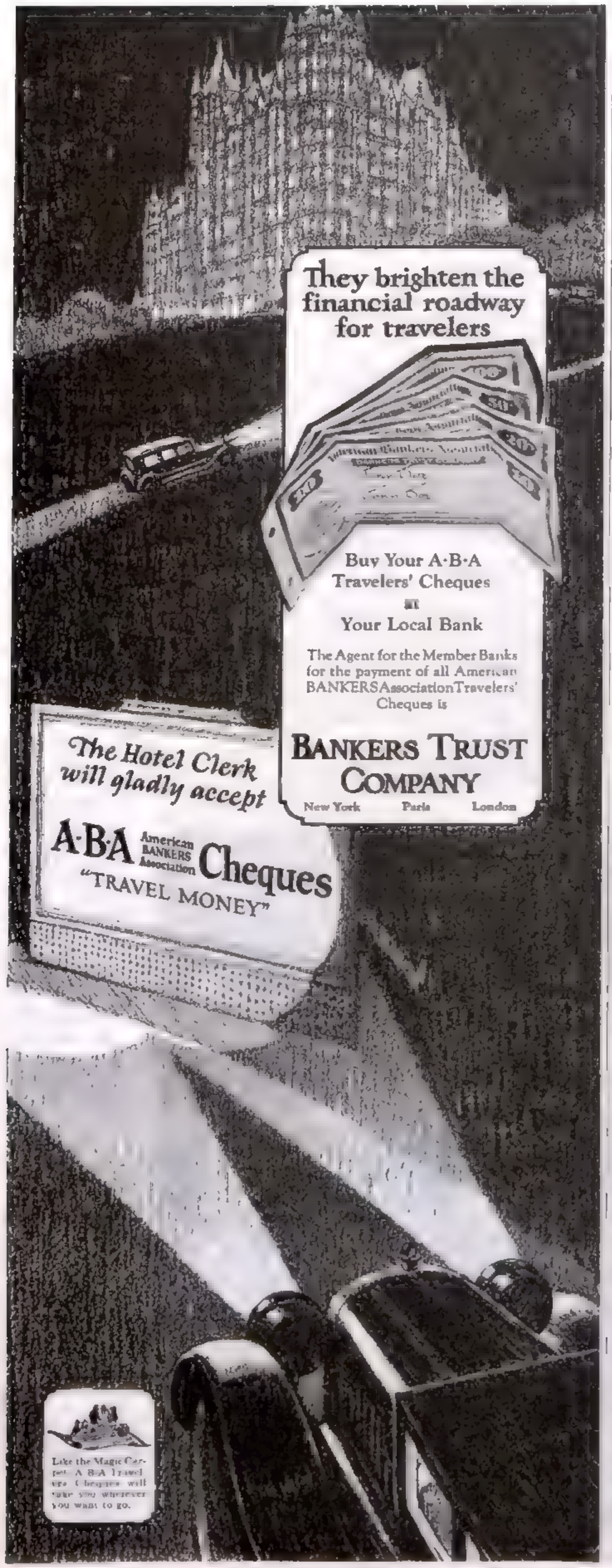
Concepcion was easing the position of the still-unconscious passenger, and had just risen as the boat struck. She was caught off balance and lurched overboard. Yvon Michel, rowing with his back turned toward her, heard her cry out his name Before the boat had time even to rise from the impact, he abandoned his oars and vaulted after her. He seized her as his feet struck the sands. The vedette owner leaped to the empty place, but not before one of the oars, swinging wildly, had caught Yvon Michel on the chest. Something snapped inside him, but his left arm was tight around Concepcion and he felt nothing. Another wave struck the dory, sweeping it inshore to safety, while he, almost unconscious, blinded, stung by dashing spray, pounded by the blows of the water, fought for their lives on the bar.

One moment his feet would touch bottom and he would stagger to brace himself against the coming shock. Then the next instant he would be treading water in yards of depth, and the recoil of the waves would hurtle them back toward the open sea. But his arm kept locked about her, so close that her cheek pressed against his neck. Once when he thought they were dragged back beyond any hope of again reaching the bar, he bent his head to return the caress that she had given him in the boat—ages before. He kissed her on the lips; and he felt her arms tighten about him. The next second he again got footing on the bar, and he girded himself while the waters slugged at him with the force of sledge hammers. His strength was going. He knew that; also he began to feel pains shooting through his chest. He knew that in another backward swirl they would be lost, and that the shock of another wave such as the last would break his grip on Concepcion, unless perhaps by some last chance that wave hurled them inside the bar far enough for help to reach them from shore. But there would be no time, he thought, for them to escape the undertow. His father would be searching for him, he knew, beyond that deatl wall of angry water, but he, too, might be caught and lost.

The next wave came, a mighty, surging roller, higher than all the others. It burst down upon them, enveloped them, strangled them, then lifted them and flung them far inside. Just as the resistless undertow caught them, dragging them back, another wave broke across the bar, a sort of seventh wave, a wave out of place that had no business to come so soon. It was less than the previous comber, but it fought the back swirl for them, so that they could swim for a few moments in water where there was no current or counter influence.

But Yvon Michel's arm lock on Concepcion was broken, as he knew it would be. There were no lightning flashes and the

Mystic Lake, Montana, in the Absaroka Mountains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waters were inky. He felt about for her, then she touched his elbow as she swam by his side. They were fairly safe now if only Yvon Michel could hold out. He was breaking fast. He knew it, and made a final effort. Concepcion, keeping as close to him as possible, felt his stroke falter. She called to him to place a hand on her shoulder. She caught the gasp in his voice as he shouted back that he was all right. But he made no progress. She swam in front of him, grabbing hold of his *vareuse*. As a long jagged fork of lightning shot across the heavens she saw the dreadful pallor of his face. She twisted her fingers in the *vareuse*, but it slipped away. He gave a convulsive cough that was half a cry, and the waters closed over him. Concepcion's shriek could be heard above the storm.

It was a fair summer morning in Friars' Island village. The unseasonable storm, with its attendant disaster, was a week in the past. The legion of flowers again colored every garden. The air was fresh. The semitropical verdure of the south coast of Brittany was golden in the warm sunshine. The sea was turquoise dappled with dancing diamonds.

Many villagers loitered along the road from the Le Goff cottage, on the outskirts, down to the port, where all the fishing boats idled at anchor. The men wore stiff shirts, black clothes, often age rusty and shiny. Some even wore collars. Others had discarded their heavy sabots for broad square-toed shoes. The women wore their native *coiffes*, embroidered corsages with black velvet skirts, nowadays reserved for Sundays or fête days.

A personage hurried from the Le Goff cottage down the dusty walled lane, over the cobbled road to the sand beach, where a smart launch awaited him. That he was a personage was attested by the grave salutations of the men and the nervous curtsies of the women. He responded with quick nervous gestures of a gloved hand, now and then a half smile, thin lipped. He was dressed somberly except for the flaming rosette of an important order in his buttonhole.

The launch bore him away rapidly in the direction of Vannes. Many of the crowd still loitered.

Jann Le Goff followed the personage from the cottage, but paused at the garden wall, where he bade the stranger a somewhat ceremonious farewell. Solemnity, in fact, rested upon both men. They faced each other, rigidly erect, raised their head covering—the stranger a silk hat, Jann Le Goff his seaman's cap—then grasped each other's hands in a way that had a certain stateliness.

When the personage disappeared the old man remained, leaning over the wall, to greet Cadic, who approached, smiling and with arm outstretched.

For once in his life Jann Le Goff had been lucky. The first man brought into the dory from the wreck had not been a common person. Had he been only that, Jann Le Goff might have been cited for his gallantry in the island items that provided a weekly quarter column in the provincial daily at Vannes. But the rescued man had not been merely a well-to-do bourgeois, who might have felt constrained to offer his savior a more substantial form of reward. Far more was the man who had regained consciousness only after he had been carried ashore and into the warm shelter of the Café du Port. He was a cherished son of the republic, the holder of a cabinet portfolio. The grateful statesman had secured for Jann Le Goff the red ribbon of the same order, the higher grade of which he wore when he returned on this day, a week later, to place the decoration on the old man's breast. Cadic reached up to touch it reverently, after he had clasped Jann Le Goff's hand.

Upstairs, near a wide window that opened to the garden and the sea, upon a narrow iron bed, lay Yvon Michel. Except for a flower-filled vase upon a small table, the room was white. The walls were washed and the bed painted in the monochrome that results from all the colors of the spectrum combined. The high-drawn coverlet matched the waxy pallor of Yvon Michel's face.

Nothing stirred in the room except the gentle wind against the filmy linen curtains. Nothing but the swaying of branches just outside the window broke the death stillness. Even the sea was mute. After a long time Yvon Michel opened his eyes. He stared straight overhead at a blank space that was as extinct as his memory. He stared for many minutes, and then, involuntarily, his head turned slightly, bringing his eyes to a lower level of vision. A patch of yellow sunshine. A throb of suggestion in his brain. Yes, that was sunshine—and the air was warm.

After another long wait he considered that perhaps a movement of his head might be feasible. His brain throbbed with the idea, his eyes closed with the exertion. When he opened them he recognized the flowers beside his bed. He was alive then, although he could not move any part of himself except his head and his eyes. For the window was there. He could see that, too, and the gently swaying leaves. Also the flowers were as sweet to smell as to see. It was good to be alive, with warm sunshine, trees, flowers, even if he could not move his body. He must live, just with his head and eyes and nose and—yes, with his ears, too, for he could hear the soft rustle of wind. And perhaps someone might come to move his body for him sometimes—if he had a body.

He slept. When he awoke, he reasoned it all out again, but more quickly; and then, by some nerve convulsion perhaps, he discovered feeling in his right arm and hand and fingers. Slowly he plucked at the sheets. Something was pressing on him, something heavy. Gradually he brought his hand up under the coverlet. From the feel of it his chest was incased in something hard and wound about with cloth tightly. He tried to move his feet, and had a stinging feeling, as though they resisted awakening. Perhaps his feet were there, he thought, but he was not sure. One thing he knew for certain, and that was that his left arm was gone. The shoulder was gone, too, for there was no feeling on that side of him at all. It was all dead, but he was afraid to turn his head to look.

Jann Le Goff entered the room noiselessly and leaned over the bed. He smiled, and Yvon Michel was relieved to find that his own lips would smile too. He tried to speak, but his father hastily put a hand over his mouth, a great hand, but placed there softly, tenderly.

"It's all right, Yvon Michel." He looked steadily into his son's eyes, and then pointed to the bright ribbon that gleamed on his breast.

"Everything is all right."

Yvon Michel stared at the ribbon longer even than he had at the patch of white above his bed, or at the sunshine. Then memory broke back upon him. The storm—that night in the cottage. The story of the Alfa. The wreck on the sunken rock—the [redacted].

He smiled, looking up into his father's eyes through tears.

He was glad, glad over all the parts of him that remained. Shadows of disaster, red shades of death—all gone. The cordon of glory instead.

Then he thought of Concepcion. Ah, his lost arm and shoulder! That was the arm locked about her during the struggle on the bar, when she had been torn away. The arm had gone with her—evidently that was the way of it. And the shoulder, that extra part of him had gone, too, while trying to hold her back. He groaned. It was the first sound he had uttered since Jann Le Goff had gathered him from the waters on that night. Something stirred. It was near him, touching him, on his left side—the side that was lost. Slowly, fearfully, he turned his head. Concepcion was kneeling beside the bed, her head pressed upon his shoulder, asleep.

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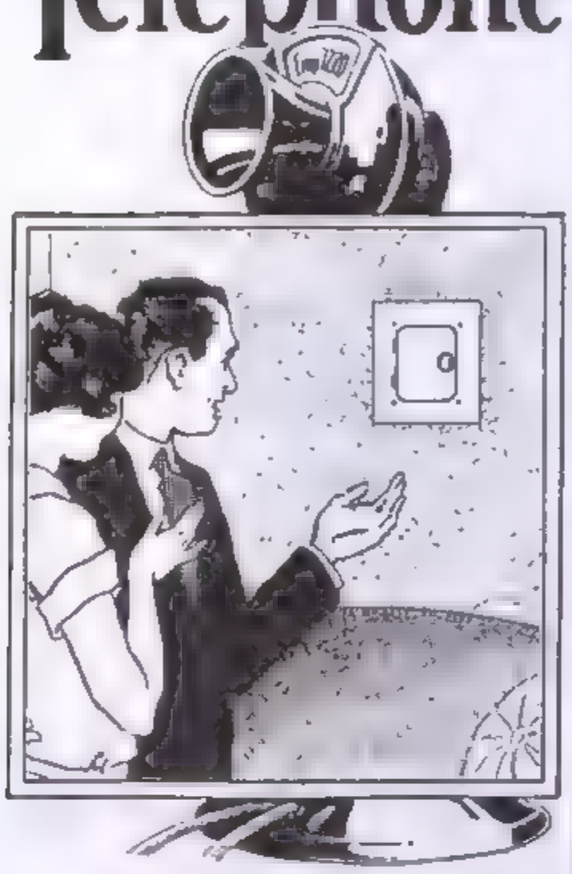

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MAMMA'S YOUNG MAN

(Continued from Page 9)

hairdresser. Roberta sat alone by the fire with the Walker's Weekly that Mr. Parker had left behind him. Her eyes wandered up and down the pages, but her ears were attentive to the front-door bell. Faint sounds came to her from all over the house; the heavy tread of Miss Henderson above, stepping now to this side, now to that; the rush of the swing door as Gertrude hurried through, the distant chink of glass against china, steps and movements and shreds of words, suddenly vanishing, blown away; a subdued domestic symphony building up, note by note, to the sudden shrill ringing of the front-door bell.

Roberta slid the Walker's Weekly hastily under the loose cushion of the Chesterfield, and the next moment the door opened and Mr. Parker came in.

He came in smiling, shook her hand and then sat in the chair by the fire, pulling up first his right trouser leg, then his left, and blowing his nose briskly into a bright brown-spotted handkerchief.

"This is better," he said, "a lot pleasanter than talking to thirty or forty intellectual ladies in middle life."

Roberta laughed. "With their hats," she said ungenerously, "on the backs of their heads."

Mr. Parker's eyes twinkled pleasantly. "Oh, well, that's nothing against them," he said. "In fact, it's a sign of moral greatness. Angels always wear their halos on the backs of their heads."

That was just the sort of thing mamma's other young men were always saying. Only about Mr. Parker there was such a quick and unconsidered gayety as Roberta had never met in any of mamma's young men before. Excited and happy, she leaned toward him. She could tell him if she wanted to that his tie was exactly like the tie on a black patent-leather cat that she had been given for a present when she was three years old. She did tell him.

"Is it?" he said, looking interested and a little doubtful. And he got up and studied it in the mirror over the fireplace. "I suppose green polka dots are a little dressy," he said. "Maybe I should have had navy blue or a nice plain gray."

Roberta shook her head. "In a plain gray tie," she said, "you'd look as unnatural as a black cat with green polka dots."

She could say anything! They could go in and out of each other's minds without ceremony, without apology, as very old friends go in and out of each other's houses. Her eyes on his face were laughing, bright and confident. . . . Afterward she could recall scarcely anything they said. She only remembered that everything became, in the moment of saying it and through their common laughter, instantly diverting and gay, like the little Japanese flowers you throw into the water, which turn before your eyes into bright fantastic shapes. She had never in her life been so happy before. Then the door opened and in came Gertrude, wheeling the tea wagon; and behind the tea came mamma, blond and burnished, in a gown of russet green.

She came in swiftly, her hand outstretched. "I'm so sorry!" she said. And Roberta felt herself swept away in a moment from the bright center of interest to the outer edge—swept away and brought back in a pinafore. "I'm so sorry!" said mamma. "I hope my Roberta has been entertaining you nicely."

"Very nicely indeed," said Mr. Parker, and smilingly leaned back and crossed his legs. That brilliant entrance had changed him too. Almost in an instant his manner had become brittle and sophisticated, the very way he crossed his legs was different, like a person crossing his legs on the stage in a play by Michael Arlen.

Mamma sat down behind the tea wagon and began sorting out cups and saucers. "It's cream in yours," she said, "and four—no, five lumps of sugar." With shining pink finger tips she picked the five lumps out of the silver bowl. "Wasn't it clever of me to remember?" said mamma.

"Oh, rather," said Mr. Parker, and accepting his cup, he gravely lowered the five lumps one after another into his tea.

"Tea, Roberta?" said mamma. "No? Wise infant!" The firelight sparkled back from the single lovely ring on mamma's hand, it warmed and deepened the tones of her green gown, her bright smooth hair. As usual, she had taken triumphant advantage of her setting. Everything composed itself harmoniously and gravely about the bright figure behind the shining teacups.

"And now," she said, setting down her teacup and turning, chin in hand, to Mr. Parker, "please tell me about your new story."

He finished a tea biscuit and tapped the corners of his mouth with the brown-spotted handkerchief.

"It's still in a rather rudimentary stage," he said. "I'm calling it, as I think I told you, Baroque. Baroque or Rococo, I haven't decided which."

"They're both good," considered mamma. "But I really think I like Baroque best. More tea?"

He set his cup into its saucer and handed it back to her. "Just half a cup," he said, and watched appreciatively while mamma's bright hands, her graceful arms in the long green sleeves, moved with precise delicacy across the tea table.

"And what do you call your heroine?" asked mamma as she dropped the fifth lump into the saucer.

"For the moment, Emily," answered Mr. Parker. He took his cup and accepted a tea bun with as much gravity as though it had been a decoration.

Mamma set down the plate of tea buns and brought her hands together in a little light gesture of rapture. "Oh, that's good!" she said. "After all the Sonias and Moiras and Daphnes and Paulas. Emily's splendid. What does she do?"

He shifted his chair back a little from the warm blaze of the fire. "Well, she doesn't do very much," he said. "What goes on goes on chiefly in Emily's head. If I want to move her, actually to take her from one place to another, I simply set her to reacting characteristically to her changing surroundings." He turned to Roberta. "It sounds like a rather stupid way to write a book," he said. "In fact, I'm beginning to think it is a stupid way."

"Won't you smoke?" said mamma. "Please do. I hope at any rate you aren't breaking up the continuity with punctuation. After all, if one is going to be artistic, one might as well be consistent about it. The matches are there on the left of the mantelpiece."

He accepted a cigarette and the smoke drifted across the firelight. Mr. Parker's shadow jogged up and down, gigantic and solemn, on the opposite wall. And out of the corner of the Chesterfield came Roberta's voice, touched with a faint truculence.

"How silly!" said Roberta. "Punctuation hasn't anything to do with art. It's like an artist throwing his hot-water bottle out of the window to improve his technic."

"Funny Roberta!" laughed mamma. Her smiling look was tinged with adult indulgence; as though a little girl playing on the floor before the fire had looked up to add an unexpectedly trenchant comment on the conversation going on above her head.

Roberta untwisted her legs and sat up, her face a little flushed.

"Going, darling?" said mamma. "Tell Gertrude to bring in some more hot water."

Roberta hadn't intended going, but really there was nothing else to do. Mamma, head tilted against the back of her chair, eyes narrowed a little against the smoke, watched her with a faint infuriating amusement. And Roberta walked to the door, very dignified and helplessly conscious of the childishness of her dignity.

She lingered for a little while in the hall and finally went up to mamma's room, picked up a book from the bedside table and curled herself up on the bed under the amber-shaded light. She opened it and began reading. Her eyes ran resolutely along the close black type, she followed the march of paragraphs up and down the pages, she finished Chapter One and began Chapter Two. Why were they so quiet downstairs?

And presently she heard mamma at the piano. Roberta could imagine it perfectly—the dark shining body of the piano stretching back into the shadows, and mamma sitting there in her green gown at the edge of the firelight, creating harmony, creating atmosphere.

She was playing, and Roberta knew exactly the place, two-thirds of the way down the page, at which she would interrupt herself with some gay or careless comment and allow the music to break up, to melt away in a soft confusion of yearning chords. "What would she do if he asked her to finish it?" thought Roberta, and hoped he would. But he didn't. Mamma began something else, played for a dozen bars, let the music drift off into a slow diminuendo, forsook it and brought it back at long intervals like the last perfunctory notes of a music box. Roberta knew how mamma would be turned from the piano now, her hands lying, not altogether forgotten, along the keys, and her charming face half in shadow, half in firelight.

She heard their voices at last at the living-room door, and then the closing of the front door. She swung her feet suddenly over the blue-taffeta edge of mamma's bed and ran to the window. Mr. Parker came out, adjusting his hat very slightly to one side, and went striding down the street, while his shadow, twenty feet long, ran ahead of him along the snowy sidewalk under the bright street lights.

Mamma was a little pensive at dinnertime. They always dined by candlelight. There were four crystal candlesticks in the center of the table, and over them hung four bright pointed flames that gave an air almost sacramental to the leg of mutton gravely laid out on its silver salver. Mamma carved the roast and Gertrude hovered behind with serving dishes of vegetables.

"Afternoon tea is simply ruinous," sighed mamma. "No, thank you, no potatoes. The trouble is, you have to give men something to eat or they simply won't open up."

The soundless Gertrude vanished with the vegetables into the kitchen, and mamma, helping herself to currant jelly, said carelessly, "Did you find Mr. Parker interesting?"

Roberta nodded. "Awfully interesting while I was alone with him," she said and stared at the magnified weave of the tablecloth through her glass of drinking water as though it were a phenomenon she had never met before. "Darling," said Roberta, "does it ever occur to you that I'm nineteen years old?"

Mamma gave a little shudder. "Not any oftener than I can help," she said. "Don't let's talk about disagreeable things."

"It isn't disagreeable to me," said Roberta, "except when I'm treated like a darling little curly-headed two-year-old in rompers."

Mamma's brows went up in astonishment. "My child, what an extravagant idea!" she said. And a rather difficult little silence descended between them. "Roberta dear," said mamma presently, beginning on her salad, "you know Mr. Parker is ten years older than you in years and probably twenty years older in experience. He isn't like the youngsters you've been running round with. I wouldn't take him too seriously if I were you."

Roberta smiled perversely. "If Mr. Parker wants to play with my affections,

(Continued on Page 111)

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HICKOK

(Continued from Page 108

I'm not going to put anything in the way of his doing it," she said.

"Silly!" Mamma laughed good naturedly, and rang for Gertrude to change the plates.

Gertrude came and went. And mamma, abandoning the difficult subject of Mr. Parker, said easily, "I don't see why they don't send back my little gray georgette. I wanted to wear it to the Community Players tomorrow night. Would you like to come, Roberta?"

Roberta shook her head. "They put on such awful plays," she said, "and anyway all the Community Players talk as though they had adenoids."

"Well, you don't have to go." Mamma smiled and leaned across the table, her face all golden lights and dancing shadows. "Oh, darling, be nice!" she said, in such a warm, lovely voice that Gertrude, bringing in the dessert, Gertrude who adored her, was ready to serve the frozen fruit pudding on her knees.

A little reluctantly, Roberta smiled. "I'll be nice," she said. "Only, dearest, please —— After all, I am nearly twenty. And this afternoon I was afraid Mr. Parker was going to be invited to look at my cunning little pink toes."

"Silly!" said mamma again, and gave her pretty grown-up laugh.

They went into the living room after dinner. Roberta got out a needle and thread, and sitting down on the Chesterfield with her knees to her chin, began to mend a run in her stocking. Mamma picked up the paper and folded it back at the society page.

"Mona Forbes has her picture in again tonight," said mamma. "She must pay them to do it. Darling, you answer the phone, you're nearest it."

Roberta wove her needle into the run and reached out an arm.

"Never mind, I think it's for me," said mamma, and came over and picked up the receiver.

"Hello? . . . Oh, hello!" said mamma, and her face accompanied her voice in a gay little pantomime of greeting. "No, just finished. . . . Did you? You're a lamb. And are you quite sure you want to go yourself? . . . No, I don't think she would. She says all the Community Players talk as though they had adenoids. . . . Why, certainly, she's right here." Mamma put her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to Roberta.

"Waldo Parker has tickets for that prize play at the Community Playhouse tomorrow night," she said. "I told him I didn't think you'd care to go."

Roberta's face flushed crimson. "You didn't tell me it was Mr. Parker wanted us to go," she said.

"Why, what difference does that make?" replied mamma coolly.

Roberta bent over and bit off an end of thread. "Please tell him I should like to go very much," she said.

She could feel mamma's quietly speculative look on her, but she would not meet her eyes. She wound the end of thread around the spool of mending silk and stabbed the needle fiercely through it. Mamma took her hand from the mouthpiece and put the receiver back to her ear. Her composed and charming voice glided over the incident, smoothed it and restored it, rendered it up perfect and acceptable to the waiting ear of Mr. Parker.

"Why, she says she'd love to!" said mamma. "Unaccountable child! We'll be ready at eight o'clock. Thank you so much!"

Mamma and Mr. Parker were waiting in the hall at five minutes past eight when Roberta looked over the banister. Mamma was standing in front of the mirror powdering her nose, and her reflected eyes were smiling into the eyes of Mr. Parker. Mr. Parker's answering smile, while cordial, made no comment on the gesture, for he was one of the infrequent men who can watch a woman powder her nose without looking waggish. Except for the faint light above the mirror the hall was in darkness.

Roberta stood at the top of the stairs for a moment gathering confidence. Then she came down, a gray cloak flung over one arm, her hand trailing the dark banister. She was dressed in a geranium-colored gown, and her hair, under a filet of bright tulle, spread out in little dark fans on her flushed cheeks. She had a curious, a really ridiculous feeling, that she was all bright, glowing, incandescent almost, as though the geranium-colored dress had been a bright fluted shade and a light had been lit inside her. And this shining quality they seemed to recognize at once. She saw it in the swift response in Mr. Parker's eyes, the suddenly guarded look in mamma's.

"It isn't a formal affair, you know, Roberta," said mamma. "Don't you think you'd feel better in your little gray?"

Roberta laughed and shook her head. "I couldn't possibly," she said, "feel any better than I do."

"Then we're ready, Waldo," said mamma pleasantly. Their tall satin heels clicking over the shining floor, they walked on either side of him to the door and down the steps to the waiting taxicab.

Roberta had never in her life felt so triumphantly gay. She sat in the corner next the window, her face turned to Mr. Parker, and between them there flowed a continuous bright stream of banter. At intervals he turned with a question or a comment to mamma, sitting very quietly on his other side, gazing at the black fret of branches against the sky, the orange windows stenciled against the dark buildings. But mamma only smiled and nodded, tranquilly preoccupied. As for Roberta, she had forgotten mamma altogether in her perfectly recaptured sense of unlimited understanding, unlimited freedom, here in this tiny space the size and shape of a taxicab. She would have liked it if the driver had missed his way, had lost it altogether, so they could go rolling on for hours and hours through the happy darkness.

Then suddenly mamma turned to Waldo and said gravely, "You know, you should have won the Holden dramatic prize, Waldo."

He turned from Roberta to say a little blankly, "I? I've never written a play in my life!"

"But you could," said mamma warmly. "I know you could. It would have to be the sort of thing you do best, of course, the action almost purely intellectual, and keep it ironical, even slightly farcical, if you like, but with an overtone of tragedy."

"I'm going to write a play," announced Roberta gayly, "and it's going to be ——"

"Of course, a play of that sort wouldn't be for the—well, for the groundlings," mamma cut in smoothly. "It would have to be for the people who would be willing to make some of the jumps themselves. Oh, I think it would be fascinating! If I could write, I'd never do anything but plays."

Roberta shifted a little restlessly in her corner. "When I write my play ——" she began again.

But mamma's voice went serenely, triumphantly on: "Because, after all, the art of the theater combines practically all the other arts. I'm sorry, Roberta. Were you saying something?"

"I was trying to," said Roberta. "It isn't so easy."

"Sorry," said mamma again, and turned back to Waldo. "Have you a cigarette, Waldo?"

The match, flaming up suddenly, showed mamma's hair shining against the dark side of the cab, the smile under her downcast eyes, even the line of scarlet left by her lips on the cigarette paper. Roberta's fists clenched tightly under her gray cloak.

"I simply adore smoking cigarettes in a taxicab at night," said mamma. "I don't know why, but it seems so terribly profligate; far more than eating flapjacks in an all-night restaurant at four o'clock in the morning. No, but really, Waldo, I'm serious. With your gift for characterization ——"

"Will you give me a cigarette, Waldo?" asked Roberta and leaned forward, hand cupped.

He reached into his inner pocket. "No use hitting the native American drama when it's down," he said with a cheerfulness that made Roberta flush deep with humiliation at the thought of the awareness it concealed.

Mamma put her hand gently on his arm. "Please, Waldo!" she said.

"Please, Waldo!" mocked Roberta, holding out her hand.

Mamma shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well!" she said.

Roberta had never smoked a cigarette before, and suddenly the acrid fumes seemed to envelop her and strangle her. There was a cloud of smoke in her eyes, a flame of fire in her throat. Agonizingly she fought down the threatening cough, but it came in spite of her, fighting its way through her struggling lungs.

"Poor Roberta!" laughed mamma, maliciously tender. "Better not finish it, darling. You may be sick in the theater."

Roberta went on smiling, but all about her she seemed to hear the final faint shattering of that crystal moment. She leaned forward quickly, opened the door and flung the cigarette out into the snow.

"I don't like it, anyway," she said. "I think I'll save smoking for middle age."

The taxicab stopped at the entrance of the Community Playhouse, and they got out and went up the steps. The lobby was gently astir with people who talked in gravely pitched, carefully inflected voices, like people on the stage. "Fifteen minutes? I'm so sorry!" "Oh, charming! I adore it!" "Lovely! Isn't that delicious?" And as mamma, followed by Roberta and Waldo, passed through to the opposite door, heads turned in their direction, casually but attentively, as though the stage directions had been: "The people in the lobby look politely but with considerable interest at Mrs. Ponton and party."

A girl usher in a buff uniform went before them along the aisle and softly let down three low wooden seats, and mamma, her fingers laid very lightly, very firmly, on Roberta's arm, indicated that she was to go in first.

All about them programs gently stirred and people coming in sat down softly and gravely, their eyes straight ahead, like people sitting down in church. Those who wore hats took them off hastily lest the rest suspect the truth, which was that they had come by street car.

In the taxicab, mamma had been on guard, completely aware of Roberta, deftly ignoring her, meeting her at every point and smilingly turning her aside. But now she had the situation entirely to herself. Roberta could see by the curve of the cheek half turned away from her that she was smiling happily, and her low voice between the acts was laughing and gay. Waldo was completely screened from sight. Occasionally mamma turned to her with a sympathetic "Enjoying yourself, darling? You're right, Aglaia has adenoids! You're sure you aren't bored?" And Roberta nodded with careless coldness and tried and tried in vain to think of something that would break through the guarded circle of mamma's pretty phrases.

The play opened on a drawing-room meeting, convened to save civilization. The group was a mixed and highly radical one, at the center of which moved Aglaia, stormy-browed and tragic-eyed, intoning warnings about "our crude and leprous civilization, with its muddle-headed thinking and eating, its ramshackle moralities, its uncalculating proliferousness." Aglaia, it developed, had a lively intellectual friendship with the poet Philo. Aglaia's husband, a gross Earthian, mistaking the nature of the affair, choked her to death off-stage and came back to announce thickly to the orchestra rows, "I have s-t-r-angled my wife." Civilization, which had been hanging by a hair in the wings, came crashing finally onto the stage, burying most of the

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Ingram's Shaving Cream has been tried—by thousands of men with tender skin. *It's proved itself. But note this:* Don't buy this cream yet. *Accept it*—at our expense. Be sure of it.

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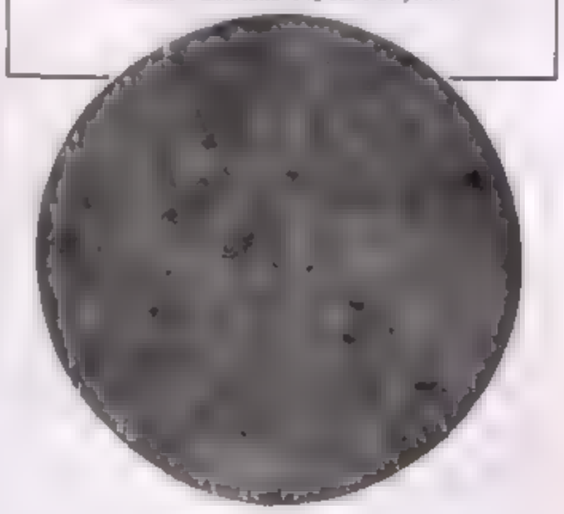

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minor characters, and the curtain went down on a slow crimson conflagration.

At the end of the second act Mrs. Roscoe Frazer came across the aisle and, leaning over Waldo, said to mamma, "My dear, would you care to meet Mr. Dehn, the prize-winner, afterward? He's seeing a few people."

"Love it—simply love it!" said mamma radiantly. "Thank you so much!"

So when the rest of the audience were reaching about under seats for hats and gloves, mamma, Roberta and Waldo, gathering up their wraps, went behind the stage. It was dark back there after the bright theater, and the air was heavy with cigarette smoke and the smell of stage cosmetics. A door, opening suddenly on a dressing room, showed a girl in a silk vest patting cream on her face, and she cried "Heavens!" and slammed it hastily. An electrician in shirt sleeves was working at the switchboard. And under a bright drop light in the center stood Mr. Gilbert Dehn. He wore a black beard and a dark Windsor tie, and he was talking to three women and a man in evening clothes. Mrs. Frazer led them forward and introduced them.

"It was marvelous! I simply loved it!" said mamma, leaving her hand in Mr. Dehn's and raising dazzled eyes to his face. "That delicious play of comedy, and then that constant, impending sense of horror!" Her breathless little laugh deprecated her enthusiasm. "It left me perfectly limp!" said mamma. Her other hand lingered on Waldo's arm. "You know Mr. Parker, don't you?" said mamma gayly. "Oh, you must! It isn't fair to either of you not to. . . ."

At last they were parting. Mamma held out her hand, and Mr. Dehn pressed it warmly against the buttons of his vest.

"Almost any afternoon," said mamma. "Good-by. It's been wonderful to meet you."

They went back through the passageway to the theater. The theater was almost empty. The first violin was wrapping his muffler about his throat, and the janitor, in a blue-denim coat, was angrily throwing up the seats.

In silence they went across the lobby and down the steps, and a car waiting at the edge of the theater lights slid smoothly to the curb.

Waldo helped them in, first mamma, then Roberta, and got in himself. They went swiftly along the street, and the car flickered and darkened, darkened and flickered as the street lamps threw their bars of light across it.

Mamma made a muff of the deep fur cuffs of her cloak and held it against her breast. "B-r-r! It's getting cold!" she said.

"Tired, Roberta?" asked Waldo.

Roberta looked up with the beginnings of laughter in her eyes again. "I was just wondering about Mr. Dehn," she said.

"He's very clever, of course," said mamma thoughtfully, "but there were one or two spots that made me think of—well, of a very smart upper-classman who had taken sociology, writing a play for the graduating class."

Waldo turned back to Roberta. "What were you wondering about Mr. Dehn?"

"I was wondering," said Roberta, "how anyone young enough to write that play could be old enough to grow a beard."

He laughed. Mamma turned to him and laid an impulsive hand on his arm. "You will write a play, won't you, Waldo?" she said. "There isn't any reason why you shouldn't win the dramatic prize next year. That is, if you want it. You have a far surer sense of dramatic unity than he has, and you're so much maturer besides."

Her solicitude infolded him. And Roberta leaned back, her hands folded under her cloak.

"It can go on like this for ten years," she thought, "and then I'll be twenty-nine years old and everything will be over." And she sat silent all the rest of the way home, looking through the window at the vanishing roofs, the black branches edged with new snow.

It was Sunday afternoon when Roberta met Waldo Parker again. They had been invited, she and mamma, to one of Mrs. Frazer's younger-group teas, and had arrived about half-past four to find the drawing-room hung with rifts of cigarette smoke and shrill with high-pitched voices.

"More sandwiches! More sandwiches!"

"Early Aztec! Mona says her haircut's early Aztec!"

"Here, I'll get them! I know where she keeps them!"

"Teapot's empty!"

"Ah, here's the lady!" said Foster Fisher, and came forward and seized both mamma's hands.

"He says the earth's flat!" shrieked the left wing of the younger group.

"So it is!" he shouted back. "What about all these girls that disappear every year? Vice reports nothing! They fall over the edge!"

Laughing gayly, mamma was swept to the very center of the circle. And Roberta, at the outer edge, turned to find Waldo Parker at her elbow, a plate of little pink iced cakes in paper jackets in his hand.

"Let's get away from the mob," he said. "How about the stairs?"

"I'd love to!" said Roberta eagerly. And they went and sat on the stairs and put the plate of little cakes on the step above them and forgot all about them.

"They've never discovered anything better to do at a party than to get someone you like very much to sit on the stairs and to hold her hand," he said. "May I hold your hand, Roberta?"

Roberta laid her hand gravely in his and sat with the other supporting her chin. The confusion of voices, rising at intervals to shrill, irrelevant laughter, went on in the next room, to an accompaniment of clattering china.

"Dear Roberta!" he said, and laid his face against her hand.

His head, with its cap of rough sandy hair, was close to her knee. Roberta reached out the other hand to touch it and drew it back.

He said, his cheek against her hand, "Will you marry me some day, Roberta?"

Whatever she had expected, she hadn't expected that. She gave so quick a start that he thought she was trying to pull her hand away, and he clung to it closer.

"Why?" asked Roberta childishly.

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't very much to offer you."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she stammered. "I meant—why would you want to marry me?"

"Because you're so young," he answered, "and so foolish—and so wise—and so darned sweet'"

"Go on!" whispered Roberta. "Please don't stop! The things you're saying now I'll want to remember the rest of my life!"

There was a little movement by the doorway, and then mamma's voice: "Oh, how quaint! Roberta and Waldo holding hands on the stairs!"

Mona Forbes' fantastic head appeared just beyond mamma's in the doorway.

"I think they look rather sweet," she said, and studied the two with owlish tenderness.

Mamma came out into the hallway. "I'm sorry to tear you away, dear," she said, "but I told Gertrude we'd be home at a little after five. Company's coming."

"No hurry," said Roberta, her face a little white. She remained sitting on the stairs, her hand in Waldo's, her head tilted against the banisters. And in the look that flashed between her and mamma there was the light, dangerous clashing of swords.

Mamma turned, and picking up her fur coat from the hall chair, slipped into it and wound a bright silk scarf about her throat. "It's after five now," she said tranquilly. "Coming, darling?"

Waldo had risen with reluctant politeness to his feet. Slowly Roberta followed him. They went down the stairs together. He found her coat and she slid into it and turned almost in his arms.

"I'll be over tonight," he whispered, and went and helped mamma open the front door.

They stepped out into the bright cold world of a winter afternoon. The street was an avenue of white and crystal that led straight into a flamboyant red-gold sunset. The air was needle-sharp against their faces.

"M'm, that air's good after those hot rooms," said mamma. "Fill your lungs, Roberta."

Roberta scarcely heard her. The fury of her resentment had given way to a sense of cold, angry triumph. "I'll tell her when we get home," she thought to herself as she went silently along the street. "It serves her right! It serves her damn right!"

Mamma went straight up to her room, with a fugitive glance at the hall mirror as she passed. Roberta followed her upstairs and stood in the doorway. Mamma had taken off her dark fur coat and thrown it on the bed. She was still wearing her close little dark hat.

"Waldo Parker has asked me to marry him," said Roberta.

Mamma, turning toward her quickly, said nothing for a moment. Then, "Asked you to marry him?" she repeated. "You, Roberta?"

Roberta couldn't see her eyes. The shadow of the little hat covered them like a dark mask. She nodded her head up and down. She felt a little frightened.

"How extraordinary!" said mamma slowly.

She sat down by the silver-gleaming toilet table. Lower and lower sank the dark mask. Roberta could see only her lips, and she noticed, with sudden, unbelievable pain crowding on the very heels of her anger, that mamma's mouth no longer held the curve of youth, that there were sharp little lines like parentheses cut deep into the corners.

She wanted to run away, but she came nearer. "Oh, I'm sorry!" she whispered.

And suddenly she heard mamma speaking in the old voice, warm, caressing, but with a shaken note in it. "Silly!" she said. "I don't want to marry your Waldo!"

She took off her hat and flung it on the bed. And now for the first time Roberta saw her eyes, and there was a dreadful loneliness in them, the loneliness of a woman parting at last with her youth. No, mamma hadn't wanted to marry Waldo; the wound went deeper than that. And without warning, all the hardness of the last weeks, all the callousness of youth fell away from Roberta, leaving her helpless and quivering before a tenderness more painful than tears. She went across to mamma and knelt on the floor beside her.

"I know you don't. I didn't understand. Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried and burst suddenly into loud childish sobs.

Mamma passed her hand over Roberta's head. "I know, darling," she said. "Oh, well, we can't be young forever."

Roberta went on crying. Never in her life, never had she loved mamma as she loved her at this moment.

"It wasn't because I was young-younger," she sobbed. "It just ha-happened with Waldo. None of the others like me. Dearest, I'll never love anyone—never anyone ——"

"Silly!" said mamma again gently, and gave her a little shake. She turned back to the dressing table, picked up a lipstick and ran it quickly over her lips. "Gilbert Dehn was to be here at five," she said. "I hope he's half an hour late. I'll have to dress like the wind."

Roberta got to her feet. "I'll talk to him for you," she said eagerly. "I'll go down as soon as I wash my face."

Mamma put the cover rather slowly back on the lipstick container. "N-no, don't bother," she said. "It won't hurt him to entertain himself for a little."

MINUS THE MOUNTEBANK

(Continued from Page 25)

in America. It is branching out from the old European lines. Performers have gone to America and come home again, bringing with them ideas of American organization and show handling. No longer is there the necessity for moving slowly; there are good roads for motor caravans. The circus which would take itself from town to town, giving its performances in a different city or different village each day, now does so.

The shows have grown from tiny affairs, until the "Barnum of Europe," as he is called by showmen, now transports by motor lorry a seating capacity for 2000 persons, 60 horses, more than 200 animals which form the menagerie, and a personnel of about 200 workmen and performers. The Circus Zoo it is called, and night by night eighty tractors move forth from a circus lot and onward toward another town, carrying a circus which, because of the excellent roads of Europe and the short distances between centers of population, has no need for the expensive railroad paraphernalia of even a show of a like size in the United States.

The result is that one sees a circus performance for much less. By buying my seats to the biggest show in Paris through a "high-priced" ticket broker, by taking the most expensive seats there were at an indoor institution which plasters Paris with posters in a manner of extravagance that is not even approached by the vaunted displays of American shows, which boasts the best talent gained from every circus of the Continent, which pays high rent for a central location in a big city and heads its performing list with the Fratellinis, some of the best clowns of Europe—or anywhere, for that matter—I managed, after buying four programs and four cakes of a distinctly American confection of chocolate-covered ice cream, to free myself of a grand total which equaled two dollars and a half in American money for a party of four persons.

From that can be gleaned the fact that even the peasant—for a farm laborer these days must have his twenty francs or lire—may have his night at the circus, and even take the kids. I even found one circus in Rome at which the bottom price for an hour and a half performance was fifty centesimi, which, when reduced to real money, means the mammoth sum of a little more than two cents. True, it could hardly be rated as a first-class institution. True, too, that it stayed right out in the open air all winter, with a canvas top, boarded sides through which the chilly gusts entered with practically no resistance save the feeble counterbalance of coke braziers set along the ground.

But it was a circus, nevertheless, with a dog-and-pony act, the unfunniest clown that ever made a grimace, trained horses, a few acrobatic acts, and a thrilling trick-bicycle number performed by the seventy-two-year-old owner, who also walked the tight rope and between times acted as chief ringmaster and head of the property men: the rest of that aggregation consisting of a coal-black, thin-necked negro who formed the chief custodian of the monkey. It was worth two cents of anybody's money, and the audience was really appreciative. Once somebody applauded.

That last statement is not so sarcastic as it sounds. Somewhere, sometime, a man

(Continued on Page 117)

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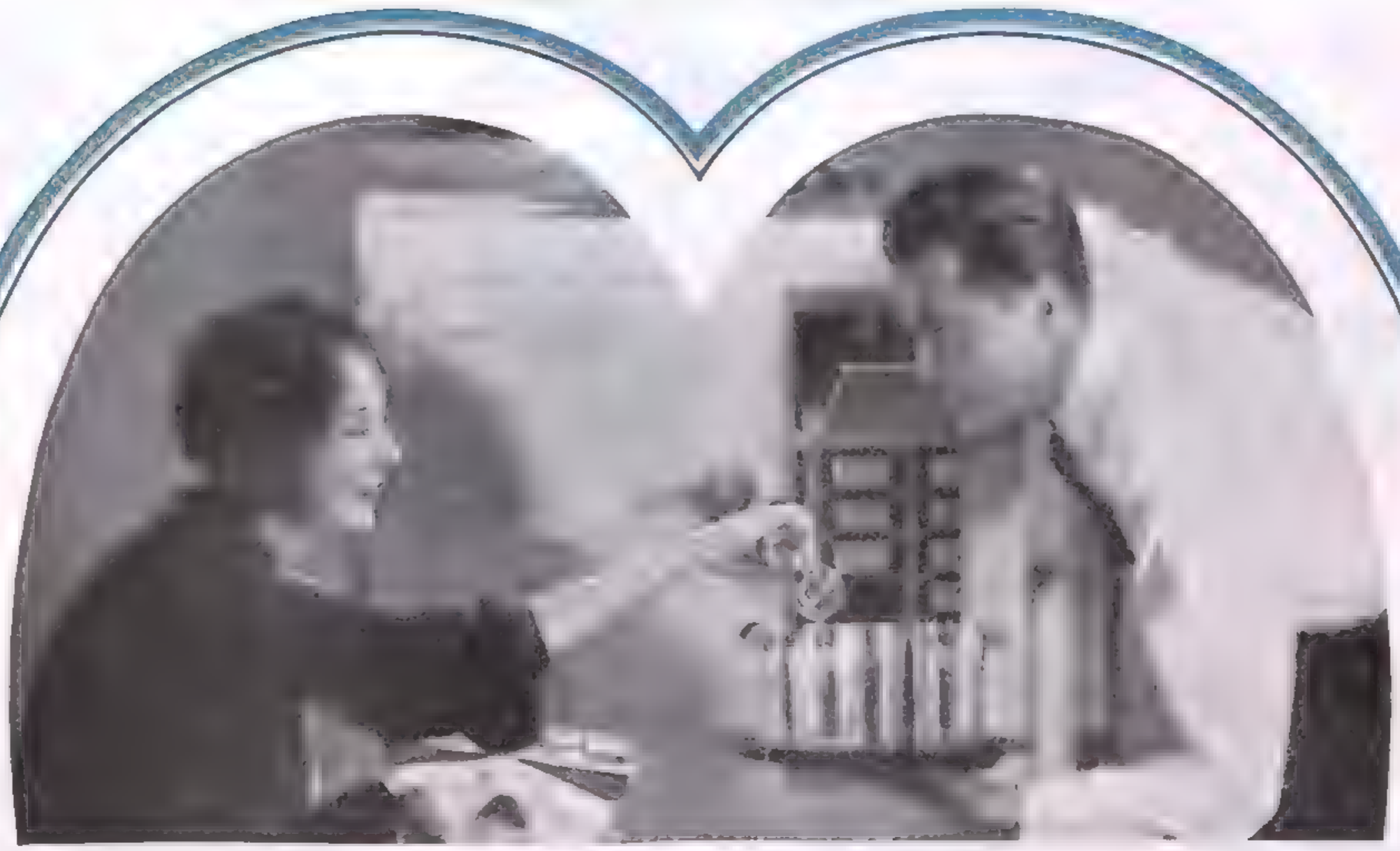

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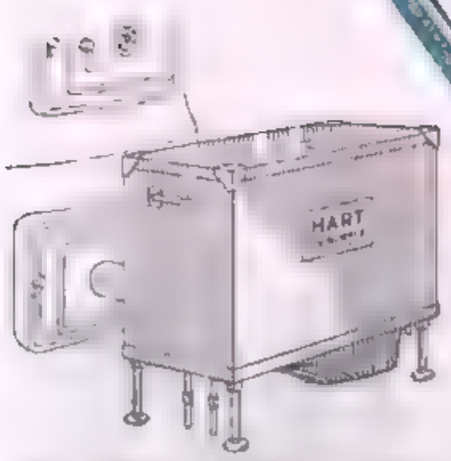

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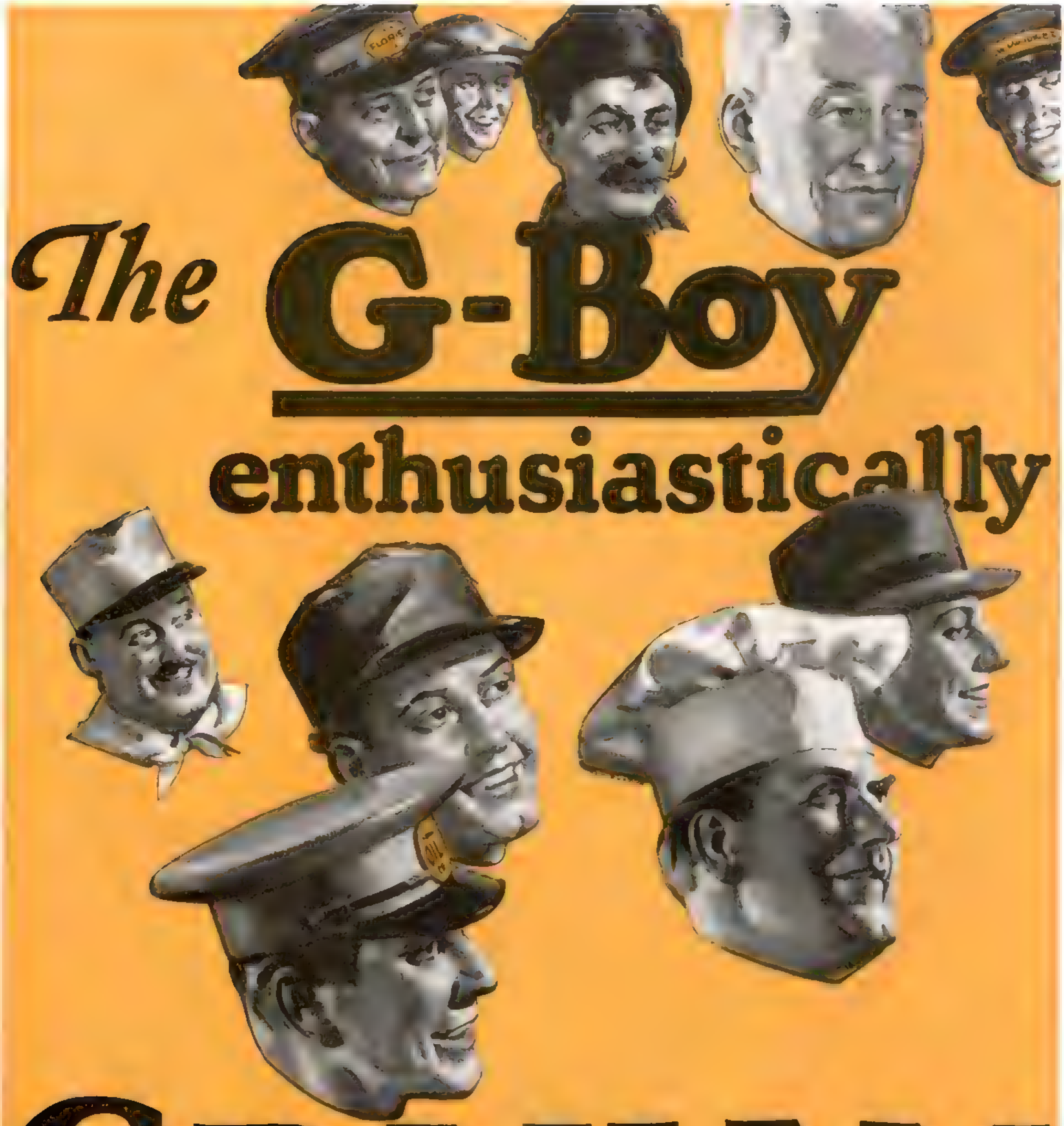
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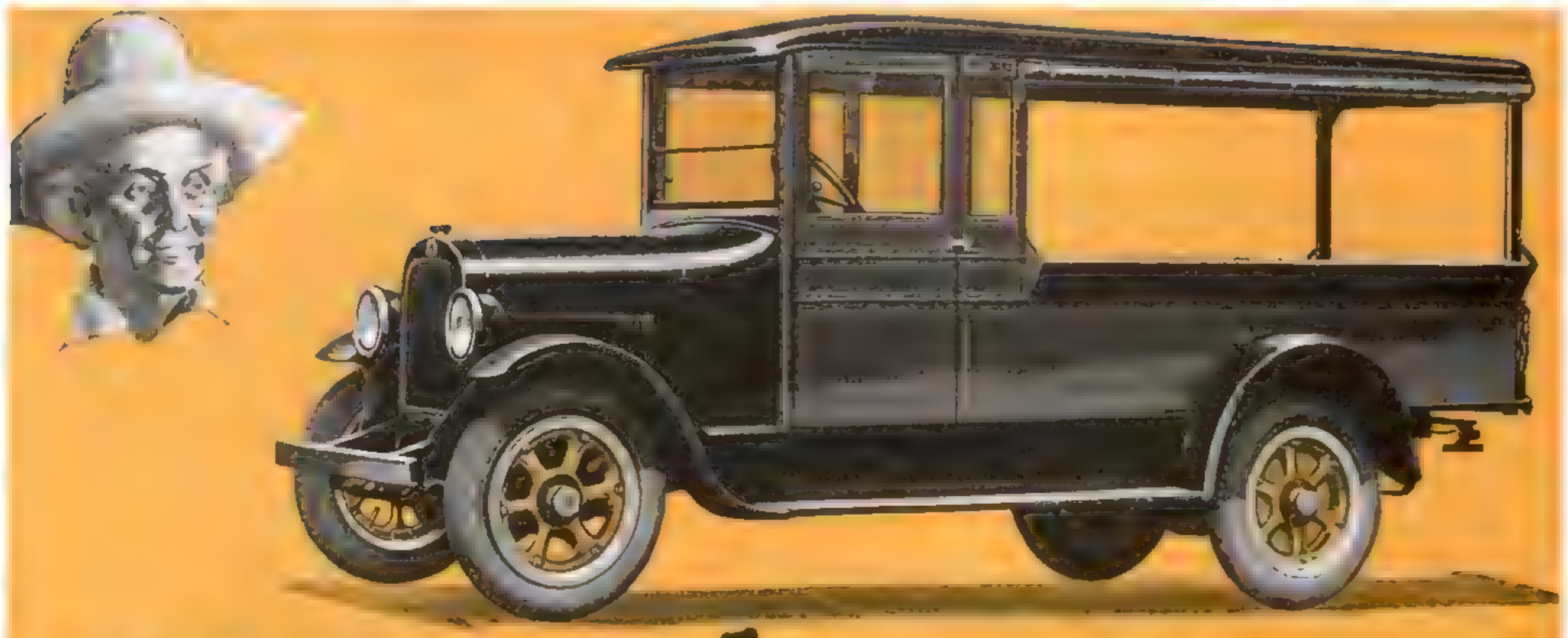

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(Continued from Page 112)

wrote a fable. It concerned the joy which the Italian took in amusement: his volubility; his excitable nature; his propensity for rising in his seat and yelling bravo at every available opportunity. Perhaps he does. But after seeing every sort of Italian amusement, from prize fights to motion-picture shows, musical reviews to circuses, vaudeville to the popular diversion of flea catching on the back streets of Naples, one sometimes wonders.

Because if there is anything more mournful than an Italian audience, more dejected, more down in the mouth, more saddened by the thought that it is there to be amused, it is another audience of the same nationality, sitting sad-eyed and glum as a show progresses, as though daring someone to come out and make it enjoy the evening. Silent, the people watch the acts, or the prize fighter get his face punched to a jelly. Silent they come and silent they go; a humorist has almost the same chance of drawing laughter as a maple tree of giving sap in the summertime. More than that, if somebody makes the mistake of applauding, it is more than possible that he will be rewarded by a congress of hisses from the whole house. Then, the intruder properly squelched, the mournful pleasure goes on unhampered.

What They Were Shouting For

Once, however, I was quite sure that I had found an exception to the rule. The Gleich Circo came to Naples, and the populace was excited. It was the second biggest circus of its kind in all Europe, they told me, a Swiss affair of wonder upon wonder. There were sixty horses. There were bears and lions, and other animals, which held forth by day in the ruins of the ancient castle of Lucullus, down by the sea, while the circus itself displayed itself at the other end of town at the Real Politeama. Oh, it would be wonderful! So I went that night with the idea of seeing a truly interested crowd enjoy itself.

That audience was interested. I know it was interested for the simple reason that the orchestra, composed of some thirty pieces, was of the home-grown variety, only the leader being connected with the circus. In vain he waved his baton. In vain he pulled his hair and called upon the gods to witness the misfortunes which had descended upon him. But for minutes at a time not a squeak of a fiddle answered his acrobatics, not a blare of horn or beat of drum. The orchestra was too busy to play. It was watching the show.

So was the audience—in its own particular way. The first act came and went. I applauded. The house hissed—at me. Other acts moved into the ring to deep silence and moved out the same way. A clown insisted on singing. Maybe it was his voice. Maybe it was that orchestra, pulling itself together long enough to race madly that it might catch up with the clown, then lose interest entirely in the greater task of merely sitting there and watching him. Maybe it was that the crowd didn't want singing. Anyway, they booed him out of the ring, whereupon he came blithely back and performed a different stunt—to silence.

A trained bear escaped, ran out from the performers' entrance, through the ring, leaped the curbing and climbed over into the audience. Whereupon that portion of the audience rose up and, like a crowd with a push ball, shunted the bear back into the ring again, where a trainer pounced upon it and dragged it away. That merited at least a few shouts. It got silence. The trained lions roared their way into the arena and bellowed lustily, making claw-fringed passes betimes at the trainer. And that was met silently. But when the show was over, the crowd rose to its feet and with one voice began yelling at the top of its lungs:

"Aria! Aria! Aria! Aria! Aria!"

I turned to my interpreter. "What's that," I asked—"applause for the show?"

"Oh, no," he answered innocently; "they're yelling for somebody to open the windows and let some air in here."

Which was as it should be—a great many of those people had paid as high as fifteen cents to see the show and they deserved their money's worth. For one expects plenty for his admission price in Europe, even in the imported sport of boxing. But by the same token, a real audience appreciates someone who helps out with that show—as in Marseilles, for instance.

Octavus Roy Cohen, he of the negro stories, is heavily addicted to attending prize fights. Even the toughness of Marseilles—and the gendarmes go in quartets, with their guns exposed on their hips, when they make a sortie through the Rue Bouterie—couldn't keep Roy Cohen from his diet of watching two gentlemen get into a ring and knock the daylights out of each other. So, seeing that Roy had gone to the zoo in obedience to my childish instincts in that direction, I went to the prize fight with him, lugging with us one Pietro de Angelis, our courier.

A dark, evil entrance, leading to a foul-smelling saloon, and beyond that to narrow steps which descended to the darkest basement in Europe. Flickering mantled gas lamps gleamed dully against the ancient walls. Upon the rickety benches sat a hard-boiled collection of apaches, dock workers, sailors, Moroccan negroes, jabbering French and a scattering of gentlemen whom, by their faint perfume of camels, we knew to be sheiks straight from the sheikery. A foul-looking lot, and we remarked the same to Pietro.

"Oh, yes," he said quite genially. "They are bad men. The police records of Marseilles show that there are 43,000 criminals listed in the city."

That assured us of a happy evening. So, to forget the fact that our bodies would probably be in the sewer by the next morning, we turned our attention to that prize fight. Two young men entered the ring and glared at each other. Then one of the judges arose and made a speech, accompanied by grandiloquent gestures.

A Prize Fight

Immediately a yell of approbation arose from the ground. There was stamping of feet and applauding, to say nothing of a succession of cheers. The fighters rose and bowed. Then an overdressed apache, resplendent in a brand-new muffler and cloth-topped shoes, arose, stood on a bench and bowed also. After which the crowd cheered anew, and we asked Pietro the cause of the excitement. Mr. de Angelis ceased his applauding.

"Oh," he said, "the gentleman, he is very generous. He have offer to the winner of the bout a prize of twenty francs."

"Twenty what?" we queried.

"Twenty francs," said Pietro. "He is giving that out of his own pocket so that there will be an extra good fight."

Twenty francs, at the existing rate of exchange, meant all of seventy-five cents. After we had swallowed our amazement, we asked what the winner would have got without that extra prize.

"Oh, he gets ten francs," said Pietro.

Then the fight started. That seventy-five cents was a real inducement. They knocked each other through the ropes, made faces, tried to bite, hit in the clinches and glared at the referee when he held them from precipitate murder. At last the quarrel was over. The donor presented his prize and again took a bow. Then Roy Cohen turned with a brilliant idea.

"I think I'm about to see the fight of my life," he announced. Then to the courier: "Call the major-domo over here and tell him that I will offer a special prize of 100 francs to the winner of the main bout."

It was too good to be true. The fight manager asked for a second and a third time the amount of the prize. Then, as politely as possible—without actually calling Roy Cohen a four-flusher—he said that before the announcement was made he must have the money actually in his hand. Cohen passed forth the note, amounting to a sum total of $3.75. The fight manager examined it. He looked at the corners, to be sure that all the numbers were there and that it wasn't merely being offered as a prize because it couldn't be passed otherwise. Then, with the bank note high above his head, he climbed into the ring.

This time he didn't make a speech. It was an oration. He waved the grand old flag. He spoke of the generosity of *le Monsieur Americain*. He harked back to the days when the first troops landed at Marseilles and referred to the love of France for

the *soldat des États Unis*. He held the bill aloft so that everybody could see it. Then he broke the news as to what all this speech was about. The generous gentleman—pointing as he said it—who sat in the second row had actually given this prize as a special inducement for the winner of the main event.

The cellar echoed with cheers. Roy Cohen took a bow; then another, returning for a third. The fighters leaned over the side of the ring and shook hands with him, thanking him personally. The referee shook hands with him. The fight manager shook hands with him. Then, when the slaughter which followed was over and the seconds were helping the vanquished out of the ring, and the piece of chewed beef which once had been a man but was now a victor with 100 francs in his possession was reeling in his pride, we arose to leave.

But did we mingle with the crowd? Hardly. The throng of apaches, of thugs and dock wallopers parted, leaving a path of triumph through which we must pass.

"Vive les Americains!" they shouted. *"Vive les Americains!"*

"And just to think," mourned Roy Cohen, "you can't get a fourth-rate ham in the States to raise a glove for less than fifty dollars!"

But in Europe, and especially in France, it is different. There, though the touch of Americanism is rampant in every form of amusement since the war, the conditions of that amusement are heavily reversed. In America it's the performer who takes everything first and lets the audience have what's left; in Europe it's the other way around—except, of course, when it comes to fishing. In any country it's a pretty hard thing to tell which is really the fish—that which is caught or that which does the catching. In France there's not so much need for doubt.

There's a good deal in history about the defense of the Marne. The desperation of those battles was supposed to be for the purpose of saving Paris. But, eight years after the war, there's still a solid wall of humanity along that river, defending its banks against all comers. It's the army of French fishermen—of Marne fishermen, to be more exact, for there seems to be a trick about it.

The first requirement, seemingly, is to arm oneself with a pole large enough to serve as a radio aerial post; then to pack a luncheon; to equip oneself with a bag sufficiently large to carry fifteen or twenty pounds of fish. Next the fisherman attaches to that pole a string of the thickness usually employed to hold a surveyor's plumb line, and hangs on the end of the young rope a hook large enough to snag a Missouri River catfish. After that, another job presents itself—that of finding a spot along the Marne, anywhere from the environs of Paris to the source of the stream, where someone else hasn't arrived previously and engaged in raising the level of the current with a hunk of bait big enough to be seen across the river

The Poor Fish

Now the fishing commences. It continues. And goes on. And is resumed. Then it is continued again. Shouts run along the bank. Someone a quarter of a mile away just had a bite. That creates a deal of excitement and hooks are rebaited. Onward into the jaws of fish march the six thousand or hundred thousand or whatever monumental number of pole wavers happens to be on hand. Bait to the right of them, bait to the left of them, bait all about them, the fish of the Marne move from one offering to the next, taking a nibble here and a nibble there, while the excitement grows tremendously and poles yank with reckless abandon. Then, excitement of excitement! A streak of silver in the air. Shouts from one to another. A fish has been caught!

But is it a four-foot carp? Or a ten-pound trout? Or something else of equal size to live up to that cord and telegraph pole? It is not! It is, in fact, a finny affair known as an *éblette*, or perhaps—far more exciting—a *goujon*, which, when safe at last in the ample carrier, will weigh it down to about the same avoirdupois as an overfed goldfish. And when one asks the explanation of the tremendous pole, the heavy line, the big hook and hefty bait, there is a general gasp of surprise. That's the way that *éblettes* and *goujons* have always been fished for. Why change a custom that has existed for years?

In that there is an element of novelty, for other customs in the amusement field

have changed and changed swiftly in Europe since the war. They have changed in a fashion that bears the stamp of Americanism in no uncertain tones—even in the districts where there were no troops to set the example; in places where, before the war, a village dragged along, month after month, with perhaps nothing more exciting than a native fête day or a wandering *guignol* to enliven its otherwise dull existence. But the American pictures have permeated there now.

Dancing, too, has seemed to sweep the country, bringing with it American steps, with perhaps a bit of localization thrown in, and a love for American music that is all but amazing.

One hears a boy in a village where the houses exist in the moldy dampness of centuries agone, where the streets are crooked and where wooden shoes clatter upon the pavement, whistling a six-month-old American tune as he goes about his duties of delivering the daily bread and wine. One hears in the better-class homes fervent discussions upon the art of Paul Whiteman and the genius of Irving Berlin.

One listens to the shrill-pitched voice of the wandering butcher, traveling from village to village with his high-wheeled cart of viands, bawling in French to the plodding oxen of a near-by field the heart-rending fact that he is all alone, he's so all alone, *par le téléphone*. One looks into the windows of music stores to see facing him sheet after sheet of music which may bear a French title, but with the underline: FOX TROT AMERICAIN.

Beer-Garden Opera

And when one goes to a French dance hall, where the patronage runs into the hundreds, far from the Montmartre, even far from Paris—for Paris, after all, is an international city—one finds a peculiar condition. It consists of two orchestras, one at one end of the hall and one at the other. The largest orchestra is a French one. It plays French airs; and when it puts forth its melodies, there is a sprinkling of dancers upon the floor. Then it halts and the other orchestra starts, to the accompaniment of a surge of dancers from every part of the hall. That orchestra is built upon American lines, with moaning saxophones and muted cornets, and the dance floor becomes jammed, while the French orchestra awaits its turn, looking exceeding sad. There's a good reason—the craze for jazz music, played by jazz artists, has almost reached a point where the demand exceeds the supply. Nor is it wholly a matter of France. I talked one night in Rome with a young American violin student, who announced to me that he was paying a part of his tuition on savings which he had gained by singing in Berlin.

"But I didn't know you could speak German," I said.

"German?" he asked. "Why should I need German? I was with a jazz orchestra in a Berlin beer garden. My job was to make gestures to the verse of:

"Sittin' on de inside,
Lookin' at de outside,
Waitin' fo' de evenin' mail!"

But with all this, there is no change so great as that of the true enterprise which has taken from the old-time mountebank his living, and to which many of the remaining mountebanks have flooded, finding in it a legitimate successor to the trade by which they once lived. It is the *foire*, grown to mighty proportions since the end of the war, a thing of internationalities, and yet dominated by seemingly one thought—the use of American ideas, of American names, of American methods of showmanship.

One doesn't interview an exhibitor at the *foire*. One hasn't the time—that is, if one has made the announcement in his introduction that he is a *forain Americain*, meaning thereby that he is an American showman. I should know; I've tried it at a dozen places. The result was always the same—I went to ask questions and remained to answer them. How does this compare with the amusements in America? Is it as good? Are the attractions here up to date? What was the latest riding device, the latest novelty, the latest craze in America? All this while the crowd gathers, while every showman who ever has been to the United States hurries forward to announce the fact and to volunteer as an interpreter, then, as the questions are answered, to swell with pride and to employ the inevitable "I told you so" to his comrades.

For the *foire*, legitimate child of the old gathering of mountebanks though it may be, is an illegitimate child of American showmanship, and with a great deal more pride in its accepted parent than in its real one. There one finds the word "American" blazing at him in every direction: The American Massacre, American Hot Dogs, American Shooting Gallery, Chocolat Glacé Americain. To say nothing of the unchanged names of such things as the Roller Coaster, the Diabolic Whirl, Over the Falls, The Whip, The Football and The Magic City.

One finds too an attendance which pays well for the showmanship expended. For the *foire* is the true amusement of him who has but a few francs or lire or marks to spend and wants lots for his money.

It is a European edition of the American carnival grown from the old mountebank days, yet conforming to different methods of showmanship. It is an institution which has arisen to gigantic proportions since the war, with its own magazines, where is carried page after page of advertisements; its organization, its separate and distinct lines of demarcation from every other form of amusements; its tightly drawn lines of allegiance—and yet it is a thing of many segments, made up from all nations, and built upon a system where every man is for himself.

In the mountebank days, wandering players and strolling entertainers gathered at a market place. Today's *forains* follow the same system, upon the encouragement of the municipality, which fattens upon the taxes derived thereby, taking a preliminary license, income tax, occupation tax, ticket tax and a number of other levies which run its total to a point where it receives nearly 25 per cent of every admission. Yet even with that handicap the *foire* grew stronger and the *forain* prospers as he never has prospered before.

Coney Island on Wheels

What is it? Simply a moving Coney Island, traveling incredible distances by motor truck, and lugging for those distances amusements which, in America, could be looked upon only as fixed things—a Figure Eight, for instance, which, when one rides upon it, seems staunch and strong enough, but, when examined, is found to be composed of innumerable sections, bolted together in a manner which might not pass the eye of an American inspector. But a Figure Eight, nevertheless, covering acres of ground, and necessitating from thirty to forty tremendous wagons, hauled in groups by powerful tractors, to transport it from town to town. Merry-go-rounds of every description; riding devices, haunted-house shows, skating rinks, dance floors—every possible form of amusement is here. And yet it is all integral, all separate.

In this is one of its amazing features. The owner of the Figure Eight may have for his next neighbor the owner of a merry-go-round. For two months they will occupy adjoining stands. Then the end of the *foire* will come and they will not meet again for years, perhaps never. Such is the shuffling process. Yet it is strangely like the American fair, after all—and for purposes of clearness, the word *foire* becomes "fair" in its translation.

In America, when the good old county fair comes along in the autumn, the secretary announces that he has room for a certain number of attractions. He engages them, allots them their space. The same thing happens in Europe, with the exception that there is no need for a display of agricultural exhibits, hand sewing and prize pigs. Of course, those things may be present; but they are not absolutely necessary for the interminable number of *foires*, or *kermesses*—a term sometimes wrongly applied, since a *kermesse* is, in its strict interpretation, a charity bazaar. If a city needs some money, and at the same time believes its population needs a large amount of amusement, it simply announces the fact and the *foire* becomes a *foire* without prize seekers sitting up nights.

Getting Your Money's Worth

Then the ingress begins. A merry-go-round from Belgium. A roller coaster, coming perhaps all the way from Spain in its travels of the Continent. Shooting galleries, American massacres—which, by the way, may be a naïve little way of expressing Europe's true attitude toward the États Unis, since it consists of a number of dummy figures with removable heads; the object of the game being to pay a small amount of money for the privilege of knocking off those heads with a baseball, without even a prize to be gained thereby. A Figure Eight from Italy. In one *foire* in Marseilles I found nine nationalities represented in one line of exhibits; a British owner of a diving-girl show, a French proprietor of a shooting gallery, an Italian vender of fun at an American massacre, a Greek running a Magic City, a German with a collection of animals, a Swiss exhibiting a trained horse, a Nederland Dutchman vending visions of the future from an automatic fortune machine, a Portuguese deep-sea diver with an illusion show in which a girl's head appeared upon the body of a tremendous sea scorpion, and an Arab photographer.

These people had gathered from all corners of the Continent in answer to the call of Marseilles for attractions. Living in specially constructed wagons—and in a style that might be considered luxury when compared with that of their counterparts in the carnival business of America—they had packed their attractions and come overland, to set up their places of entertainment in Marseilles and remain there as long as a franc was forthcoming. Then onward to another city, each choosing where he thought the pickings would be best. Usually there is not much need for conjecture. Europe may be poor. Europe may be war torn. But Europe can part with its shekels very easily at a *foire*.

There is naturally an excellent reason. The European is what an American showman calls a good looker. He is willing to pay for a small part of his amusement, and wants the rest for nothing. Hence the street faker, the counterpart of the American pitchman, thrives abroad. Natural curiosity gives him his audience. He sings a song, does a few magic tricks, harangues his audience for half an hour and then sells them something they don't want, simply because they have had the amusement thrown in. Give a Frenchman, for instance, enough water with a two-franc bottle of wine and he is set for an entire afternoon, in doing nothing but looking, as he sits at a tin table in front of a sidewalk café and watches the crowd go by.

So it is the theory of satisfying the looker by which the *foire* thrives. An average of fifty cents for a whole family is quite a splurge for numerous nationalities where carpenters don't get twelve dollars a day and harvest hands aren't hauled off trains by excited farmers during the wheat season and forced to work for eight dollars a day and board. The equivalent of fifty cents is also the equivalent of half a day's labor to a great body of workers. One must have a tremendous return for it, and at the *foire* this is exactly what happens.

For the most costly thing at a *foire* is a franc or its equivalent. More often the price is fifty centimes—less than two cents. That buys a ride on the best merry-go-round, where there is every conceivable form of horse, pig, goat, elephant and what not to furnish the diversion. Or, if one cares for a cheaper ride, even a present-day sou, or five centimes, can procure it upon a merry-go-round of a sort where the carriages are bicycles and the rider furnishes his own motive power, at the same time furnishing the energy which grinds the organ. And when one wants to be really a devil, he squanders a franc or a lira for a ride on the roller coaster. Meanwhile the *forain* waxes rich and buys a new mahogany bed for the luxurious inner furnishing of the wagon which forms his domicile.

"There is so much more money since the war," he says. A statement, however, which should not be taken too literally. What is meant is that there is less saving since the conflict, less frugality for tomorrow.

"For why?" a Frenchman asked me the other day. "I save francs today. *Pouf!* Tomorrow, they may be worth nothing. *Voilà!* So I spend them."

The Gypsy Curse

But even with this don't-give-a-whoop attitude, there remains in the Continental the ancient idea of frugality, of getting his amusement by looking. Therefore, by going to the *foire*, he can stroll before shooting galleries and watch other people spending their money, taking as much fun out of seeing someone strike a target as in striking it himself. He can form in great masses outside the roller coaster and shout with delight as the cars travel around the curves and dips. He can watch the barkers and the ballyhoo men, he can look at the bright lights and watch the snake charmer when she comes on the platform in an effort to lure customers within. Then he can spend his equivalent of fifty American cents and go home, having had a whale of a time. And the *forain* waxes fat for the reason that everybody in town attends, and though they may look much and spend little, there is always a profit in a gross business.

Which, after all, is not so different from any country, just as basic customs and basic beliefs often remain the same, no matter where one goes. The show business, for instance.

I talked one day in Rome with a *forain* who, by his card, was the owner of a merry-go-round and a circular swing. For a long time we swapped questions, finding to the surprise of each of us that show folks lived about the same in Europe as they did in America; that they worked the same hours, thought the same thoughts, used the same methods in general and looked upon the public in the same light of friendly enemies who must be endured in order to get the money. But there was one thing of which I felt sure. So I asked him.

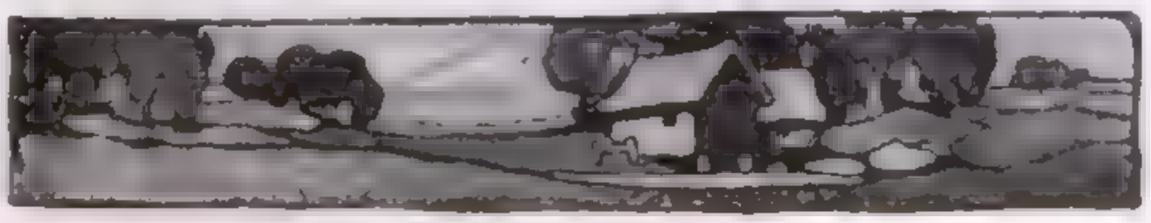
"At home," I said, "there is a wide dividing line between what we call the carnival man and the circus man—a real gulf. For instance, a circus man calls a carnival man a gypsy, and when one carnival man becomes angry with another, the worst thing he can wish him is that he will gravitate to the circus. In fact he uses a set expression. He says, 'May all your children be acrobats!' Now ——"

But Signor Carlo Lustig, proprietor of the Gran Giostro, and so on, laughed uproariously.

"We have a saying, too," he said.

"Which is?"

"May all your children be acrobats!" he answered.



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In one pound and two pound packages at the nearby store that is agent for the sale of

Whitman's Chocolates

SARAH'S JIMMY

(Continued from Page 13)

us, because we had confidence in you. And confidence leads to better things."

Cronkite was leaning over his desk, shooting it at him. Byrne scowled, plucked at his wet shirt where it had plastered against his ribs.

"You're heading straight out to make a fool of yourself, Jimmy, and I'm damned if I'll let you do it! Do you think I don't know what you're up against every night? Nerves frazzled; then bridge at ten cents a point and a litter of highballs when you ought to be in bed. Do you think that stuff is going to get you anywhere? Do you think it's going to do you any good to shoot a bunch of drugs into your system every Saturday night so you can sleep all day Sunday, when you ought to be out at Blueport sweating some of the hooch out at tennis?" Cronkite's voice was falling into a poetical cadence of wrath. "And do you think you'll do yourself any good by gambling on a bunch of worthless rubber stock that's as dangerous as TNT? You're not a fool, but you don't seem to have sense enough to realize that you're playing a fool's game."

Jimmy Byrne yanked himself out of his chair, jaw set and eyes glowering. "I'd tell any other man who talked to me that way what I thought of him. And there's no reason that I know of why I've got to take it from you."

"There certainly isn't," agreed Mr. Cronkite. It was as though a chill had swept through the stuffy room. "You've got your choice."

"I'm through!" snapped Byrne. "That's my choice."

"Quit then—quit and be hanged to you! But some day, Jimmy, you're going to have some sense kicked into you. And then remember what I've told you."

"Thanks," answered Byrne, voice dry, metallic. His face was pale except for two flushed spots at the cheek bones. He went out, closed the door quietly behind him, even though he felt like knocking it off its hinges.

The outer office and its familiar faces existed in a blur; noises came filtering through miles of space to his ears. He nearly collided with Sarah Cronkite, who was standing, hat off, near an electric fan, letting her brown hair be blown in the wind. Sarah, with that seemingly imperishable bloom of eighteen—nearly nineteen—years, wearing an airy pale-green frock, appeared to be the one cool thing in the heavy, viscous atmosphere of the office. But Byrne was scarcely conscious of her. It didn't occur to him in that moment even to speak. Then her voice brought back a sense of actuality.

"Hello, Jimmy. I've come with the car to kidnap dad and take him out to Blueport. Can't you come with us? It's so beastly hot!"

"Oh, hello, kid."

"Why, Jimmy, what's the matter?"

He stopped before her, twisted his lips into something that tried to be a smile. "I don't know whether I've just been fired or whether I've resigned. The old boy's on the warpath today. You'd better watch out. He's in a mood to eat little girls."

"But, Jimmy—why?"

"I've been cleaning up some money on the side, and he thinks that's his own royal prerogative. He'll give you the lurid details."

He turned abruptly, went to his desk. "Handle these tomorrow morning," he said, passing out a batch of orders to the trading clerk, Johnson.

"You're going to be down, aren't you?" asked the man anxiously. He was already overworked.

"Yes, I'm going to be down—to settle up my accounts. I'm through."

"Through!" exclaimed Johnson. "How come?"

Jimmy Byrne, busy with figures, didn't reply. When he looked up, Johnson asked, voice a little tremulous with a hope he couldn't suppress, "Who's going to get the trading desk? Do you know?"

"You are, I suppose—if you're a good little boy and don't do as your elders do." Johnson was ten years his senior.

"Gosh, I hope so—with a wife and three kids!"

Jimmy grunted, looked at the man as sharply as though he were some new animal. "That's a grand life!" he exclaimed disgustedly. "Grub along in this heat to keep a bunch of faces fed."

"Depends on how you look at it, doesn't it?" asked the other.

"I suppose so," Byrne agreed automatically. His mind was filled with the thought that his credit at Longworth's stood close to forty thousand dollars. It might be the better part of valor to clear out. He bit his lip and did a little mental coin tossing. "I'll be back after while, if there's anything you want to ask me," he said to Johnson. To himself he said, "Better clear out while the clearing is good. Get my fingers burnt."

Three days later, Jimmy Byrne, comfortably slouched in the depths of a wicker chair, surveyed benignly all the world which could be seen from the porch of the Blueport Country Club; the rolling green links, scattered country places with their meticulously cropped lawns and drowsy trees, and the blue water of the Sound, dotted with the white flecks of immaculate sails. It was enough just to sit there at his ease and smile complacently, while forty thousand dollars slept in the bank.

During the morning he had arranged with the real-estate agent for the leasing of the Blueport house which had come to him through the estates of his mother and father. Also, he had checked carefully the bonds in his deposit box, deciding upon certain substitutions and readjustments in his small inherited capital. The next day, in New York, the profits from Tana and Van Eyck—both of which had taken a slide within forty-eight hours after he had cashed in—were to be salted down in good bonds. Two days later he would be aboard the Majestic headed for Europe, with an income of a little better than seven thousand a year—there to play about until there returned an impulse to work. Paris, Deauville, the Riviera.

Seven thousand wasn't the biggest income in the world, to be sure; but it seemed enough to glide along upon, and that, to Jimmy Byrne, seemed a career in itself. He stretched luxuriously.

The quick tread of feet approaching him made him turn. It was Sarah. "Hello, there, Jimmy. Don't get up." Her hand upon his shoulder restrained him. "I was going around with Canby and Alice, and the caddie told me you were down—so I cut out. Whew! I hurried because I was afraid you'd go in on the 3:30. You're not, are you?"

"Yes, I have to. I'm shoving off for Europe within a couple of days, and I've got a lot of things to do."

"Oh, I'm sorry you're going abroad." She pulled off the floppy panama, ran slender muscular fingers through her hair and subsided with another "Whew!" upon the railing of the veranda, where she could face him.

"Jimmy," she said suddenly, "dad's awfully sorry you had a run-in. I'm sure he is. He thinks that you were both fagged out with the heat, and mother says he's sorry he lost his temper. Why don't you have a talk with him just to be friends? He really thinks the world of you, only ——" She paused.

Byrne smiled. "He dissembled his love beautifully when he kicked me downstairs."

"Well, I don't know much about speculating and things of that kind," went on the girl, "but dad ought to know what he's talking about."

"He certainly ought to," agreed Jimmy heartily. "He plays around with some of the worst wildcats on the Street. Anyhow, I'm out. I'd hate to think of spending the rest of my days down there."

"I wish we could go to Europe, too," said Sarah. "Mother's been trying to get dad to go, but he says he can't leave. Market's too wabbly, I suppose."

"And always will be," added Jimmy. "Of course he can't leave! He's handling a bunch of stuff that he admits is as dangerous as TNT. And I'm supposed to be the champion idiot because I clean up some money and pull out."

"You're not going to speculate any more then?"

He shook his head. "I'm going in for a list of hard-boiled bonds and live on the income—and tell Dan Cronkite that!" He grinned.

"You're going to be back soon, aren't you?"

"No, I think I'll live over there."

"Oh, Jimmy, please! We'll miss you so! It hasn't been half so much fun this summer, not having you here." Her voice and eyes besought him.

"I really don't know exactly what I am going to do," he said. "Lord knows, I don't want to stay in Wall Street and work as your father has. He's as bad off as a pants finisher in a sweatshop."

"Are you just going to loaf?" Her eyebrows raised incredulously.

"I certainly am," he announced with enthusiasm. "I haven't got anything to work for." He stretched, beaming upon her. "Wow! It's glorious not to have anything to do."

Sarah laughed. "You'll get tired of it."

"We'll see." He glanced at his watch. "I have to be barging along if I'm going to catch that train."

They arose, stood facing each other.

"But you'll be out again before you sail?" she asked anxiously.

"I'll try to, but I'm going to be pretty busy."

Her expression darkened with unhappiness. "Jimmy," she said, casting about for words, "you mustn't ever forget that all the people down here love you very, very dearly, and that—well, we've all grown up together and we ought to stick together. Blueport's been the happiest home that any of us have ever had, and ——" She stopped short and her eyes searched his. "Oh, Jimmy, please don't stay away so very long!"

He slipped his arm about her, gave her a friendly, reassuring little hug. "You're a darling, Sarah. Bye-bye. And if I don't get out, I'll telephone to you."

He started away. "And write to me, Jimmy!" she called after him.

"I will."

She returned his wave, then sank into the depths of the chair he had been occupying and sat there motionless, hurt, disappointed, angry—but more angry than hurt or disappointed. It wasn't fair of Jimmy Byrne to leave Blueport as though he didn't care a bit. He must care! She wanted to run after him, to beat him with her fists, beat him until it really hurt.

He didn't return to Blueport before sailing. He didn't even telephone. The day after the boat sailed she received a note from him, sent over with the pilot. Very busy—sorry not to have seen her again—hoped she would get to Europe next summer.

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed furiously, and tore the note in halves. "I hate you, Jimmy Byrne!" Then she tucked the remnants of the note away with the other letters she had received from him and went out to play a savage game of golf.

III

SARAH was at the dressing table of her room at the Ritz, in Paris, putting on the last dab of powder when her mother came in from shopping. "Jimmy called up a little while ago," she said. "He's been in Deauville and he hadn't received his mail, so he didn't know we were here. I'm meeting him downstairs for tea."

She gave a final glance at herself in the mirror and looked at her watch—a small pendent watch of bright jade which matched the collar and cuffs of her gray kasha frock.

"Give him my love and tell him that I want to see him," said Mrs. Cronkite, stripping off her gloves.

"You won't join us?"

"Thanks, no!" replied her mother decisively. In her eyes there was a gleam of triumph, the gleam that comes from achieving home and composure after having half a dozen dresses fitted.

"Sarah," she said, brows knitting, "who is Eve David?"

"Eve David played in Hyacinthe last winter," supplied the girl. "Do you remember? Gorgeously pretty, dances like a whiz. She's over here getting a divorce. Why?"

"Mrs. Burgess was saying that Jimmy had been seen about with her quite a bit."

"Oh," said Sarah; and added, after a moment, as though it were something well worth while taking into consideration, "She's awfully pretty. She married Dirk Howland about two years ago. Let's see"—Sarah put a forefinger to her head and scowled thoughtfully—"Dirk Howland was in Wall Street until his father died, and then he started out to make merry with the estate. I imagine he has done it by this time. That's probably why she's divorcing him. He was married first to Mary Barlow—that was before he started on the loose—and then she got a divorce. She married Ned Philburn last spring. Howland married Eve David before the decree was made final, and they had to get married again—or something like that. There was some sort of mix-up. I forget ——"

"Good grief!" exclaimed Mrs. Cronkite. "I should hope so! When I was young we had to learn the names of the Presidents. What a mess! And what is our Jimmy doing around with a girl of that sort?"

Sarah shrugged and laughed. "I'll ask him. See you later, dear."

Jimmy was in the living room of Eve David's suite in the same hotel, humming to himself and dancing a slow waltz with a champagne cocktail as a partner while Eve ran through a batch of cablegrams. Expressions of amusement, annoyance, pleasure fluttered over her face, like shadows of butterflies, and he watched her, smiling to himself.

"Oh, rot!" she exclaimed finally. "These make coming back a pest!" She tossed the remaining unopened messages upon the table.

Jimmy stopped dancing, planted a kiss upon the top of her blond head. "May I be your social secretary?" She glanced up and gave him a malicious little smile. "Eve, I've got to dash. Sorry I can't ask you for tea, but I had to make another engagement. Couldn't help it."

"How sorrowful! Should I be jealous?"

"I don't think so. It's with a little girl I used to know in the States—Sarah Cronkite. Kid I grew up with." He captured a small white hand. "Forgiven? I really had to make the engagement. Her note had been waiting for me a week when I got back to Paris."

"Yes, I forgive you," answered Eve, laughing. "I have an engagement myself. Otherwise I wouldn't."

"With whom?"

"Dirk," she answered. Jimmy scowled. "Oh, don't be silly!" she said, rising. "Dirk isn't such a bad sort, even if I am divorcing him. He wanted to talk with me about the case."

"You know I hate to have people see you around with him."

"Well, everybody does it," she said, very meekly. "It isn't like it was in the old days when you had to be really annoyed with someone before you got a divorce."

(Continued on Page 125)

The Dining Room of Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, in her New York residence. One will look for indeed to find another such example of character and elegance. Mrs. Thomas endorses Nucoa.

Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas speaks about Nucoa's Food Quality

"*THE PURE, DELICIOUS FLAVOR* combined with the wholesomeness of Nucoa makes it most desirable for use as tempting little pats for the table—as well as a valuable aid in cooking. Another undeniable appeal is its economy as a food product."

So one of the finest table delicacies is welcomed by one whose innate discrimination and whose social position combine to make her word of commendation authoritative indeed.

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Nucoa is a natural, pure white product made from nutritious, palatable cocoanut and peanuts, milk and salt.

It is prepared under rigid scientific control—as to Flavor, Purity, Cleanliness, Nutrition and Vitamins, and Economy.

And when the Nucoa user tells you how much she *likes* Nucoa you may read besides in the tone of her voice her *respect* for its *integrity*.

How to Serve Nucoa

Nucoa is served on the table in the form of dainty Nucoa Pats with bread.

In the kitchen, in the preparation of other foods, it proves itself a delicacy indeed.

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A color wafer approved by the Government of the United States is supplied by the grocer with every package. You may color Nucoa any shade of yellow you prefer, for table use, cooking or baking.

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New York Chicago San Francisco

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A

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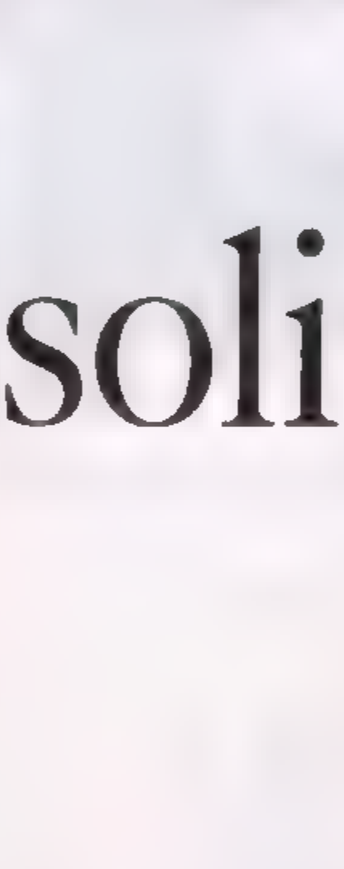

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THE TEXAS COMPANY, always active and aggressive in the development of high grade petroleum products, now offers the American motoring public a new gasoline with a combination of qualities never before attained in a motor fuel.

It is a product of perfectly balanced distillation range, more volatile, and vaporizes to a dry gas.

The new gasoline is made possible through the Holmes-Manley Gasoline Process, owned and controlled by The Texas Company, representing an investment of millions of dollars and many years' efforts of refinery experts.

The *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline has *all* the good qualities of any gasoline or motor fuel, *regardless of price*. It contains no chemicals. It needs none. Over two million barrels of this new product are now on hand.

Stop at the first Texaco pump you see. All tanks and pumps are now supplied with the new product. Fill with Texaco Gasoline; and Texaco Motor Oil, the clean, clear, golden oil, known everywhere for its quality, full body and purity. You will note with pleasure the improved operation and condition of your engine.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A., TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

"Why, she hasn't changed a bit!"

TODAY, there's the same flower-like freshness about her that was there when you married her—she's the picture of loveliness. But ten years from now—will she have changed?

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For time can protect as well as wreck. You can make it the friend of your wife and not her foe. You can do this by safeguarding her from the dulling drabness and worry of the harder household tasks—by giving her, instead, the leisure to live. The leisure for all the things that keep a woman's birthdays from showing in her face.

Take the modern laundry, for instance. It replaces the heaviest of household burdens with a day or more of leisure every week. It takes washday completely out of the home—out of sight, out of mind. It calls for the family bundle regularly, washes everything thoroughly, irons everything or anything and charges very moderately. And that's not the best of it. . . .

Instead of coming home to a topsy-turvy house, you come home to cheery neatness. You're greeted with happy kisses, not by lips that droop with complaints; by gay little stories of delightful afternoons, not by tales of trouble. Your wife remains the girl you married—a girl to be proud of, a girl to "show off."

Tonight, talk it over with "her." Whether she merely supervises the washing at home, or actually does it herself, have her call one of the modern laundries in your city, and try one of the services it offers. And in ten years from now, you'll be glad she did it, because—"she hasn't changed a bit!"

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices*, CINCINNATI

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd., 47-93 Sterling Road, Toronto 3, Ont., Canada

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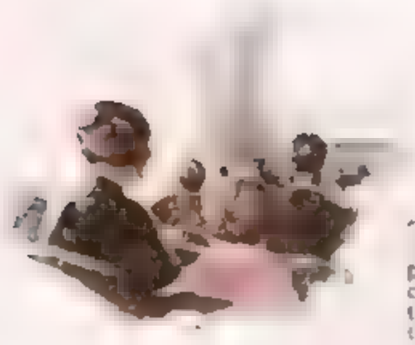


These women made Time their friend

"THE laundry has helped me to live! I attend parties, go to the theatre, pack up my children for long rides in our car. In fact, the laundry has given me the chance to get out of life just about all there is in it."

Mrs. L. Scringer, Washington, D. C.

"I'M glad for the help the laundry gives because it releases my time for more interesting work. I've learned to make perfectly beautiful lamp shades, for instance, that we simply couldn't buy. And I have time to indulge in pet whims like music and reading."

Mrs. I. G. Jenkinson, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I FEEL that I really could not get along without the laundry. It gives me more time to care for my three-year-old baby who [illegible]

Mrs. L. S. Wilson, Jackson, Mich.

(Continued from Page 120)

She looked up at him with such a bland, ingenuous smile that he laughed and slipped his arm about her. "Eve dear, sometimes you are such a naughty little girl, and I love you so much I can't scold you. But you are naughty, aren't you?"

"Um-m—sometimes—a little bit," she admitted.

A minute later he stood watching her, caught the smile she sent to him through the mirror as she rearranged her hair, wiped away rouge that had been smeared, and dabbed with a lipstick.

Sarah happened to be waiting where she could see them as they left the elevator. She jumped up, eyes glowing.

"Jimmy! My, it's nice to see you!"

"Sarah!" They grabbed hands and beamed at each other for a moment before he remembered that Eve was with him. "Miss Cronkite—Miss David."

The two girls nodded, Eve with the slightest trace of irritation. She turned to Jimmy. "I must toddle on. I'm late and Dirk'll be furious."

He bent over her hand. "At 7:30 then."

She nodded again to Sarah and was gone, with Jimmy's eyes following her. He turned to Sarah. "Let's have tea in the garden."

"Oh, Jimmy, she's so pretty!"

A smile flashed into his face. "Isn't she, though!"

For some embarrassing reason he found it difficult to talk with Sarah Cronkite. It was as though it took skill which was not at his command to bridge over the one year since he had last seen her. Sarah had changed. She had left behind her in some way that was inexplicable the mild hoydenishness of Blueport, and yet she retained the quality which, for example, had always kept her from allowing any little boy to do a stunt in diving that she wouldn't try. There was a softening, a maturity; but without any sacrifice of that essential Sarah who knew how to plant a long clean one down the fairway.

She was prettier, by far, than she had been. Not triumphantly pretty as Eve was, but with a loveliness that was intensely her own. A well-shaped head upon a slender neck, curly tousled brown hair and finely cut features. She had kept that quick, engaging smile which she had always had as a youngster, an appealing smile which gave to her face a radiancy which lingered in her dark eyes after the smile had vanished. And, too, she had her father's way of actually listening to whatever was being said to her.

They ventured warily through the news from home. Dan Cronkite was still in the Street, but his health was bad. They were worried about him. Scott, his partner, had retired and gone to California. There were some wicked new bunkers on the sixth. Duff had gone crazy over six-meter boats.

"And you, Jimmy?" she asked. "What are you doing to keep yourself happy?"

"Oh, living along—enjoying life."

"You look as though it were hard work," she remarked.

"Tired, do you mean?" Sarah nodded. "We had pretty much of a racket at Deauville," he explained. "We went down to the beach to rest, and you can imagine what it was. Might just as well have gone to Montmartre."

"Who're 'we'?"

"Oh, a bunch of us. People you don't know."

"Eve David too?"

"Yes," he said listlessly.

"You don't have to be so darned casual about it," Sarah answered, laughing at him. "After all, you were branded before you were turned out to graze."

He was puzzled. "What does that mean?"

Sarah was beaming at him mockingly. In answer she passed over her mirror and let him discover a small smear of rouge just under one ear. He laughed a trifle consciously and wiped it away.

"Pretty hard hit, old boy?"

"Hard enough," he admitted.

"Well, you pick 'em pretty, Jimmy. Tell me about her. Who is she? I know she played in Hyacinthe, of course. I mean before that."

"Oh-h—she comes from a theatrical family. Always been on the stage. One-night stands, bum hotels, worse theaters. That's all she ever knew as a youngster. Remarkable, isn't it, that she could come out of that and be what she is? Have you ever seen her on the stage?"

"Yes; she's lovely."

Silence fell between them, and Jimmy Byrne returned from a distant journey with his thoughts to find her gazing at him somberly.

Sarah's thoughts had been journeying too; back to that day of another blond enchantress, when she had wept in her mother's lap because her Jimmay had been lured away. Too old to weep now; not that she wanted to weep, but that a real, extraordinarily poignant sense of loneliness had come over her. She wanted her Jimmy, the old Jimmy, who didn't seem to exist any more, who had become lost in this complex world. Their eyes met in a steadfast, curiously frank gaze.

"Do you ever resent growing up?" she asked suddenly. "I do." He nodded in whole-hearted agreement. "I used to think," she went on, "that growing older meant that we gained something, but I wonder if it doesn't mean that we lose something—courage, confidence in ourselves, confidence in one another." She sighed deeply, and then laughed at herself. "Oh, what a sigh!"

"But," protested Jimmy, "don't you think that life was just as complicated for us then as it is now—just as perplexing and troubled? Lord knows, I never had a blacker half hour in my life than that time when I shot you with an arrow. The prison gates were yawning for me."

They chuckled together over a swift panorama of memories.

"That scar is almost gone, Jimmy," she said. "I can just barely find it. I didn't want it to go." Her head went back and she laughed. "About six months later mother discovered me shaking salt on it. Somebody had told me that salt on a scar would keep it from disappearing. A little too late, of course."

Jimmy's hand went out to cover hers upon the table. "You were such a dear kid, Sarah! Do you remember ——"

She glanced to one side and started. "Oh, here's Miss David!"

Jimmy rose, more confused by this sudden return from their pleasant venturing to Blueport than by the fact that he was holding Sarah's hand. That seemed a natural thing to do, until he felt the iron in Eve's voice.

"I didn't mean to interrupt." Her blue eyes flashed a message of vexation.

Sarah's cool laugh saved the moment. "Do sit down," she urged. "You're not interrupting at all. Jimmy and I were just talking about the time he shot me in the leg with an arrow. We can't be very romantic about each other, Miss David. Jimmy's seen me spanked too often. He did it himself once. And I've seen him with too many black eyes."

Eve sat at the table with them. "Dirk had to stagger on," she explained. "He said he had a lot of important drinking to do. Cresswell and the bunch are going to the Florida tonight. They want us to come."

"Who's going to be there?"

"Oh, just the gang—everybody, anybody, including Dirk, if he manages to last out that long."

"Wouldn't you like to come with us, Sarah? It's an amusing bunch."

"Love to, if it won't be inconvenient."

"Of course it won't. We'll call for you at 11:30."

At the Florida—if you are chic you will pronounce it Flor-ee-dah, with a slight stress upon the last syllable—the lights were out, and through the open roof above the dance floor, out of a star-flecked summer sky, drifted down big pastel-tinted balloons, pink, green, silver, golden. It was three in the morning and a sufficient number of people had had sense enough to go home—or at least they had left—so that there was space enough to dance, space for long young legs to stretch out.

Sarah, dancing with Jimmy, looked up and smiled ecstatically. A silver balloon touched her forehead softly and soared away.

"Having a nice time, kid?"

"Delirious!"

"Delirium!" amended Jimmy. "Wish Eve'd get it into her funny little head to go home, but we'll be moving on to Mitchell's in a little while. It's fate."

"Why?"

"Crowdeder and noisier," he explained. "These people are afraid of quiet. Might have a sinking spell."

"Not at the rate they're drinking," said Sarah. "Don't they ever get drunk?"

"Don't they just! Wait until about six in the morning!"

"No fear! I have to get up at nine and go for a fitting. I'll have to be going along pretty soon."

He nodded. "I'll take you home whenever you want."

"Better just put me in a car and send me."

"Don't be sil'! I'll take you."

She glanced up and shook her head. "I don't want to do anything to annoy Eve. I don't think she likes me any too well."

He gave a grunt that committed him to no sentiment in the matter. "I'll take you home all the same," he said obdurately.

The dance ended and they returned to the table. The check appeared and was an orphan until Jimmy reached for it and paid. Immediately the exodus started; they piled into the limousine and ordered supplementary taxis.

Mitchell's. The door opened and let out a racket of jazz.

"I'd better be going," said Sarah. She whispered, "Let me go back alone."

"I will not!" Eve and several others had already gone inside. "I'm taking Sarah home," he announced. "Back in a minute. Tell Eve."

They settled down upon the cushions, silently grateful for air, space and quiet. "Whose car is this?" she asked.

"Mine. I rent it, that is. We've been doing so much jumping around the country that I had to have it."

Eve had to have it, Sarah said to herself. To Jimmy: "It seems to me that money rolls out here about as fast as it does in New York."

"Whew! Don't speak of money! It hurts." He paused, and then went on, suddenly candid: "I'm just about busted. I'll have to go back to New York and get on the job. Eve isn't exactly what you would call inexpensive," he added, laughing. "Unfortunately, she thinks I've got a lot more money than I have."

"Dad would like to have you back," she said quickly. "I know he would!"

"Not enough in it, Sarah. A thousand a month. Eve makes more than that herself."

"But there might be a partnership with dad later," she said. "He really thinks a lot of you, Jimmy."

"But in the meantime?" he asked. "No, I'll have to go back to New York and see how my luck is running."

"To speculate?"

"Why not? It's the only chance I have." In the flare of a street light she saw his mouth twist into a desperate, rather unpleasant smile. "It's rotten to have to shake dice for happiness," he said bitterly.

"I'm sorry, Jimmy. But I think I can understand. She's so exquisitely pretty."

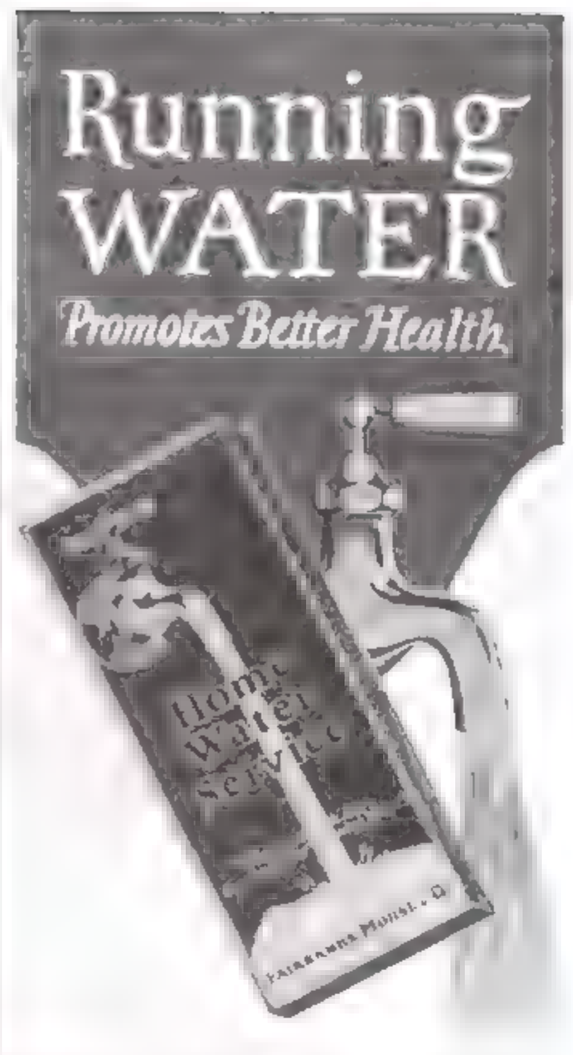
"Yes," he agreed

"It seems cruel," said Sarah thoughtfully, "to make anyone so pretty as that."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh"—she shrugged and smiled—"just that it doesn't make life any the less complicated for anyone, even herself."

(Continued on Page 127)



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Here's Variety

The great adventure of a change at breakfast ...fairy grains with the flavor of nutmeats

TO please the family and delight yourself, try varying your breakfast menu. Change for a while from the old "seven-and-six" dishes of which your palate is tiring

Quaker Puffed Rice is that something different you want. Fairy grains of selected rice, puffed to eight times their normal size, food that entices and allures.

These grains are crisp and toasty, gay and wonderful. The flavor is like nutmeats, only richer. Children think they're confections; you know they're rich grain food.

Just for the joy of it, get a package today. Alternate them with the dishes you've served too often. See what breakfast smiles they'll bring. Also Puffed Wheat—ideal as a night-time, light supper enticement—the most delicious of all cereal breakfasts.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 125)

The car had drawn up at the hotel and he helped her out. "I want you to like Eve," he said. "She's a very dear person."

"I'm sure she is."

He took both her hands, pressed them together between his and lifted them to his lips. "I can't begin to tell you how nice it is to see you again. We'll run away for déjeuner one of these days and spend the whole afternoon talking."

"Love to. Good night, Jimmy. Had a nice time."

"See you tomorrow," he said; and, with a sigh, turned to the driver. "Go back to Mitchell's."

It was toward four in the afternoon when he telephoned to Sarah and asked her to come down. She found him waiting nervously, frowning.

"Just wanted to see you before I left," he explained uneasily. "We're going to motor down south—Eve, Enid Copeland and I. I've got to get Eve out of Paris for a while."

Her eyes searched his, seeking by intuition the truth behind an unconvincing casualness.

"Was Eve annoyed because you brought me home last night?"

"Just a touch," he replied, with a smile; and repeated softly, "Just a touch! They forgot to tell her where we'd gone."

"I'm sorry. But I'm sorrier because ——" She broke off and looked at him sharply. "Eve and you are going away because she doesn't want us to be together. That's it, isn't it?" she demanded. "Might as well be square with each other. We always have been."

"Yes, that's it," he admitted unhappily. "But the real trouble is that she's so tired that she is jumpy. She lives on her nerves half the time, you see. Once she gets rested she'll feel differently. But for the present, what else can I do?"

Sarah nodded and looked at him as though there were a thousand things she might say. She appeared to be checking them off, one by one, until she came to the last of them. Then she put out her hand.

"Well—good-by, Jimmy. Be happy."

When, two weeks later, he returned to Paris, he heard indirectly that Sarah and her mother had been called home suddenly by the illness of Dan Cronkite. Later he heard of Dan Cronkite's death.

IV

JIMMY BYRNE slipped a certified check for twenty thousand across the desk to Sam Mayer, the producer of Eve David's shows, and received in return a contract which made him a partner in the forthcoming Goldie. Eve flashed a smile of gratitude to him. She had got what she wanted—more money in the production.

"Well, you're in the show business now, Mr. Byrne," said Mayer. "May heaven guide your footsteps."

"I'm in pretty good company, it seems to me," answered Jimmy, laughing. He rose, tucked the contract into his pocket. "But I'll leave Goldie to you two and get back to my own game."

"How do things look on the Street?"

"I can't kick."

Mayer chuckled. "Not from what I've heard. So long."

"So long. See you later, Eve."

He went out, headed for the Hotel Astor, where he studied a ticker tape for several minutes, found quotations to his liking and took the Subway downtown.

In the six months that Jimmy Byrne had been back in Wall Street he had not cleaned up his millions, nor had he won his headlines in the newspapers as the boy plunger; but he could show a profit that was not in the small-change class. At first, in a desperate spirit of gambling, he had put practically all that remained of his capital into one venture—on margin, of course—and had come perilously close to being wiped out. At the moment when he expected Longworth to call for more margin there was a lucky shift in the market which let him escape with a microscopic profit. Then the stock shot down into oblivion. It was a close shave and a good lesson; he changed his tactics. He became more careful and less greedy for enormous profits. Another lucky break brought him enough capital so that he could operate with greater flexibility. He rode a rising market with everything he had, got out shortly before the top and then rode it down again. Later came a profitable excursion in Delph Oil. And now it was Jay-Jay—John Jumbo Oil—with which a combination of operators including Dan Cronkite, had played football the previous year. Jay-Jay was as sensitive as an open nerve, because the field, not yet adequately explored, lay next to enormously profitable properties, and because the company was involved in one of those blood-letting litigations which might at any moment be settled out of court. It was dangerous stuff, and Jimmy was moving as warily as a marauding cat.

His investment in Goldie was, more than anything else, a means of placating Eve. She became impatient and cross when he was too deeply occupied with business. Also—he hadn't told her as yet—there was to be a pearl necklace which would celebrate her divorce from Dirk Howland, her engagement to him and the opening of Goldie.

It was after six o'clock when he arrived at her apartment in Park Avenue and flung himself upon the couch. She sat upon a stool beside him, smiling happily.

"Did you and Sam Mayer spend all the twenty thousand today?" he asked.

She beamed and nodded. There was to be, she explained delightedly, another sure-fire song for herself and a more lavish background for her third-act dance—much cloth of gold and mirrors. A dozen other details, all of them quite definitely connected with those moments when Eve was to be upon the stage. She was infinitely pleased with the day; she had got what she wanted.

It was Jimmy who brought displeasure. He told her it wouldn't be possible for him to dine with her—a business engagement. He and several other men were going to have dinner together and discuss affairs.

"But why?" she protested petulantly.

"It's the best time in the day for us to have a quiet talk. There are always interruptions downtown."

"It's the best time in the day for us too."

"I've got a pretty big job lined out," he continued, "and I have to get busy on it."

"What?"

"We're going to take Jay-Jay for a gallop," he answered, smiling, "if you know what that means."

"I think you were horrid not to telephone me," she said angrily. "I could have made another engagement."

After he had gone, Eve sat disconsolately upon the couch. Finally she decided to call Dirk up. He had arrived from Paris a few days before, and she hadn't seen him. He, like a willing slave, broke his own appointment for dinner and made a rendezvous with her.

"Dirk," she said, after dinner had been ordered, "you look splendidly."

"I've gone on the wagon," he announced. "I've made a fool of myself long enough. And you're looking well. How's everything going? . . . You've got too much rouge on your lips."

She wiped it off obediently. "Everything's fine. Goldie's going to be a knockout!"

"How's Jimmy? Going to marry him?"

"I guess so," she answered listlessly. "He wants me to."

"I hear he's making some money. What's he doing?"

"I don't know. Some sort of dull thing. He said he was going to take Jay-Jay for a gallop—whatever that means."

"Oh! He did, eh?" Dirk's expression changed to one of deep thoughtfulness. "H-m-m!"

Dirk Howland's uncle was attorney for the John Jumbo Crude Oil Company, which had something to do with the fact that Dirk appeared the next evening at his uncle's house. His appearance had something to do with a casual question he asked late in the evening while he and his uncle were sitting before the fire, smoking.

"What's this I hear about Jay-Jay being settled out of court?"

"That report has been running around the streets for two years."

Dirk was not to be stymied. "I suppose there is nothing to it," he suggested.

"Suppose anything you please," answered his uncle in a way that ended discussion. There were too many people in the world who wanted to know the inside truth of Jay-Jay's affairs. "How about that wife of yours?"

Dirk scowled. "The divorce'll be through in about a month."

"Good job too," growled the older man.

"Glad you think so," said Dirk coldly.

"Well, don't you?"

"She wanted the divorce—I didn't. I haven't got anything to be howling joyous about."

"Do you mean to say that you're still in love with her?"

"I can't see that it would do me a devil of a lot of good if I were."

"It hasn't, so far, that's certain!"

Dirk could think of pleasanter things by far than an evening with his family.

Jay-Jay was going down; and Jimmy Byrne, sensitive to every flickering variation in value, was busily raiding it.

Outwardly, he was calm and intensely preoccupied; inwardly, every nerve was jumping with elation and apprehension. It was the biggest thing he had ever tried and he was learning what suspense might be. At first he was driven frantic by the babble of dumb, hysterical rumors that swept through brokers' offices; then he retired to his own office to shut himself away from it, and sat at his telephone.

It was there that Sarah Cronkite found him. Except for an accidental meeting upon the Avenue several months before, this was the first time they had seen each other since Paris. He had been intending to call.

Jimmy, ear glued to the telephone, concentrating upon the report that was coming in, reached out, took her hand and motioned her to a chair.

"Six thousand at forty-one," he ordered. "Right—yes—right—at thirty-five." He glanced up and smiled, but didn't relinquish the telephone. "Anything special, Sarah?"

"Yes," she breathed. "It's important."

"I'll be with you just as soon as I can." He looked at his watch. Another five minutes and the market would close.

Occasionally their eyes met and a smile flashed between them. She had thrown back her kolinsky coat, exposing a dark suit, and sat toying with a long envelope a little nervously. At last he banged the receiver on the hook, repeating, "Thirty-nine and three-quarters."

"I've got about two minutes, Sarah," he said rapidly. "Sorry. Can't you meet me for dinner? No—not dinner either. But if you can stay until later, I won't be so rushed."

"I can't," she said. "It's about these. I don't know what to do. Stocks that dad left."

He took the list, glanced at it. It included ten thousand three hundred and twenty shares of John Jumbo.

"Oh, good grief! Jay-Jay! Oh, Lord! Sarah!" Dan Cronkite certainly had played with the wildcats. "This is no widow-and-orphan stuff! It ought to have been sold months ago, this John Jumbo."

"I know—now," she said unhappily. "But I took a chance on it rising."

"Is it yours—free of the courts?"

"It's mother's and mine. The estate is settled, if that's what you mean."

"There's only one thing to do, and that's sell!" The telephone was clanging. "You could sell short to make up your loss—if you want to gamble on it. I wish I'd known! Hello! Yes—all right." The man

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Delicious rootbeer and ginger ale from Hires' Household Extracts. Pure grape juice and other tingling, snappy drinks prepared from pure fruit juices. Children just love them—and they are SAFE.

The New Improved Everedy Spring Handle Lift Capper takes most of the work out of home bottling. No more corking. No more sealing wax. Just one down stroke of handle and bottle is sealed air-tight. Then spring raises handle ready for the next bottle.

A beautiful, all-steel, nickel-plated utensil with padded base of heavy corrugated rubber. CAPS ANY SIZE BOTTLE with Crown Caps, sold at all stores. Nothing to get out of order and built to last a lifetime.

New Improved Everedy Capper, Spring Handle $1.75

—at jelly-making time!

EVEREDY Strainer Set

Everedy Stand, Strainer Bag and Pulp Strainer Bag. Strains jellies and fruit juices the new sanitary, economical spotless way. Fits any size kettle or crock. Folds up when not in use. Belongs in every kitchen. Price, complete, $1.25.

If your dealer does not handle Everedy Products, send us $1.75 for Capper and $1.25 for Strainer Set, or $3.00 for both articles and they will be sent to you, postpaid.

THE EVEREDY COMPANY
Frederick Maryland

Recipe Book Free

A handsome new recipe booklet, "100 Time-tested Recipes for Jellies and Beverages," will be sent you free of charge if you will fill out and mail the coupon below.

USE THIS COUPON

The Everedy Company
Frederick, Md.

Please send me your Recipe Booklet, FREE for making jellies and beverages.

TRADE EVEREDY MARK

Name

Town State

Dealer's Name

at the other end talked interminably, with Jimmy nodding and biting his lip. The other telephone rang. He took off the receiver and put it on the desk, waved his hand in a gesture of hopelessness to Sarah. A good fifteen minutes went by.

"That's taking a flyer, of course," he resumed abruptly. "Maybe you'd better take the loss and not gamble. I've heard your father's estate wasn't in any too good shape."

"His death was so sudden," explained the girl. The telephone was ringing again. "Are you in this Jay-Jay business?" she asked, when he had hung up.

"Not only in it, I'm it! I wish I had known you were holding that stuff. May I come around tonight and talk it over with you and your mother?"

"Yes."

"I'll be around between eight and ten some time. Can't say exactly when." The telephone was ringing once more.

It was seven by the time he reached Eve's apartment, dead tired and so nervous that he couldn't compose himself to rest. She had just returned from a rehearsal, equally tired and considerably more cross. Goldie was opening in two days. She wanted him to go to the theater with her, watch the night rehearsal and bring her home.

"I'll take you there and call for you, but I can't stay," he said.

That made her furiously angry; he wasn't interested in the show, he didn't care whether it went over or not. Fortunately, he had not already told her about the string of pearls he had ordered, and so he had that to put up as a sort of lightning rod. She subsided abruptly, hugged him and told him he was a darling. He remained a darling until she discovered him at two o'clock in the morning, when the rehearsal ended, sound asleep in his seat at the theater. He had called for her at eleven.

"For the love of Allah, be reasonable!" he told her. "I have to work tomorrow. Every cent I have in the world is in Jay-Jay. Don't you see what it means to us, dear?"

"Don't you see what this show means to me?" she demanded. "It's the biggest thing I've ever done, and you're not interested enough even to attend a rehearsal."

"I know the whole show by heart," said Jimmy wearily. "I can sing all the songs, dance all the dances."

"Dirk's more interested than you are!" she retorted.

"He hasn't anything else to do."

She shot back acridly: "You were probably with some girl tonight."

"I was"

"Who?"

"Sarah Cronkite."

"Oh!"

"Eve dear"—he attempted to take her hand, but she snatched it away—"I was with Sarah and her mother because it was absolutely necessary, and you'll have to believe me when I tell you that. We're entirely too tired to quarrel and we need our strength for other things. So please be a sensible little girl." He was gentle and firm—unmistakably firm.

Eve sat tensely upright, her small chin jutting out in the silhouette he had of her against the window of the car. They swung up before the apartment house in which she lived. He helped her out.

"Are you coming up?" she asked, relenting a bit. At least there was the suggestion that she would relent if he gave in completely.

"I'm going to bed just as rapidly as I can get there."

"I've had supper put out for us."

"Sorry, dear." He took her hand, kissed it and held the door open for her.

"You c'n bet that Dirk'd come if—if I telephoned to him," she said breathlessly.

He bowed. "Then you have only to telephone. Good night."

It was the first time he had flatly defied her. The car wasn't a block away before he had an impulse to turn back and make it up again. Weariness assailed him; not the weariness of a hard day, but rather an emotional fatigue. Emotionally, he felt like a rubber band that has lost its snap. He had made it up so many times. The car sped on. He said to himself, sleepily: "When she's good, she's very, very good, but when she's bad —— Oh, Eve, you can be so naughty!" The next thing he knew, the driver was prodding his leg and saying, "Here you are, sir."

He slept as late as he could and got down not too far ahead of the opening of the market. He didn't want to be engulfed in that maelstrom of gossip, rumors and oral speculation before the trading began.

Jay-Jay was still off, and he continued to hammer it. Like a poker player who is ahead of the game, he superstitiously didn't count his gains; but he knew that the chips were piling high—around four hundred thousand dollars, probably on the sunny side of it. His voice was calm, untroubled, as he telephoned his orders, but the palms of his hands were so wet that he found himself continually mopping them.

Toward 11:30 Jay-Jay began to steady at thirty and one-half. He hit it several times and found it firm. Probably just a little stiffening, he said to himself, before a new flop. That often happened. Certainly, if there had been any announcement by the John Jumbo Company, he would have got it hot off the wire. Nevertheless, he took pains to make sure before he tried another whack at it. The sale was absorbed without effect.

His secretary came in with a long envelope. He slit it and found Sarah's Jay-Jay certificates, looked at them curiously. They were the first he had ever seen. There was a line from Sarah: "All the luck in the world to you, Jimmy dear. Ride 'em, cowboy!"

He chuckled. It was like a drink of cool wine.

They had decided to sell and take their loss, and he had disposed of the stock at the opening. At first they played with the idea of plunging with him. "I can't let you do it!" he said finally. "I'm sure you'd win out. I'm sure you'd make a lot of money. But you might lose, and you can't afford to lose. You mustn't!"

It was while he was almost regretting that he hadn't let them go ahead and speculate that the intangible, unfightable bugaboo—"a well-founded report, emanating from reliable sources"—hit the market. It was reported that the litigation which had kept the affairs of John Jumbo in a mess for years had been settled out of court; that the raid upon Jay-Jay was engineered by a group of insiders who wanted to gather in the stock. As usual, the attorneys refused either to deny or confirm.

Jay-Jay started up, not skyrocketing at first, but with all the determined clatter of a funicular railroad.

One of Byrne's lieutenants, Morrison, crashed into the office. "As far as I can get this," he shot out, "it was started by Dirk Howland—his uncle's attorney for Jay-Jay—at luncheon time. He's been buying all morning, I hear. Claims to have it straight from his uncle."

Jimmy had risen. "Dirk, eh? He's a liar by the clock! Why, Dirk Howland——"

"Liar or not, that's the lay! He bought in with every cent he could beg or borrow—and he's got his receipts to prove it. Now he's spreading on margin."

Jimmy was pale and his face was drawn. "To hell with Dirk! He can't last out long."

Morrison left, and Jimmy sat at his desk, trying to shake out of his head that hateful round of suspicion—Dirk, Eve, his own confidences in her, Eve's habit of running to Dirk whenever she was displeased with him. "Oh, no! No! I'm going nutty!" The telephone was clanging and jangling. He answered it, and some instinct told him, even before he heard the voice at the other end of the line, that the pinch was coming.

"Right-o!" he responded cheerily, even though it cost him money—big money.

Jimmy Byrne left the office that night whistling out of the corner of his mouth, whistling to keep his courage up. He was just about as near wiped out as a fighter who hears the referee say eight, and who is still wondering if he can make his legs work; but he gave no evidence of that as he pressed into the Subway and headed uptown. He was jammed between stenographers and clerks—he who had dropped half a million while they were earning a few dollars! Just a bunch of human beings, tossed into the same world together. Suddenly, for no reason that he could explain, he felt his heart expand toward the grand old fool human race. A little stenographer was thrown against him. She looked up and grinned. Jimmy Byrne grinned back.

Eve wasn't at the theater and she wasn't in her apartment. He left word for her to telephone and went home. Finally he had dinner alone, nibbled at a little food and fell asleep upon the couch, waiting for the telephone to ring. It was eleven when he awoke and hurried to the theater. The rehearsal was still in progress, but Eve wasn't there. Sam Mayer, standing halfway back in the theater, was yelling out orders to the electricians. "I sent Eve home a little while ago to get some rest," he said. An expression of worry came over his face. "Say, Jimmy, I hear they cleaned you out today. Hope it isn't so."

Jimmy laughed. "They took me for a little ride," he answered easily. "Nothing serious."

"That's good. . . . I've put aside some seats for you for tomorrow night. How many'll you want?"

"Oh, a couple will be enough. Let's get some money in the house."

"You said it!" agreed Mayer heartily. He was silent, and he looked at Jimmy as though there were something he wanted to tell him, something he couldn't bring himself to the point of saying. Jimmy, nerves alert, sensed it and waited.

"Eve's worked like a dog all day," Mayer said at last. "She's pretty tired. Dirk was around and he promised to take her straight home."

Jimmy Byrne's eyes narrowed slightly. Mayer's gaze met his unwaveringly, driving home a message.

"I see," said Jimmy. He added, as though it were a matter of slight importance, "I hear Dirk cleaned up quite a bit on the Street today."

"So he was saying," answered Mayer.

"Good night." Jimmy put out his hand and they shook.

"Good night, old man!" said Mayer.

Jimmy Byrne went out into the cold night and walked blindly toward Eve's apartment. The windows were yellow with light. He stood there upon the curb for several minutes, motionless, gripped in loneliness. His impulse was to turn away, to hunt his hole. Some sort of fighting instinct, an instinct to hasten the end, whatever the end might be, impelled him into the building and to Eve's door.

Her maid answered. "Miss David hasn't come in yet." She held the door half closed.

He knew she was lying. He could catch the faint scent of Dirk's cigar. Then came the absolute knowledge that if he stepped inside the apartment, brushed his way past the maid, he would drive his fist into Dirk Howland's face and turn a withering blast of excoriation upon Eve. It would mean to run amuck and to lose some of that inexplicable poise of mind he had won through the tempestuous violence of the past few days.

"Tell her I called," he said. He turned away and went home.

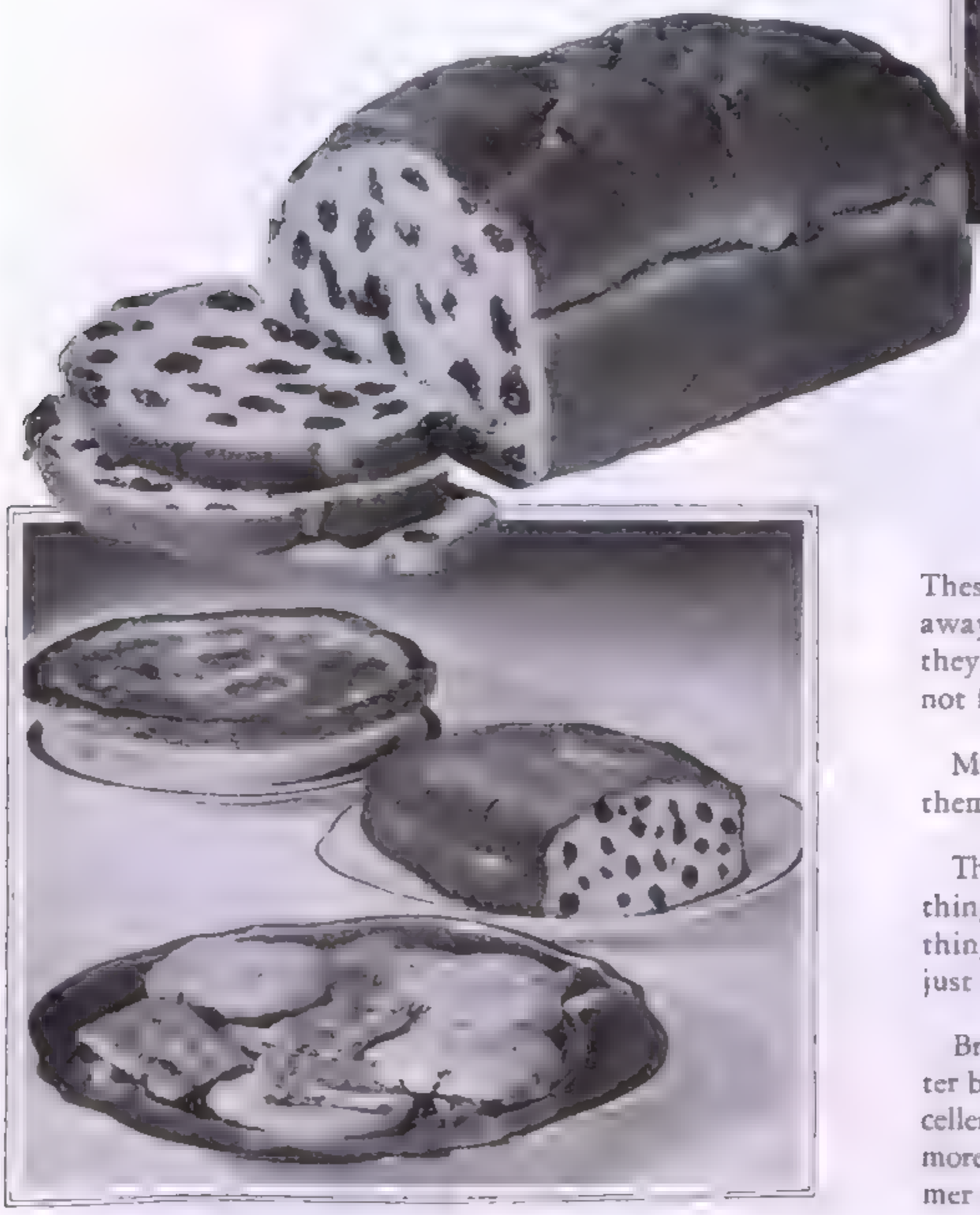
Before the day's trading was over, Jimmy Byrne was wiped out. Alone in his office, telephones silent at last, he considered his situation and tried to judge it, but he couldn't; it was too complicated, too confused. The only thing he could decide was that he would not curl up under the whip. He said, "I'll smile if it kills me!"

He sent a telegram to Eve: "Please believe me, Eve dear, when I say that I understand. I wish you happiness with Dirk

(Continued on Page 130)

From bakers *come such tempting things for summer meals*

Bread so refreshing with juicy Sun-Maid raisins; cookies, pies, cakes with a cool deliciousness



No more do women give precious hours to needless baking

These golden summer hours away from the kitchen—are they for millions of women and not for you?

Most women now are finding them this way

They distinguish between the things they should bake and the things a good baker can make just as well.

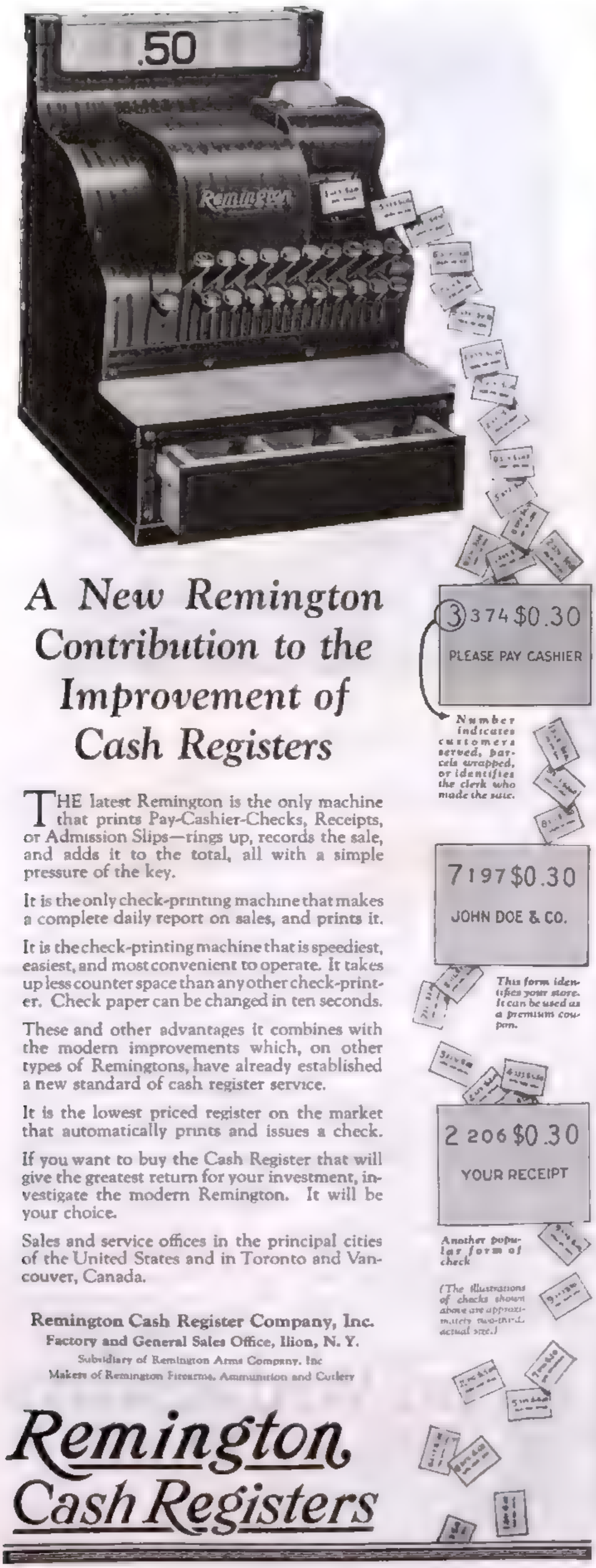
Bread, for instance. The better bakers are making such excellent bread these days—a kind, moreover, ideally suited to summer menus.

To their finest loaves they add the zest of Sun-Maid raisins, the refreshing taste of fruit from selected California vineyards Such is their care for quality and their mindfulness of the touches in foods that tempt hot-day appetites.

Many of their pies, cakes and cookies likewise carry Sun-Maid raisins, and a cool deliciousness because of it.

Every day you can get these foods from *bakers'* ovens, and on Wednesdays they bake the Raisin Bread *special*.

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays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Remington
3 374 $0.30
PLEASE PAY CASHIER
Number indicates customers served, parcels wrapped, or identifies the clerk who made the sale.
7 197 $0.30
JOHN DOE & CO.
This form identifies your store. It can be used as a premium coupon.
2 206 $0.30
YOUR RECEIPT
Another popular form of check
(The illustrations of checks shown above are approximately two-thirds actual size.)

A New Remington Contribution to the Improvement of Cash Registers

THE latest Remington is the only machine that prints Pay-Cashier-Checks, Receipts, or Admission Slips—rings up, records the sale, and adds it to the total, all with a simple pressure of the key.

It is the only check-printing machine that makes a complete daily report on sales, and prints it.

It is the check-printing machine that is speediest, easiest, and most convenient to operate. It takes up less counter space than any other check-printer. Check paper can be changed in ten seconds.

These and other advantages it combines with the modern improvements which, on other types of Remingtons, have already established a new standard of cash register service.

It is the lowest priced register on the market that automatically prints and issues a check.

If you want to buy the Cash Register that will give the greatest return for your investment, investigate the modern Remington. It will be your choice.

Sales and service offices in the principal cities of the United States and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

Remington Cash Register Company, Inc.
Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, N. Y.
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery

Remington Cash Registers

(Continued from Page 128)

and the greatest success of your life with the show. I'll be in front tonight to cheer you on."

Then he telephoned to Sarah and asked her to go to the theater with him.

"How'd you come out with Jay-Jay?" she asked anxiously when he called for her.

"Lost a little money today," he admitted.

"Much?"

"Not so very much."

"What show are we going to?"

"Eve's—it's opening tonight."

"Oh!" She shot a sidelong glance at him. "How's that going to strike Eve? Or isn't she jealous any more?"

"No," Jimmy assured her. "At least, she isn't jealous of me. She and Dirk are sticking together."

"Since when?" she demanded.

"Yesterday. He managed to pick up some money in the Street."

She turned to face him, puzzled. There was a note of perplexity in her voice. "Jimmy, I can't quite make out how you're taking it."

"Neither can I," he answered. "That's one reason why I want to see the show tonight. Maybe I'll find out."

Their seats were in the front row, which was considerably closer than he wanted to be. As the curtain went up he turned to Sarah and smiled nervously.

Goldie rolled its way along to a thunderous applause at the end of the first act. Eve was enchanting, pretty and filled with an electric vitality which she put into her songs and dances. At the finale her eyes swept the first rows, found Jimmy. He lifted his hands in applause that was directed entirely to her, and she returned a fluttering smile of gratitude.

"Jimmy," said Sarah, as the curtain went down on the last call, "I can't blame any man for falling in love with her. She's so darned pretty that it hurts."

"I can't, either," he said. "I'm beginning to realize what you meant that night in Paris when you said it was cruel to make anyone so pretty. I've always remembered that."

After the second act, as they went out into the foyer, he said to her thoughtfully, "I wonder if Eve isn't more of an idea than a person. I mean—if it isn't wrong to consider her as a person, to consider her as anything except an idea, a symbol."

Sarah nodded, stared at him and nodded again. "Perhaps you're right."

Sam Mayer greeted Jimmy and squeezed his arm. "It's a wow!" he whispered, with mingled awe and elation. Sarah had half turned to speak with another girl. Mayer's bright eyes clouded. "Say, Jimmy, I hear they took it away from you today."

Jimmy glanced toward Sarah. He laughed. "They left me Subway fare and that's about all."

"You're game about it."

"Education is expensive."

"This show'll make money for you. Say, I think Dirk would be glad to buy you out if you need cash. I'll buy from you, too, but you can probably get more out of him. There he is."

Jimmy turned and met Dirk Howland's eyes. "Hello, Dirk. How goes it?"

Eve's reacquired husband looked relieved. "Fine! Mighty decent of you to send that telegram. Eve said to thank you. Say, there's a thing I'd like to talk with you about."

"To buy in on the show? Mayer told me. Nothing doing." A rapt smile came over Byrne's face and he shook his head Through his mind ran the strains of that after-the-war song, I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now, and he laughed outright.

"I'll say you're a good loser, Byrne."

"Thanks."

As they were returning to their seats, Sarah asked, "What's that I overheard about your being cleaned out? It isn't true, is it, Jimmy?"

"Yep," he admitted, with an attempt at gayety. "But there are so many other things in the world besides money that I'm not worrying about it. I'll worry tomorrow. Let's just enjoy the show."

"Oh, Jimmy!" she said reproachfully, sorrowfully. He was chuckling to himself. "What in the world is there to laugh at?" she demanded. "I'd weep!"

Jimmy leaned close to her and whispered, "I own part of this show. Eve's working for me."

Sarah choked and laughed into her handkerchief.

The curtain rose and Goldie continued on its way to success.

In one of the wings, just visible from where they sat, they could catch a glimpse of Eve, ready to come swinging out into her third-act dance. She was on tiptoe, head thrown back, small hands clenched, waiting tensely, drinking in the music, throbbing to the beat of it, waiting for the moment in which to cast that lithe and lovely body upon the stage.

Jimmy leaned toward Sarah again. "That's Eve—the real Eve. Watch her!"

She whirled out on the stage, radiant, supremely happy, an entrancingly gay and flowerlike figure floating against a background of cloth of gold and mirrors so cunningly arranged that her reflection appeared to be tossed from one to another. Applause roared through the house, and Eve, panting, eyes shining, lips parted, took her bows.

As the final curtain came down, Jimmy asked, "Shall we go somewhere and dance?"

Sarah's head shook. "We're going home."

They arranged themselves before the open fire in the library. She turned to him. "Now tell me about it, Jimmy."

He regarded the end of his cigarette thoughtfully and gave her a humorous sidelong glance. "There isn't much to tell," he said, a little reluctantly. "The last thing your father ever said to me was, 'Jimmy, some day you're going to have some sense kicked into you!' Well, Dan Cronkite was right." He tossed the cigarette into the fire, looked at Sarah and got down upon his knees before her, a quizzical smile twitching at his lips. "I've never been on my knees before, Sarah, but"—his arms were stretched at his sides in humble supplication—"here is Jimmy Byrne." He beamed up at her, laughing softly, but intensely serious. "Oh, Sarah, I've been such a fool!"

"Jimmy dear!" she said, laughing too. Her cool hands went to his cheeks and held his face for a moment before she hugged his head to her breast. "My Jimmy! Jimmy's come home again!"

What do "Key" Buyers buy?

Every community has its substantial citizens who are known as "key" buyers—men whose judgment of merchandise values is respected. They buy tires as they buy other products, on the basis that quality is the bed-rock of economy.

In small towns and large towns the country over you'll find Generals on the cars of the "key" buyers.

General's success over a period of ten years is based on the absolute maintenance of top quality. Now, more than ever, people are realizing the soundness of General's policy of not tampering with quality.

Talk with the General distributor in your town. He has a plan that enables you to change to Generals now without sacrificing the unused mileage in your present tires, no matter how much or how little they have been used.

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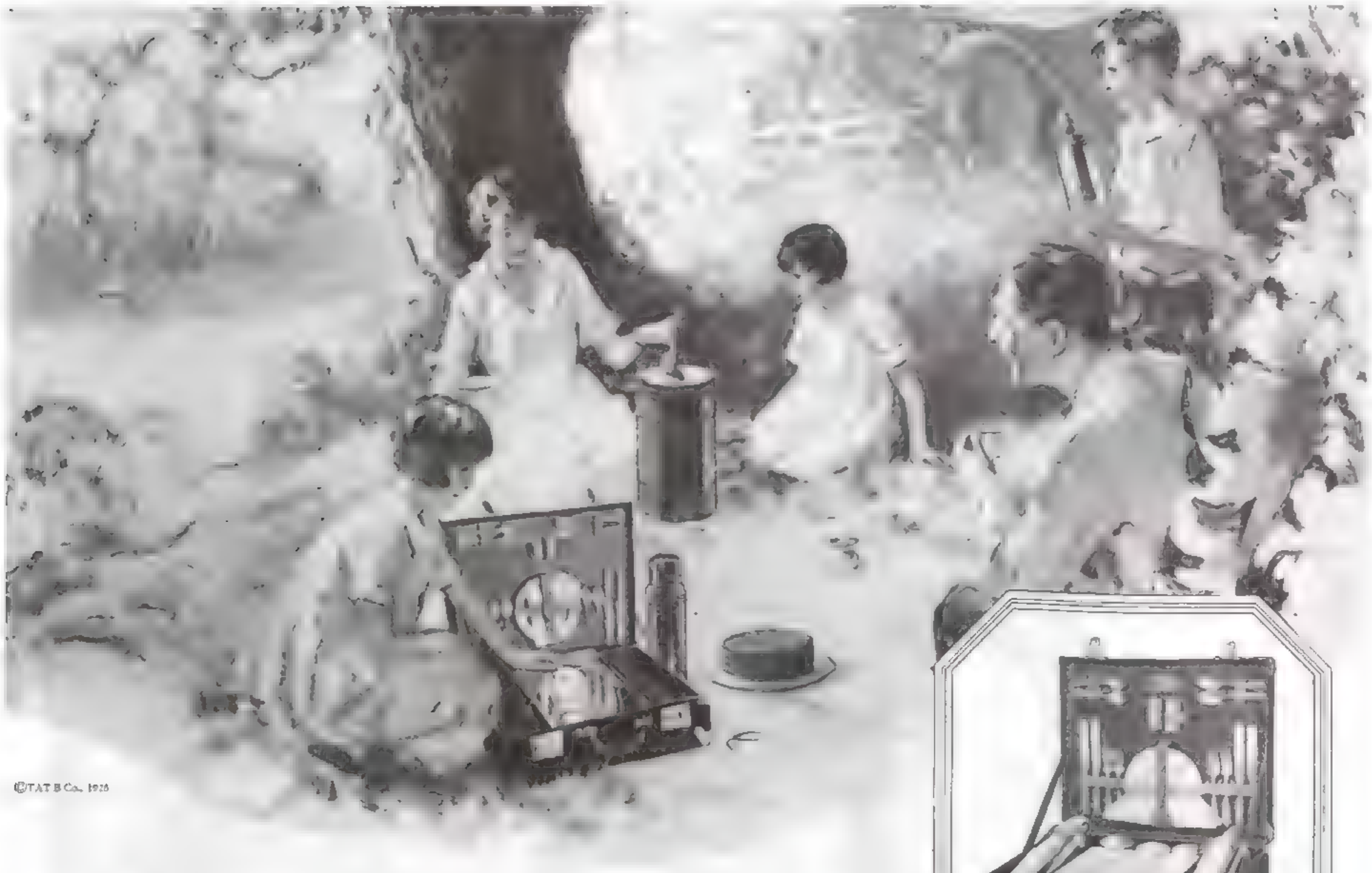

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"Thermos" Motor Kit No. 256 (for four persons). Suit case style. Dustproof. Complete with 2 quart "Thermos" bottles, Food Box, two Jars, Salt and Pepper Shakers, 4 each Knives, Forks, Spoons, Napkins, and Enameled Drinking Cups. Price $34.00. Other Motor Kits, fitted with "Thermos" bottles, from 2 to 6 persons capacity, $12.50 to $50.00.

"Thermos" Vacuum Food Jar No. 822 (shown in use in illustration above). Finished in auto enamel. Extra large mouth—for carrying hot solid foods, ice-cream or cold deserts, etc. Keeps foods hot two days, keeps foods cold three days. Price $12.00.

The summer sun—the long ride—the mid-day lunch along the road—the welcome, cooling draft from the motor car's "Thermos" Kit. . . . Everywhere, people are taking "Thermos" Comfort with them—"The Comforts of Home" though they're far away.

"HOME COMFORT" no longer means comfort that can be enjoyed only under your own roof.

For "Thermos" enables you to take home comfort with you *wherever* you go.

"Thermos" gives you portable *hot* food and liquid without fire—*cold* food and drink without ice.

But when you take "Thermos" home comfort with you, *don't* take it *away* from the folks who *stay at home.* To have fewer "Thermos" Bottles than the family *needs* is to deprive them of truly *modern* comfort.

Have enough "Thermos" Bottles to go 'round: "Thermos" Motor Kits and Food Jars for outings, a "Thermos" Pitcher Set for cold drinks on the porch, a "Thermos" bedside Jug Set for each bedroom, a couple of *quart* "Thermos" Bottles for general use, a "Thermos" School Kit for each of the children.

"Thermos" Dealers, everywhere, will show you the exact "Thermos" equipment you need.

"Thermos" Quart size Vac-

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VACUUM BOTTLE

'Tis "Thermos"
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All vacuum bottles are not "Thermos" Bottles. There is only one "Thermos" Bottle, and that is the original *Genuine* "Thermos" Vacuum Bottle that first introduced *portable* heat and cold to America 21 years ago. Look for the "Thermos" Trademark stamped on the bottom of the case.

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO. 366 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

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HEY, TAXI!

(Continued from Page 17)

nowadays, instead of requiring nine hours' work for seven men, with a consequent tying up in the garage of cabs that should have been on the streets, four men complete the job in five hours, giving three minutes to each cab. The rest of their time is profitably employed in cleaning private automobiles at a price well under that of most garages in town, but which, nevertheless, pays the taxicab company a comfortable profit. Another example of economy applied to the washing of taxicabs is offered by Philadelphia, where artesian wells were drilled so as to eliminate the cost of city water flowing through a very exacting meter.

Every taxicab every year must be driven more miles than the majority of privately owned automobiles are driven in their entire existence as self-propelled machines. In New York the automobiles of one corporation are driven an average of 40,000 miles a year and the life of a cab is at least four years; but that extraordinary mileage is extracted from these machines only by a religious observance of those principles of maintenance which come in the books of instruction received by every automobile purchaser as he steps into a new car at a sales agency—instructions which every garage keeper knows are almost universally ignored.

The maintenance superintendent of a large taxi company is struggling every minute against a nightmare of fixed charges, such as interest on investment in cabs, shop equipment, garages and other buildings; on bonds, inventories and a host of other money-devouring items lumped together as overhead. The sum of these items being written large in his mind, as well as on the books of his company, serves as a spur to his purpose to keep every possible cab rolling every possible minute of the day and night.

In New York, and until a few months ago, in Philadelphia, one maintenance man has been charged with responsibility for getting 8,500,000 miles a month out of a total of 2850 cabs.

"We have kept the maintenance cost per mile to one-half mill less than one cent," said this man recently, "but we have done this only by enforcing periodic inspections on a mileage basis, and regular greasing. In every operating garage an average of twenty cabs are greased between the hours of one A.M. and 10:30 A.M. We dare not wait until they begin to squeak before greasing. Magnetos are oiled, door locks oiled, oil is changed in the motors, springs are oiled and spring clips tightened. Oil also is put into the clutch. This means such treatment is given every cab oftener than every 500 miles of travel. Every day every cab is inspected for minor defects, such as loose spring clips, damaged fenders, the amount of oil in the crank case, torn upholstery and general appearance."

An Ounce of Inspection

"Every 3500 miles, approximately, a car is brought in for a thorough inspection of its mechanical equipment. On these occasions a car is out of service for about two days, because at least sixty separate adjustments or other operations are necessary; but on the other occasions the whole cab is out of service only so long as is necessary to replace the damaged part—say, a defective rear end."

A part of each garage is designated for repairs, and it is bounded by a dead line, beyond which no greasy mechanic may stray. This is necessary in order to avoid excessive grease and dirt accumulation on the floors, which would result in its being tracked into the cabs on the feet of the car washers and other employes whose work takes them inside the cabs.

Every 50,000 miles in the life of a taxicab entitles it to a regrinding of its cylinders and the consequent substitution of new pistons. About every four months it gets a set of new piston rings.

In this way only has it been found possible to keep these big fleets moving efficiently and profitably in the congested traffic streams of American cities. Grease and inspections cost less than repairs.

But when the taxicab is on the street all the business skill in the world will not make it a profitable enterprise unless its chauffeur stalks passengers with the skill of a hunter of big game. The bane of the taxicab business is dead mileage—the distance traveled by cabs without passengers. This is the reason suburban residents who have missed the 11:59 train for Crestwood Terrace, twenty-two miles from Times Square, are avoided by taxi drivers as if they were leprous.

Only a bit of luck of a miraculous rating, they know from bitter experience, will save them from the horrible fate of driving back to town empty. Fifty per cent of dead mileage on his night's work is just short of tragedy in the life of a taxicab driver. That is why Mr. and Mrs. Davy Crockett, of Hoosegow-on-Hudson, find so many cabs in a state of utter collapse whenever they miss the last train.

"Hey, taxi!" yelled Mr. Crockett not long ago, after the Crocketts unwisely had waited for the last curtain and the finale of that naughty review, Banalities of 1926.

Rain, Rain, Go Away

Three cabs swerved alarmingly out of traffic, and the first of these almost picked Mrs. Crockett off the curb with his open door, as a steam-driven clamshell bucket seizes half a wagonload of rubbish.

"Right out Broadway, driver," directed Mr. Crockett with cunning.

"Yeh? Then what?"

"Through Yonkers. . . . Nice moon tonight."

"Where you going, chief?"

Realizing it was no use to dissemble any longer, Mr. Crockett broke down and confessed: "Hoosegow-on-Hudson."

"Lissen, mister, I'm just about out of gas and my left rear is going flat sure, and I got a family."

"Shall I call a policeman?" Mrs. Crockett had supplemented her husband in these encounters before.

"Nev' mind the cops, fella," sneered the chauffeur. "I'll take you to the city limits at Van Cortlandt Park and pertect my license. You can walk from there for all of me. But you'll pay in advance. I know my rights."

"Will a two dollar tip plus whatever the meter says be satisfactory?" temporized Mr. Crockett.

"Say, mister, I honestly believe that tire will hold out. Look out for your hand while I close the door."

This is one of the chief reasons why Mrs. Crockett always says there is very little satisfaction in a trip to the theater any more.

It was Isadore Zuckerman's father who drove the Crocketts home. Isadore, who is ten, was in conflict recently with Hyman Rosenbaum, whose father sells things, in the words of Hyman, off a pushcart. Their fight occurred in the asphalt-paved yard of Public School No. —— on the East Side. Reasons as sternly economic as underlie all wars caused their quarrel.

It was raining after days and days of drought, and Hyman, earnest as a Druid priest, lifted his face to the rain and chanted, "Rain, rain, go away; come again another ——"

"It was then, teacher, he gave me a terrible sock in the eye," said Hyman later, when speaking for himself as plaintiff in the office of the lady principal.

"He was trying to make it stop raining," defended Isadore, "and my pop drives a taxi, and when it rains is when he makes money."

The story of that fight and how Isadore the martyr had to write fifty times with chalk on the blackboard, "I must not fight, I must not fight," was elevated to the dignity of print by the house organ of a taxicab company.

Whenever the farmers of Kentucky or Western Texas or anywhere else in this country pray for rain, the taxicab men pray with them, and if anything more fervently, because on rainy days the normal 40 per cent of dead mileage is reduced to almost nothing. On the streets of New York a cab on such a day no more than discharges a passenger when two or more race to hire it.

Until an ordinance prohibited the practice by reducing the amount of the legal rate of taxicab fares, a majority of New York's taxicabs were equipped with spare meters.

At the first hint of rain, off came the moderate-price recording meters of green and into their place went avaricious red ones or fiendish black ones that ate up eighty cents a mile.

There again the big-company taxi fleets are in advance of the majority of the independents. Their officials realize that the good will of the public is something that may not be ignored on a rainy day as if it were a sundial. A few of the smaller taxicab companies in some towns still make a practice of doubling rates during rainy hours, but this is not true of any of the big companies.

"That sort of thing makes people cautious about getting into a taxicab," said one executive who was asked about this phase of the business. "Our concern is eager to get everyone into such a frame of mind that taxicab riding seems as natural and as economical as riding on street cars."

It was with that thought in mind that New York taxicabs were placed on a five-cent fraction-of-a-mile basis. Until recently this fraction was a quarter of a mile, and when it was decided to raise fares by making the rate five cents for every fifth of a mile, it was not such a strain on the temper of a public that had been educated by many municipal election campaigns to expect a five-cent fare. After all, it was still a five-cent fare.

There are about 20,000 taxicabs in New York City, but when rain begins to fall there is business for 80,000 machines. Normally about 20 per cent of the biggest company's business is gained through its telephone switchboard, where from four to twelve operators are on duty at all times, the peaks of demand coming at three o'clock in the afternoon and again at about 8:30 in the evening.

Flooding the Switchboard

Only orders for cabs are plugged through that board, and as the calls are received and noted at the rate of four per minute per girl, the orders are tossed on a traveling belt which conveys them to dispatchers, who relay them through other telephones to the most convenient of the more than thirty-five hack stands. These hack stands accumulate cabs through a company rule forbidding drivers to pass such stands when their cabs are empty. Except for that rule, drivers are free to cruise where and how they please after they leave the garage at the start of their day's work.

But with the coming of a rainstorm the telephone switchboard and the dispatchers go out of business until the rain ceases. As high as 17,000 unanswered calls have been recorded on that board during a rainstorm. It is useless to attempt to meet the flood of business then, because the garages and hack stands are all empty and at least 1700 of the company's cabs are reaping a rich harvest on the streets. Noah is the favorite Biblical character of all taxicab chauffeurs.

It does not rain every day, of course, and on the sunny ones the work of the traffic manager, his assistants and the dispatchers and starters, who are stationed at every hack stand, is all-important.

There are thirty-five steamship piers in New York, each of which serves as a source of business for taxicabs. So important is the contribution of passengers that flow to and from these piers that the big company has a marine superintendent, whose job it is to keep himself posted on every ocean liner from the moment it reaches the Quarantine Station in the Narrows of New York Harbor. His call for a swarm of cabs is never flashed to headquarters, however, until a ship has actually touched her pier; because, through customs delays and other impediments in the way of the arriving passengers, at least half an hour will elapse before the first of these travelers is in a position to say, "Hey, taxi!"

Suppose the incoming ship is the Leviathan, with 600 first-cabin passengers. The superintendent, allowing two passengers to a cab, makes a rough estimate that there will be a demand for at least 300 of his cabs at the Leviathan's pier thirty minutes after her first line is made fast. Many of the second and third cabin passengers will want cabs also, of course; but, on the other hand, many of those first-cabin people will be met by their own chauffeurs; also he realizes dimly that he has some competition.

The fact that Mr. P. Willicomb Herkimer is going to deliver a speech on the Menace of Unrequited Appetites before 1600 members of the Anti-Horse-Thief Association on the occasion of their annual dinner at some big hotel may never get a line in the newspapers, but most of the taxicab drivers know about it, even to the name of the speaker and the time he is expected to finish his remarks.

A Private News Bureau

The information is chalked on a blackboard in their garage before the afternoon shifts start out to hunt for business. The reporting necessary to gather that fact, and other facts equally vital to the taxicab business, is just one of the things for which some assistant traffic manager is responsible. Lots of this information is gleaned from the newspapers, but some of it is obtained only through the enterprise of the taxicab-company employes. This is especially true of public dinners at hotels, and recitals and concerts and amateur affairs at halls and theaters outside of the theatrical district.

When there is a ball game at the Polo Grounds or one at the Yankee Stadium or a fight at Madison Square Garden, that fact is posted on the blackboard of every well-conducted taxicab garage before the drivers begin their daily cruising. If there are only 200 or 300 taxicabs awaiting the crowds that gush through the entrance gates at the Polo Grounds, that is only partially because there is room for no more. The ball-game crowds are regarded with some disfavor by the taxicab chauffeurs, because once they pick up a fare and deliver him, it is useless to try to buck a passage back to the Polo Grounds again in search of another fare. The opposing traffic is irresistible even for a taxi chauffeur.

It is because these drivers are selling miles on a commission basis—if they are working for a company—that they are as alert for business as they are; and theirs, it is generally agreed, is the ultimate in alertness.

The recruitment of a force of skilled chauffeurs possessing other necessary qualifications is a work as necessary and as vital as that maintenance service which keeps well-greased automobiles rolling on the streets, propelled by engines with tightly fitting pistons. One corporation in New York adds about 900 names to its pay roll every month to replace approximately a similar number who leave. Unless this

(Continued on Page 137)

Chrysler Quality *and* New Low Prices—

The "60", A New Lighter Six of Famous Chrysler Quality

For you who would limit your motor car investment to any of the lower-priced sixes, Walter P. Chrysler presents another sensational quality product—the new lighter six-cylinder Chrysler "60".

In this new lighter Six are the same supreme Chrysler quality and value, the same sheer brilliance of Chrysler design and the same skill and precision of workmanship that have won such public acclaim in the Chrysler "70" and Imperial "80".

Sixty miles, and more, per hour; unprecedented acceleration; astonishing riding ease and roadability—a score of fine car features never before united in any car near the new lighter Chrysler "60" in price.

We are eager to number you with the thousands who have already approved the quality and value of this new lighter Chrysler "60" by enthusiastic ownership, since its presentation. See it; drive it; experience its unusual performance—and you will, we feel sure, no longer be content with any but the Chrysler "60" in its field.

The New Lighter Chrysler "60"

Touring Car - -	$1075
Roadster - - -	1145
Coupe - - - -	1165
Coach - - - -	1195
Sedan - - - -	1295

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler "60" Quality Features

1 6-Cylinder Chrysler Motor.
2 54 brake horse-power.
3 60 miles per hour and more.
4 5 to 25 miles in 7¾ seconds.
5 Easily 22 miles to the gallon.
6 7-bearing crankshaft.
7 Aluminum alloy pistons balanced to sixteen one-hundredths of an ounce.
8 Impulse Neutralizer—a perfected device that absorbs the natural impulse reactions common to all internal combustion engines.
9 Purolator—filters all crankcase oil.
10 Centrifugal air-cleaner—protects cylinders and pistons from road dust and grit.
11 Full pressure oiling system—a film of oil for all bearings, insuring long life.
12 Semi-automatic plus manual spark control.
13 Manifold heat control.
14 Chrysler roadability—easy to steer, easy to handle at all speeds, always safe.
15 Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes.
16 Levelizers, which eliminate road shocks, at both front and rear.
17 Chrysler dynamic symmetry of body design.
18 Great roominess combined with Chrysler compactness for easy parking.
19 Duco finish in striking color combinations.
20 Full balloon 30 x 5.25 tires.

CHRYSLER "60"

Supreme Performance Sensational Values

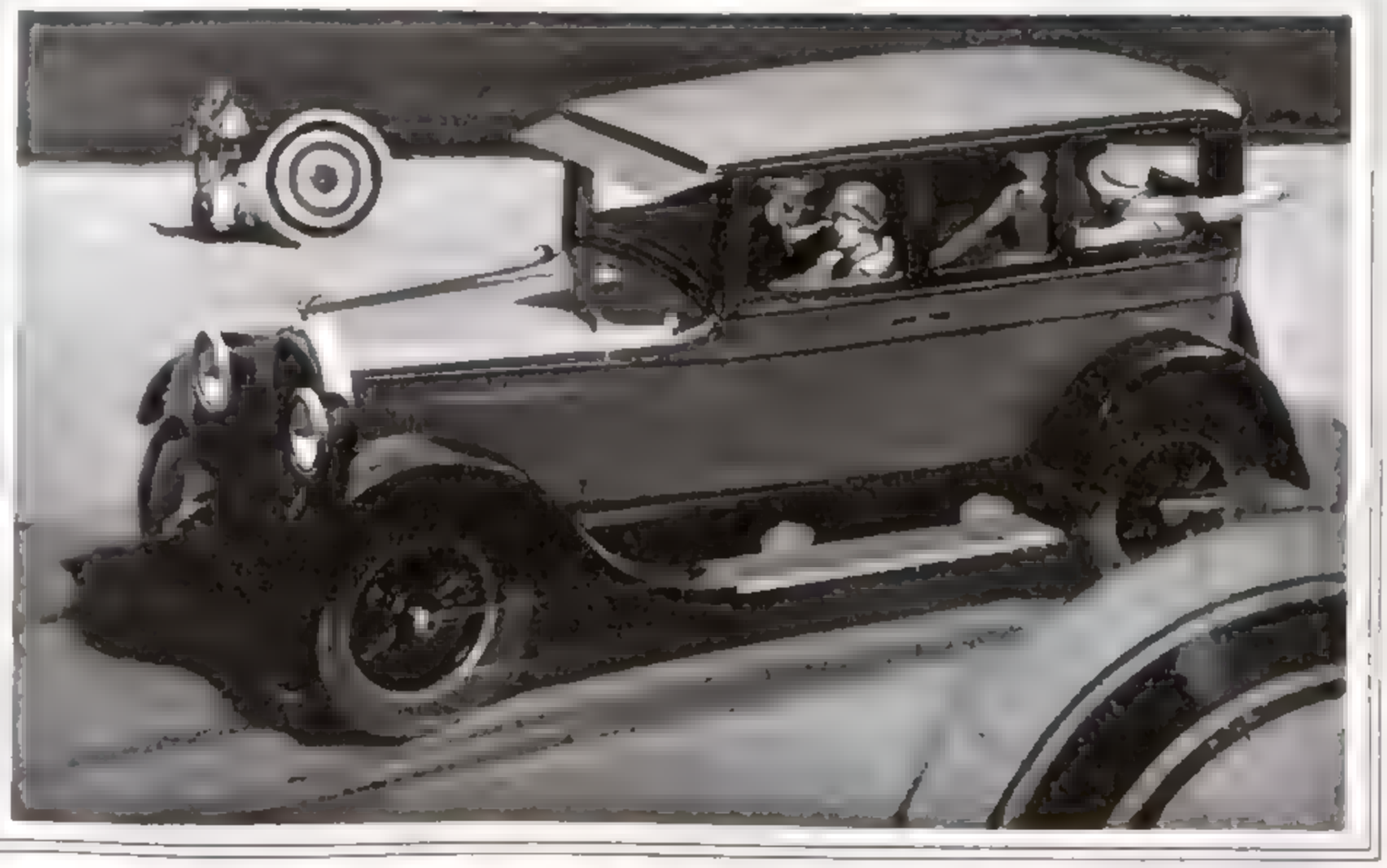
Chrysler "70," Reduced $50 to $200 Unchanged except in Price.

Today's Chrysler "70"—changed in no way except new lower prices which save you $50 to $200—is more than ever *the* car of world-wide preference.

We knew that the Chrysler "70" would sweep its way to pre-eminence, but we did not anticipate the tide of public favor which today covers not only America but all the world—making possible these sensational values.

Long lived; characteristic Chrysler beauty; designed to meet today's traffic needs; roomy for comfort and luxury; easiest to handle; flashing pick-up; 70 miles plus; safe—little wonder that none of its more than a hundred thousand owners who have enjoyed uninterrupted satisfaction and pleasure from their Chrysler 70's for thousands upon thousands of miles, will ever willingly go back to the less modern type of cars.

And now with its savings of $50 to $200, Chrysler "70"—the identical car whose performance and endurance have won such universal preference and admiration—is beyond all doubt the preferred motor car investment at these lower prices in its class.



The Famous Chrysler "70"

Model	New Price	Savings
Coach	$1395	$ 50
Roadster	1525	100
Royal Coupe	1695	100
Brougham	1745	120
Sedan	1545	150
Royal Sedan	1795	200
Crown Sedan	1895	200

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax

Chrysler Sets New Standard In Quality Car Production

When this business was founded three years ago it was with the definite purpose of perfecting a plan which would insure an absolute standard of highest quality in a group of cars meeting the needs of all types of buyers.

That goal has been achieved in the production of four great Chrysler quality cars which supply all markets and meet all Performance and Price requirements.

In all, the high quality is standardized. The model numbers mean miles per hour—and are a measure for you of the size, performance and luxury of each Chrysler product.

For the first time you are able to secure the type of car you need in any of four chassis sizes—three highest quality six-cylinder, one highest quality four-cylinder—all manufactured under one name and by one organization giving utmost value and economy, all economically merchandised by one dealer organization, each outclassing any other car in its field.

CHRYSLER "70"

Telephones *and* Icebergs

don't overlook the part you cannot see

With the telephone system as with an iceberg, by far the greater part is unseen. The instrument on your wall or desk calls into action vast equipment, all of which had to be produced to a standard of accuracy rarely found in industry.

Whether it is the making of your Bell telephone, or the wires and cables connecting it to the central office, or the maze there of distributing frames, relay racks and that marvel of intricacy, the switchboard—here is a work which calls for the skill gained through long experience.

From the buying and testing of the raw materials, through every step of manufacture and inspection to the finished apparatus; further, to its delivery on regular or emergency order—and even to switchboard installation—all this is Western Electric's responsibility.

And through this responsibility has come during forty-four years an ever-increasing opportunity of service to the American public.

Millions of poles are in the vast system "back of the telephone."

Many busy hands braiding threads of conversation—the telephone cord.

Assembling a giant switchboard, made up of thousands of parts.

Part of the great unseen equipment that goes into a telephone exchange.

Just wire—but see all the equipment needed to make it.

Huge machines like these are needed to produce telephone cable.

Back of your telephone

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 133)

company has at least two chauffeurs for every one of its serviceable automobiles, its employment department is in hot water. Every cab must be on the streets nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four. If they are idle more than four hours out of a day, the additional time is so much waste, and it is expensive waste.

If those chauffeurs will work nine hours a day for six days a week, they can make, with tips, fifty dollars a week. Some of them count it a poor week when their earnings fall below sixty or sixty-five dollars. Many, of course, average forty dollars, and some less. Among them are several hundred college undergraduates, students at Columbia, New York University and the College of the City of New York. Law, medical and dental students are among them. Many others who work on night shifts are city employes, some of them truck drivers who finish their stints for the city about three in the afternoon and mount the seats of their cabs about four, cruising until midnight. But the bulk of the nearly 4000 chauffeurs have no other occupation.

A Classroom for Taxi Drivers

Last winter a woman wrapped in rich furs appeared at the desk of the employment manager of a large taxicab company in an Eastern city. "Have you in your employ," she asked in a tone dripping with culture, "a man named ——?"

The employment manager expressed some reluctance about giving this information until he knew more about the purpose of the woman making the inquiry. Finally she said:

"I shall be frank with you. He is my husband. He suffered financial reverses while I was abroad. I have money of my own, but he never has used any of it and is sensitive about using it now. He has refused to tell me what he is doing. I know that he leaves the apartment in the middle of the night—about 5:30 A.M. Recently one of my—uh—acquaintances told me she had seen a man who was the image of my husband driving a taxicab. She also told me that it was one of your cabs. Private detectives can answer my question, of course, if you refuse to; but really there is no reason why you should withhold the information."

"Hogan," commanded the employment manager, "bring me the record card of ——."

When he had the card in his hands he asked the woman if she was quite sure she was entitled to see it. She said she was positive, and then he placed it in her carefully tended pink fingers. After one glance she began to weep.

"You know," she said after a few moments, "I had thought we were better partners than that. He'd borrow from a man friend to get started in a field where he could exercise his talents. Why wouldn't he come to me?"

"I can't answer that question, lady, but I can assure you that not many of our men are ashamed of their occupations. They prefer this to softer jobs. If your husband with his background has the stuff in him to pilot a taxicab, I don't think you need worry about him. I recall that when he applied for work he gave me the names of some prominent men as references, but asked me not to reveal to any of them, if I could help it, what he was planning to do. If I were you I'd be careful of his pride when I tried to pry him off that cab of his. You might damage his self-respect."

"What became of him?" the employment manager was asked by one to whom he related this experience.

"Gosh, I don't know. About a week later he turned in his cab. Write your own finish to that and make it end happily or not, as you choose."

Between 60 and 100 men apply for work every day at the employment office of New York's largest company. If the employment manager finds twenty of suitable material in that throng, he counts it a good day, and for the rest of the thirty or thirty-five men he must add to the company's staff he is usually glad to fall back on former employes who have found it not so profitable as they had supposed to drive their own—or nearly their own—cabs.

Every applicant who meets the first requirements of the employment manager is given a driving test by an executive of the company who can tell by the way a man starts his car whether he is likely to be a satisfactory taxicab chauffeur. He has a trick of irritating men who seem to be quite satisfactory drivers; but if they show irritation, the little code mark on the card they hand in to the instructors seems only to mean O. K.

"If they lose their tempers easily, we can't use 'em," explained this man. "What with impatient passengers in the cab behind them and traffic cops in front of them, they would be in trouble all the time. It is a waste of time to hire any but even-tempered men."

If an applicant's driving test suggests that he is not quite proficient enough for taxi work, he may be given three or four days of intensive instruction—a part of it in a classroom where a score of men manipulate the wheels, the clutches and the brake pedals, the gear shifts and hand brakes of many dummy automobiles.

On a platform in front of them an advanced pupil operates the chassis of a real cab, the exhaust pipe of which is carried into the open air through a window. That chassis is an actor in a street scene that is constantly altered by the instructor, himself a hard-boiled taxicab driver possessing long experience, plus some talent for stage management and profanity.

By jerking at one conveniently placed cord he snaps into the middle of this simulated traffic a real emergency, a short-skirted female figure, life size. Every student's foot brake must be applied, every wheel must swerve a trifle, to save from injury this cardboard pedestrian. Another cord brings into view a traffic policeman, but nothing need be done until his arm comes up and his—or rather the instructor's—whistle blows. When the students have accomplished all they can on those dummy cabs, they are given a few hours on a real one with an experienced operator, who controls the machine by an extra set of foot levers.

Testing Them Psychologically

One of the large taxicab companies in Chicago selects its chauffeurs as the Army selects aviators, by a series of stiff psychological tests designed to measure their ability to meet driving emergencies. Man for man, these tests are calculated to recruit a safer type of driver than can be hired without them. Candidates are placed in a darkened chamber with instructions to keep their fingers engaged with a given task until something unusual occurs. Then they are to put a foot to a pedal previously indicated to them, and with their hands turn a switch.

After that there is a wait in the semi-darkness. Abruptly there comes a blinding flash of greenish light and a noise like a woman's scream. If the candidate's reactions are sound he is hired.

There is one man driving a cab in New York who is a graduate dentist who has lost his interest in teeth other than his own; another works as a steward on one of the big transatlantic liners for about half the year and pilots a cab the rest of the time, sometimes taking one out during the layovers between voyages.

Last year there were many more interesting characters driving New York cabs, but after the police department was given control of the men licensed to operate on the streets as hackmen a big change occurred. Some 5000 men were eliminated as unfit from a total of about 35,000. Some had criminal records, some were known gangsters with a too intimate knowledge of the distribution of narcotic drugs and bootleg liquor.

A young man escorting a girl to an outlying part of the city late at night became embroiled with the chauffeur of their taxicab, was shot by him and killed. The girl had not the faintest recollection about the cab that was helpful to the detectives assigned to the case, but eventually they found the murderer.

Weighed on the Tipping Scale

One of the reasons he was found was that the nighthawk taxi business fell off to an enormous degree as a result of the murder. The heads of all the independent taxicab associations and of the big fleets urged their men to provide the authorities with any clews in their possession, pointing out that they were hurting themselves if they were withholding any information of value. After a few days the detectives were given a name, and the owner of that name is now serving a sentence that is not likely to expire before he is too old to drive a taxicab.

The control of the New York Police Department nowadays extends even over the appearance of the chauffeurs. If they drive while unshaven or without clean white collars and trim uniforms, their licenses are endangered. Their photographs must be in their cabs in full view of their passengers at all times.

In Boston the police ruled recently that no taxicab chauffeur might drive an intoxicated person anywhere but home. Boston, by the way, is regarded by the taxicab drivers with uptilted noses, because, they say, it is a poor city for tips. Philadelphia is rated low in the tipping scale, but New York tipping habits earn their applause. In Chicago a few months ago a passenger tipped the driver of his taxi five dollars, and the man instead of being grateful handed his fare over to the police, who soon discovered that the generous wretch was a robber who a short time before had held up a store.

A driver in an Eastern city was given a reward of fifty dollars recently for a bit of extra service he gave a passenger. As he was driving away from this man he saw two women attack him. The driver, a husband and father, reasoned that one of the women probably was the man's wife; but as their assault grew increasingly brutal, he drove in search of a policeman and then brought the officer to the rescue. The women were not relatives of the abused man. They were very earnest robbers from New Jersey, and by the time the police reached the scene they had blackened both eyes of their victim, injured him in other ways and had stripped him of his watch and a diamond ring.

In the letter accompanying the check, the rescued passenger said that it was for "courteous and gentlemanly behavior." The two women robbers were given ten years apiece.

The experience of most taxicab chauffeurs indicates that a majority of the human race is to be measured quite low in gratitude. At least once a year every New York taxi driver may expect, under the law of averages, to find something of value left in his cab by a forgetful passenger. At the rate of about 300 a month, such articles flow into the lost-and-found department of the largest company there.

That department is a storeroom in the charge of a young man whose job it is to keep an exacting record of all such transactions. Filed away in his storeroom on a recent day were a forest of umbrellas, a factory output of overcoats and raincoats, a banjo, other musical instruments, one sidesaddle, several portable typewriters, one copy of the Intimate Papers of Colonel House, about one cubic yard of assorted women's hand bags, one grass skirt that seemingly had been an important element in a Hawaiian fancy-dress costume, fur pieces sufficient to stock a small store, the canvas-covered bases of some ball team, a phonograph, not portable, varied types of corsets, hand baggage and other articles less easy to identify without consultation with an ethnologist.

Under a system of merits and demerits which governs the extent to which every driver participates in a monthly division of the company's profits, the chauffeurs are encouraged to turn in promptly all articles of value found in their cabs. They are obliged to look inside their cabs after each, as they express it, leave-out.

At the Grand Central Station one spring day a woman of eccentric manners and even more eccentric costume stepped into one of these cabs and ordered the driver to take her to a fashionable hotel. After some fruitless cruising the driver picked up another passenger, and as he dismounted to assist this one he noticed a shabby hand bag lying on the floor. Protruding from the partially opened bag was a hank of human hair that might have been an Indian trophy or a switch more closely related to civilization. The driver tossed the bag under his seat and forgot it until late that night, when he turned the cab into the garage.

Exploring the contents of the bag, he discovered that the thick strand of hair concealed a collection of jewels so large he could not persuade himself they were real in spite of the fires that these stones shot back at the garage arc lights.

The next morning an employe of the company communicated with the hotel to which the chauffeur had carried the eccentric passenger and learned who she was. He also learned that she was in conference with the representative of an insurance company which had written a policy for $100,000 to protect her jewels, and that the jewels were missing. He was welcomed into the conference and carried back to the chauffeur the woman's check for seventy-five dollars.

Guarding Their Health

An employe of one of the largest corporations in the world left a black brief case in another taxicab, the chauffeur of which found that it contained $125,000 in securities, and they were negotiable papers too. His reward was thirty dollars. A European of title, by way of contrast, gave fifty dollars to a driver who restored his wallet containing $500.

Sometimes a passenger who has been shielded from the consequences of his own carelessness by the honesty of a taxi driver seeks to reward the man by offering him a job in his employ. But as a rule the job offered is a place as liveried chauffeur on the box of a limousine, and most taxicab drivers scorn such places.

The health of drivers being as important to the big companies as the maintenance of automobiles, some of them have found it profitable to provide free medical and dental treatment for employes. One big company extends this service to the children of its employes, and greets every new baby with a complete outfit of clothing and toilet articles.

In New York the staff physician in charge of a taxicab company's emergency hospital treats on an average of one smashed finger a day. As a rule such an injury is suffered when the driver, with his eyes on the traffic policeman, reaches behind him to close the door for a passenger. It is just at that moment, as a rule, that the passenger chooses to slam the door himself.

Here are two photographs which emphasize the similarity between Work-Light and skylights. The larger picture (from Crompeon & Knowles, Worcester, Mass.) shows Work-Light's adaptability for lighting the job; the other (from Continental Screw Co., New Bedford, Mass.) shows a symmetrical installation, transforming an otherwise dark corner into first-class working space.

Skylight your factory from cellar to roof

Factory design is not far from the day when size and shape will be entirely free from lighting limitations.

Build one story or ten stories and the long, *clear* tubes of Cooper Hewitt Work-Light will provide skylight illumination on any or all floors. Every worker will have light as comfortable and even as daylight, and actually richer in pure seeing rays.

Experience in your present plant will bring these facts home to you. Work-Light is available on a liberal trial basis to any interested manufacturer.

Cooper Hewitt Electric Co.
125 Rivet Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Work-Light

150©C H E.Co.,1926

Most of the illness of these men is due, in the opinion of this physician, to lack of exercise and their habit of drinking coffee and eating doughnuts instead of decent meals.

What the ordinary taxi driver wishes above all else is to become the proprietor of a stand of taxicabs at some fashionable hotel, and as a step in that direction they are endlessly leaving the employment of the big companies, making a first payment on a brand-new cab and setting up for themselves. The average man who tries this finds that to show a satisfactory profit on such an arrangement the best way is to get an associate who will keep the cab rolling while he sleeps.

Those hotel stands are coveted because the patronage there represents the best of all taxi hunting—heavily tipping passengers. A large New York company pays, and pays heavily, for the concession of having the exclusive privilege of serving the arriving passengers at the two big railroad terminals; but the stands at the hotels are held by right of conquest, as a rule; and instead of rapiers, the weapons with which they are defended are stiletto-like needles which are plunged ruinously into the tires of any invading cab.

Combinations of spirited independents are probably as effective as any way that may be devised for meeting that kind of criminal competition, but in the field of costs the big companies directed by a business man who is understanding of men as well as automotive machinery have a decided edge. For instance, the oil which is drained from the crank case of an independent taxi chauffeur's car is waste. When it is drained from the cabs of a large company it becomes fuel with which the garages are heated. A first-class paint job costs the average private owner from $60 up to $300. The owner of a single cab is in no better position to buy that sort of maintenance, but the big companies paint their cabs twice a year, no cab is out of service more than twenty-four hours, and the cost is about seven dollars a cab. What prices the big companies pay for gasoline and oil and insurance are business secrets, known as a rule to only a few of the executives, which is why they are big companies.

The average cost of liability insurance in one Eastern city for the cabs of independent drivers is about $30. The chief company in that same town pays considerably less, chiefly because of unending safety campaigns, because of a force of twenty-five patrolling inspectors whose report of speeding or other recklessness results in a heavy penalty being applied to the offending driver.

In one large Southern city, a company, burdened with a total insurance charge of $370 a car, determined to put this on a mileage basis, after which the cost became one cent and eight mills a mile. Much of this reduction in cost was due to an intensive safety campaign.

WILLIE PAINTER LOSES HIS BUG

(Continued from Page 34)

They tell me afterwards that as soon as I swang wide with the bunch of front runners he pops through the hole like a weesel. Anyways, the upshot is that I am about ½ a lenght short of catching him on the wire so Unglaub gets all the money and I get aitch from all ¼'s. 1st of all the judges have me up in the stand and threaten me they will set me down and only don't do it on account of the good story I tell them about how it ain't my fault there was all the bumping on the turn.

And then Mr. Robbins is so mad that at 1st he won't talk to me at all, which makes me feel bad, and then later he does start to talk to me which makes me feel worse. And then Schaefer threatens me he will gnock my block off for bumping him, and only I looked at him pretty stern maybe I would of had a battle on my hands. And last of all Absolom comes into the tack room tonight with the tail that young Andy Foley is bragging how he made a sucker out of me and got me to make a hole for him to come through and cop the heat.

Well, that is what a man gets for trying to do a kind deed and be a good fellow, and from now on I am only going to be a good fellow to 1 person in the world and that 1 person is myself. I did intend to go over the river tonight and vissit some of my many freinds, but it is kind of late so I guess I will go and take a sleep instead. I hear that the Detroit evening papers are saying that I rode a bum trip on old Freckle Face and got the best horse beat through my unabillity, and at the same time praiseing young Andy up to the skys for his cleverness. Sometimes I can't help from thinking that the 1st thing they do when a paper is hiring a sporting writer is to ast him is he blind or not, and if he says he can see they tell him they don't want him because a guy with eyesight wouldn't be no good on a sporting page.

KENILWORTH RACE TRACK.

Well, I guess I done young Andy Foley an unjustice in thinking he had tried to make a sucker out of me, because yesterday he come to me and explained it all and he was so sorrowfull like and agopletic that I couldn't help from beleaving him.

"Willie," he says, "I hear that you are threatening you will kick the tripes out of me on account of what happened yesterday."

"If you don't get away from me quick," I repplies, "I will do worser than that to you."

"Why, Willie," he says, "surely you don't imadgine I would do anything dirty to you on purpose, when you and me has been pals for so long."

"Well, what you done yesterday looked darned like you were trying to pull something on me," I ansers. "Didn't you tell Tommy Burns after the race that you framed me to go and make a hole for you and that all you were sorry for was that I didn't get set down for life."

"Anybody that says I said anything of the kind is lying, Willie," Andy ansers, "and I can prove it. Why, I never had any thought of copping that race myself because I hadn't no idea that old hound of ours could go that far without stopping for a rest. I just mearly thought it would be a swell chance to pick up some of the finer points of rideing from a jock who everybody says knows it all; but of course when I seen you and Schaefer get into that jam and imadgined you were both going to have a spill, what could I do but keep on rideing? But I would far sooner lost the heat than to loose your friendship, Willie, because there ain't nobody admires you and your rideing, Willie, any more than I do."

"Well, Andy, if you put it that way," I says, "I suppose the best thing to do is let the matter drop because the least said the soonest ended."

"I'm awful glad you take it like that," he ansers, "because I was worrying. And just to show you what I think of you, Willie, my brother Joe and Mr. Unglaub was talking about who they would get to ride our other horse in the big Handicrap on Saturday. You know, we got 2 of them entered and I am to be on 1 of them. And the boss says that we must get a boy that has brains enough to ride to orders, so I butts in and suggests you, Willie. So my brother Joe tells me to let you know that we got a mount for you in the big race, Willie, provideing some of the other big owners haven't already grabbed you off to ride for them."

"Well, Andy," I says, "I already been considering several offers I have receaved, but if your people want me to ride for them I guess I will axcept. You tell your brother and Mr. Unglaub that I will ride for them

(Continued on Page 141)

Builders commend these extra values in

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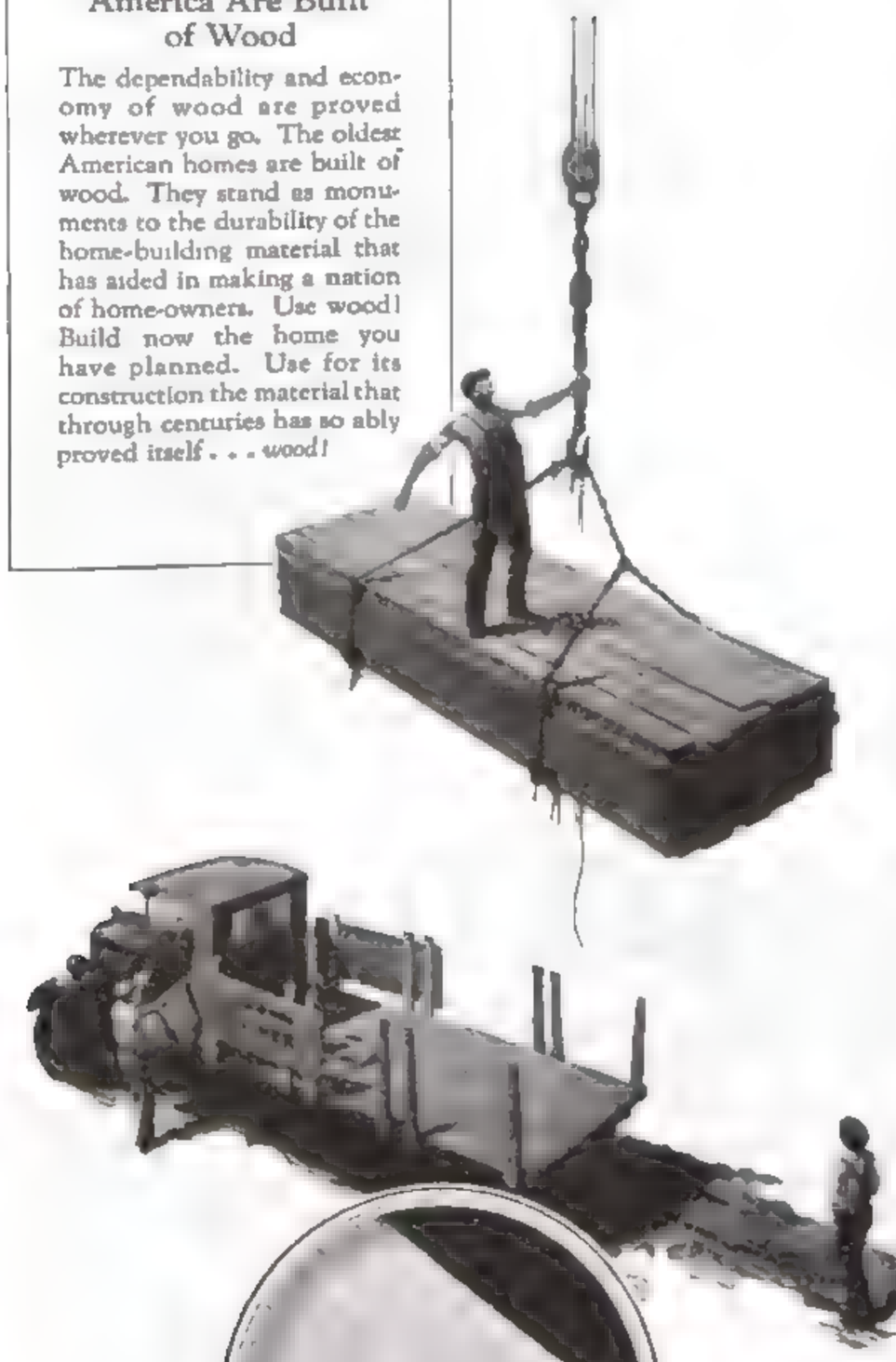

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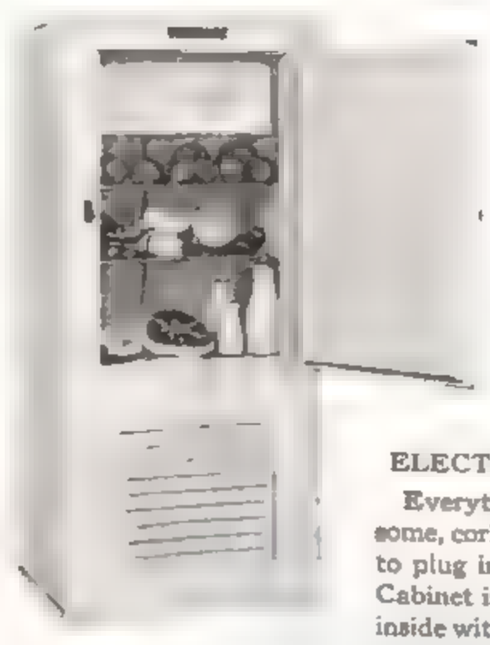
FOR THE PRESERVATION OF FOOD AND HEALTH



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The crisp, dry cold of a frosty night —

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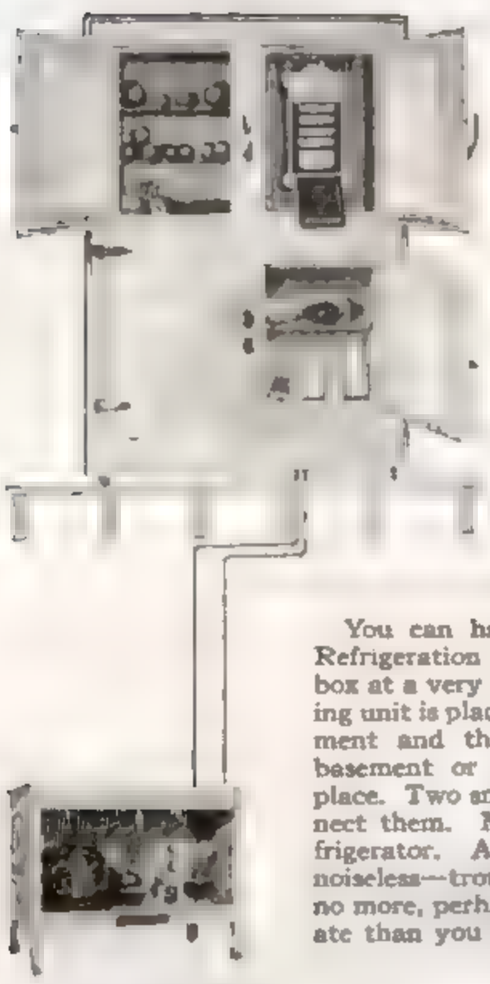

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Imagine such a place *in your own kitchen!* You can now have it with Iroquois Electric Refrigeration . . . in your present ice box or in a handsome new cabinet . . . at a cost no greater—perhaps even less—than you now pay for just ice alone.

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(Continued from Page 138)

on Saturday to the best of my abillity and that if they don't like the trip I ride, why they don't need to pay me nothing."

"That is fine, Willie," he ansers. "I bet it will be a load off their minds when they hear that they have been lucky enough to get you."

And with that he leaves me, and maybe I won't look real class, sporting Unglaub's silks in the biggest race of the meat. Of course I did not tell Andy that the offers I had been considering were only 1's that I wished I had got, but what is the use of telleing all you know? I bet I will look pretty swell, setting on the winner with that big floral horseshoe over my shoulders, getting our photograph took for all the papers. Because of course I am bound to win. Unglaub has some grand horses in his barn, and he naturally is sure to give me the best 1, because you don't go hiring a boy like me and then putting him up on a peace of chease. And with the kind of horse I will have, plust my skill, why the race is as good as in the old bag right now.

So last night I was over to Detroit to a dance which my friend Mr. George Matthews was throwing; and what with the way I dance and the attraction which a leading jockey always seems to have for the fair sect, I guess I was the bell of the ball, as the saying is. There were some of the classiest janes I ever seen at the dance, and in between every dance a bunch of them would congregation around me, asting me questions about this and that, and laughing their head off at pretty near everything I said. Even things I didn't think were funny, they would laugh at; so I guess I must have the gift of huemor, all right.

Before the party bust up about 10 of them were around me and 1 jane—G, she was pretty and dressed so grand you would wonder how ever her cloths stuck on—says to me, "Oh, Jockey Painter, all us girls are just dying to see you ride a big race. When would be a good day for us to come over to Kenilworth, because unless you are going to ride there won't be no use in us going."

So I told them that in all probility I would be riding the winner of the big Handicrap on Saturday and to be sure and come and to be sure and have a good wagger on me. And they all promised faithful that they would be there, so I will sure have to give every last oz. of my skill and bring that horse of Unglaub's down in front so as to let my friends see what I can really do.

KENILWORTH RACE TRACK.

If it wasn't that I know my own cool unsuspectible nature I would almost think I am getting exited over the prospeck of doing my stuff in the big race on Saturday. The papers today have a list of the horses that are likely to start and there sure are some good 1's entered, and winning a race over a bunch like them will be a task wordy of any jock's upmost skill, even mine. Sure enough Unglaub has entered 2, Flying Embers and Little Izzy. They both have plenty of class, but it is probly Little Izzy that I will be on, as he is the 1 that all the handicrappers pick to win and naturally Unglaub wouldn't be wanting me to ride his 2nd string horse.

I sure have been training faithful for the event, running a couple or 2 miles every morning and taking a series of sitting-up exercises that I cut out of a magazine. Not that I really need same, because I am always in the pink of condition; but still, I don't want to overlook nothing so as to be able to give my very best.

I haven't seen Mr. Unglaub or Joe Foley yet to talk to personable, but young Andy tells me that they were both tickled when he let them know that I had no previous engagements for the race, and I beleave him. I was acrost the river again last P.M. and Mr. Matthews says that all the girls can't talk of nothing else but comeing over to see me ride. He is comeing hisself too, and bringing the young lady which he is engaged to, and she says she just knows it will be a scream to see me, better even than The Follys or Charlie Chaplin.

As a matter of fack, pretty near everybody seems to be confident that I am going to be the heroe of the day, unlest it is Mr. Robbins, who couldn't be chearful no matter how joyfull the occasion. When I told him that I had been ast to ride for Unglaub he just stands in silents for a while and then give a sniff and says, "Well, I always said it ran in the Unglaub fambly."

"What runs in the Unglaub fambly?" I asts.

"A strain of insanity," he repplies, and turns on his heel and leaves me before I can tell him where he gets off of.

KENILWORTH RACE TRACK.

Well, I am not a bug no longer but a full-fledge jockey, and I have win my 1st big race and had my pictures in the papers, 1 setting on Flying Embers with a big horseshoe all made of flowers just like the wreathes they have at swell funerals, and 1 standing beside Mr. Unglaub with the steweds congranulating us. I come out grand in both pictures and I am cutting them out of all the papers I can find and going to send them to maw and a few of my other acquaintances.

But although they printed my pictures none of the papers give me much credit for the win, which just goes to prove what I said about all sporting experts being ½-witless. 1 guy on a Detroit paper says, "Flying Embers win of the Handicrap was due to his own courage and stout-heartedness and not to any help he got from young Painter, who apparently was trying his best to toss off the race." There is a hole lot more of the same kind of trash which I am above quoating, and only put this much down so that some day, when the story of my life, so far, is printed, that allegible sporting expert will maybe read the true facks of the case and feel hisself all wet. That is, if any of them know how to read, which I doubth.

And the true facks of the case is as following. This A.M. I go over to Unglaub's barn and Joe Foley, Andy's big brother, takes me aside to talk to me. "Well, kid, how are you feeling?" he says.

"I feel fit to give that Izzy horse the ride of his life," I repplies.

"You're not going to have the Izzy horse," he ansers. "The other 1 for yours, kid."

"Is that the 1 you are going to win with then?" I asts.

"What do you care what 1 we win with so long as we win?" he says. "We hired you to ride accordingly to orders, and if you don't like it—well, there are plenty other punks around will be glad of the job."

Well, at 1st I felt like throwing the engagement in his teeth and telling him where he could go. But then I thought to myself that it ain't every day a boy gets a chance to ride in a big race, so I just consealed my disappointment as good as I could and says, "All right, Joe, whatever you say, but I think you are making a mistake."

So all morning around the track there wasn't hardly anything else talked of excepting the Handicrap; and everybody says that the Unglaub entry will be a red-hot flavorite on account this Izzy horse sticks out over the rest like a sore thumb. Nobody even gives my beagle a chance to be in the 1st 3, and I sure feel sort of depress on account of me telleing all my Detroit freinds to come and see me ride the winner.

So before the race, Mr. Unglaub takes me to 1 side in the paddock and starts to talk to me in a kind of a coarse wisper.

"Kid," he says, "this is a tough race and we got to do things just right because a heap of jack depends on it."

"I suppose you have bet the entry pretty heavy then," I repplies.

"None of your dam business what I have bet," he ansers. "You listen good to what I tell you, because if you make any mistake I will sure make you sorry you ever left the farm and took to race riding."

"What do you want me to do then?" I asts. "Ride to my own best judgement and win with Flying Embers if I can?"

Thomas F. Wilson,
President of the Apco Manufacturing Company, Providence, R. I., says that The Dictaphone improves dictation besides saving money and much time otherwise wasted

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"Nothing of the kind," he repplies. "This thing you are on is a sprinter, poor and simple. The only reason I got him in there is to make things sure for Izzy. Some folks think that Flying Embers can go a route, but I know better. He starts to holler for help anywhere over 6 furlong."

"Well, Mr. Unglaub," I says, kind of bitter, "if he ain't got no chance, what is the use of telleing me how to ride him?"

"Because I want you to make the pace so fast that all the others will kill theirself chasing you," he repplies. "Now listen, kid, and listen good. When that barrier goes up I want you to forget all about being in a distants race. So far as you are concerned it is a ¾ mile sprint and the faster you do the 6 furlong the better I will be pleased. Get off in front and bust the track record if you like. Don't show your horse no mersy, but go to the bat if he shows any signs of faltering."

"I will sure look swell, won't I, running the horse to death in the 1st part of a mile and a ¼ race?" I says kind of bitter.

"Never mind how you look," he ansers. "A boy like you can't look no worser than you really are. While you are making the pace hot all the other boys will be trying to catch you, and in the meantime Andy Foley will be laying back ready to come on and cop when all the others are tired out."

"I will do what you say, Mr. Unglaub," I says. "But it seems kind of hard for a rider like me to have to go and make a exhibition of myself in order to let young Andy Foley be the heroe."

"You do as I say, kid," he repplies. "Follow orders if it lands you in the pen is the mottoe every jockey should carry carved on his scull."

So when we are going to the post I felt pretty sad and mournful, and kept my head down and didn't pay no intention to the huge crowd that was there. But I decided that I would do my part to the best of my skill, no matter how hard it was to do it, I am like that. I know that our entry is the odds-on flavorite, and that it is up to me to do my upmost to keep all those folks from loosing their dough.

We are in a outside post position and when the barrier was sprang, after a long delay, I give this Flying Embers 1 cut with the bat and he jumps to the front like he was in a hurry to get somewheres. Ordinary, of course, I would not have did nothing of the sort; but today I am under orders and I am going to beat all that bunch to the 1st turn and then let him run along the rail till he curls up and quits.

Well, naturally, none of the other boys would make such a fast start in a race of that distants, so when we get past the stand and going into the turn, I am far enough ahead to cross over in front of the bunch without fowling nobody, so I done so. And when we get to the 3-quarters post we have such a long lead that I don't know if I am in a race or just out for a work-out. Of course I know my beagle is going to call it a day in about another 2 furlong, but by this time I don't care. Anyways, just as we turn into the back stretch I twist my head around so as to have a look at the boys and see how close they are following; and as I turn I am just in time to see young Andy Foley fall off Little Izzy, over the fence and onto the grass in the infeild. I can't make no mistake in who it is, because we are the only jocks in the race wearing those scarlet silks that you can see a mile.

Well, when I see what has happened I recognise that the whole thing is strickly up to me. If I don't use all the skill and cuning which I got we are beat. So instead of letting Flying Embers race hisself to death I take a nice gentle pull on him and start to steady him down. I don't think he can last the distants, but I am going to keep him up there as long as his legs will keep moving

Well, the long lead I had stole lasts us till we are into the home stretch, and then I can see out of the tale of my eye a couple of noses come creeping alongside of us. My 1st idea is to go to the bat immediate, but I don't do it on account of all I have took out of my horse in the earley part. I just nurse him along by hand as long as I can and he lasts a hole lot better than I expect; until finably, when we are about a 100 yards from home, 3 of us are running levvel, with the other 2 continuing to gain on me.

So of course I relize that there ain't nothing else for it, and I draw the bat and lay it on the old boy as hard as I can draw. I would pretty near as soon took a beating myself as do it, because old Flying Embers has did noble. Still, when you are in a tough race you can't stop to think of those kind of things.

Anyways, he must of had an oz. or so of something left inside his old carcase, because when I bat him I feel him take hold of the bit a little firmer; and the upshot of it was that he just manages to get his snout acrost in front in such a close finish that neither me nor Lang nor Stott know which of us has win till after we have stopped them and got them back to the stand.

And then when I find it is me is the heroe of the day, maybe I don't feel good and the crowd goes crazy over me and chears me like mad, which shows that there are some folks around a race track can appresiate a good ride even if sporting writers can't. And when I get washed up and my best suit on and come out in the crowd, not having no more engagements for the day, those girls I know from Detroit couldn't of made more fuss about me if I had of been Rudolp Valentino or Pres. Coolige.

Well, I can not write no more about my triumph because I don't like to be praiseing myself all the time, I am like that. And besides I must hurry down to the fairyboat because there is a big party on this P.M. and I want to show those girls that rideing a hard race don't prevent me still being the champion Charlestoner of these parts.

I sure feel pretty darned good and happy, and I am wondering how much Mr. Unglaub will slip me for winning for him when all seemed lost. The only thing I can't understand about the hole thing is how sour he looked in the picture he had took standing alongside of me. He certainly don't look like he was just through winning a big purse, but more like he had just got a peace of bad news. I haven't saw him since, but I guess he is feeling more cheerfuller by now; because when the mutuel prices were posted our entry pays better than 2 to 1, when everybody didn't expect it would be more than about 3 to 5.

KENILWORTH RACE TRACK.

Well, it is now Sunday P.M. and I am staying here this evening insted of going over the river, because I always try and keep the Sabbath day holey if possible and don't never do no dancing on that day. That is, I don't start to dance on Sunday, but when a shine starts on Saturday P.M. and continues past midnight, why that is diffrent and not no sin, at lease I hope not.

I am still feeling pretty good, although tired from last night, and although Phil Unglaub the big slob only hands me a measley twenty-five bucks for riding the winner for him, instead of a hundred or so which I expected. It seems like he is pretty sore on me, and it wasn't till just a few minutes ago that I understood why. Mr. Robbins come in the tack room here not long sense, and set hisself down on a bale of hay and starts to talk to me.

"Well, Willie," he says, "I suppose you are too proud and hotty to even talk to your humble employer since you crashed your way into the big tripe in the papers."

"No, I am not nothing of the sort," I replies. "I will always be glad to talk to my old freinds and admirers no matter what heights I attrain to."

"Fine, Willie," he says. "I thought that maybe your suxcess yesterday might have a tendensy to swell your head a little, not relizing that when a thing has reached its upmost limit of growth it can't go no further."

"I haven't reached no limit of growth," I repplies. "Just give me a chance and you will see me grow to the very top of the tree, Mr. Robbins."

"I don't doubth it for a minute," he says. "A boy like you is liable to do anything. Have you saw your freind Unglaub since the race, Willie?"

"No, I have not," I ansers, "and what is furthermore I don't want to. What do you think of a man who would slip you a lowsy twenty-five bucks for doing what I done yesterday?"

"Well, Willie," he says, "it all depends on how you look at it. In 1 cents of the word I suppose twenty-five fish is not what you would call very liberal pay for winning a big Handicrap. But on the other hand, from the way I heard Unglaub talk last night, maybe you are lucky that all the pay you got wasn't a puck on the nose."

"Why should Unglaub puck me on the nose?" I asts. "Wasn't it me that copped the heat for him after that dam young Andy Foley had recked our chances by falling off his horse?"

"Well, seeing how I started on this thing, I guess I will have to explain it all," Mr. Robbins says. "You know, Willie, there are a whole lot more angles to this horse-racing business than some folks suxpect."

"I'll say there are," I ansers.

"Well, the angle to this business of yesterday, Willie," he says, "was that by winning the race you just done exactly what Unglaub didn't want you to do."

"He don't want to win?" I says in amazement. "Why, what ever makes you think that, Mr. Robbins?"

"I don't think nothing about it, Willie," he ansers. "I know it from Unglaub's own lips. He gets boiled last night over in a joint in Detroit—a place I just happened to drop into looking for a sick freind to visit. And Unglaub is 1 of the kind that when he gets a gallon or so of gin or other soft drinks aboard starts to talk. And so the hole thing come out."

"Well," I says to Mr. Robbins, "I am still wondering."

"It is this way," he ansers: "You know, Willie, or you should ought to know by this time, that there are, in the racing game, certain low characters who don't think very much of the honor of winning races compared to the pleasure of winning dough. And Unglaub is 1 of these. He thinks so much of money that the only way you can hurt or insult him is by taking some from him, and that is what you done."

"The winners end of that race yesterday was more than 2 grand," I says, "so how can you say I took money off of him?"

"Two grand was small potatoes compared to what Phil expected to clean up on that race," Mr. R. says. "You know, Willie, there is a awful lot of money bet on the races every day by folks who were never on the inside of a race track. And especially when it comes to a big race, like a Purse or a Steak or a Handicrap, the jack just pours in to the handbooks, because a lot of people will bet on them sort of races, thinking they are on the level, who won't wagger a dime on a ordinary claiming race.

"Well, Unglaub with the 2 best horses in the race running for him looks like what the scientists would call a kick-in-the-slats. He knows he won't be able to get any price for his dough if he bets them to win, and besides betting them to win would be a slight risk and Phil would sooner have a sure thing."

"So he goes and lays the entry up with the handbooks?" I butts in.

"You took the very words out of my mouth, Willie," he repplies. "Sometimes I almost imadgine that you are capable of almost thinking. Unglaub does that very thing. He goes to 3 or 4 of the biggest handbooks in these parts and tells them that for a split of the profits he is willing to see that the Unglaub silks don't get past those judges 1st nohow. And these handbooks, being wreckless gamblers of the same tripe as Phil, fall for it. They take every dollar they can get on the entry and they don't lay a dime of it off. And, of course, not haveing any comeback money going into the machines makes the odds a whole lot longer than they naturally would of been. And the result, Willie, was that there must of been several sure-thingers, in addition to your friend Phil, saying their prayers for you last night."

"But, Mr. Robbins," I says, "if Unglaub wanted to lose, what did he hire me for? Why didn't he scratch 1 of his horses and just run the other 1?"

"He just wanted to make it look better," he repplies. "With the 2 best horses, the dear public just couldn't help but bet on the entry. And with his own kid, young Foley, all ready to do a nose dive off that Izzy horse, he didn't have to worry about that 1."

"Well, then," I says, "I wonder what made him pick on me for the other 1."

"Seeing that you are feeling pretty good tords yourself today, Willie," he ansers, "maybe it won't do you no real harm if I tell you why Unglaub picked on you. He told me that he selected you because from all reports you were a kid with just brains enough to try and bust the 6-furlong track record in a mile and a ¼ race, and not sufficient cents to ast any questions about why you were told to do so."

"Well, that just shows that Unglaub made 2 mistakes," I repplies. "1st he made the mistake of trying to be crooked when he would of did better staying on the level. And the 2nd mistake he made was in trying to make a crook out of me, when anybody could of told him that I am not that sort. I guess if he had ast you about me, Mr. Robbins, instead of listening to that crazy young Andy, he wouldn't of got such a notion about me, would he? You would of told him, wouldn't you, that I am a boy that always does the right thing?"

"Sure thing I would of, Willie," he repplies. "If Phil had come to me I would of told him that you are a boy that always does the right thing—even if it is most generally at the wrong time that you do it."

And with that compliment he leaves me. And now, as it is not very late, I guess I will go down as far as the river and watch the licker traffic go by, like I heard a feller say. Now that I understand what I done to Unglaub I feel better than ever; and when I think of the way they tried to make me do their dirty work for them, I am gladder still for what I done to Andy Foley today.

This afternoon him and me met back of the stables and I was just starting to ast him if he got hurt bad when he done the flop yesterday, and much to my supprise he begins to call me names. He calls me some of the most vilest names that he could lay his tongeu to, but I just kept my temper and tries to clam him down, because I didn't want to do no brauling on the Sabbath day, I am like that.

But finably he calls me something that insults me awful, and I get mad and haul off and let him have what he is looking for. And if any of the Foleys was to die within the next few days, young Andy wouldn't need to buy no crape or no black tie to go to the funeral in. When I was finish with him, both his 2 eyes were in the deepest mourning you ever seen.

You see, I could stand for him calling me a theif and a liar and all that without loosing my temper; but when he called me a bug I couldn't stand for it and so I whaled him. Because, since the big Handicrap yesterday afternoon I am not a bug no longer. I am Jockey Willie Painter.

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SPECIAL SERVICE

(Continued from Page 15)

"I know that girl." Steve impulsively rallied to his cashier's defense. "I've known her since I was in school. You're accusing her of what, exactly?" he demanded of Ashlander, who glanced at Norton.

"We have traced, definitely, I should say," observed the captain dryly, "this bad money to her hands. We are not saying that she is the source of supply of it: but she certainly seems in touch with it."

"What does she say about it?"

"Say?" repeated Ashlander, smiling. "We haven't put it to her personally yet. She'd be a cool one to shove you two queer notes out of four if she knew we were watching her."

"She knows it was suspected before," said Steve.

"But she was not suspected then, Mr. Faraday," rejoined Norton. "We're not accusing her yet. This case has certain extraordinary points of its own. Tell me what you know of the girl."

"Where's her card?" Steve asked Claflin.

"Of course I've seen her employment record," said Norton, and referred to his notebook, reading: "'First employed as coat-room girl in Hotel Tonty, Chicago, 1916; transferred to rear office; typist; assistant accountant. Sent to Denver, Montview, August, 1922; assistant cashier; May, 1923, transferred to Commodore Perry, Cleveland; cashier.'"

"Her record has been good; in fact excellent. Her family consists of her mother, whom she supports." He closed his little book. "What can you add to that?"

"You must be able to read between the lines of her card," Steve replied warmly. "From the time she was sixteen she's supported herself and her mother. She went to night school. She's kept herself bright, cheerful and attractive. She's just the kind of girl we like to have. She makes it a pleasure to deal with her, and Claflin may have told you that we've been grooming her for even a better position, in the chief accountant's office, where she would handle all the money that comes into this hotel. That's what we think of her."

"You know, I suppose," asked Norton calmly, "that she's got engaged recently?"

"No," said Steve, but remembered the small diamond he had seen on her finger. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Anyone who deals with women learns that a woman of herself and a woman in love may be two entirely different individuals. A girl, especially of a fond and affectionate nature, will do for a man she loves what she never would dream of doing for herself. We're ready to talk to your girl."

"Bring her in here," Steve said to Claflin.

"Have her bring her bank with her," warned Norton. "Don't turn it over to her relief."

"She wouldn't do that in any case," said Steve. "Each of our cashiers has a separate cash box, with a bank sufficient to handle the business of the watch. On going off duty the girl puts all vouchers, checks, receipts and money in an envelope which she turns over to the accounting department. When she goes on watch she has her own bank again."

"Better send for her relief," suggested Norton. "She's not likely to go on watch again this morning."

Steve waited with a warmth of confidence in his cashier which increased as she appeared with Claflin, the large brown envelope of her bank under her arm.

She was of good height and slender, with a straight frank bearing and a pleasant friendly manner of meeting one with her lovely soft eyes. As Claflin made the introductions she repeated Norton's and Ashlander's names, puzzled a little, but not obviously frightened. She glanced questioningly at Steve, who tried to smile reassuringly. She laid the large envelope of her bank upon the table.

"We're of the Federal Secret Service," Norton told her, "here on the business of counterfeit twenty-dollar bank notes which have been circulated in this hotel."

"Yes?" she said, still unfrightened.

"We've been watching your window this morning."

"Mine?" she repeated, and looked at Steve.

"What do you know about it, Clara?" he asked her.

"Know?"

"I mean, have you been aware that you were passing counterfeit money?"

"Was I doing that?" she asked, so unafraid and frankly that Steve clung to his confidence in her, though he said, "You gave two to me in my change."

"Did I?"

"You did not know it?" Norton challenged her direct.

She flushed, but met his eyes. "Of course I did not know it. Why—why ——" She stopped.

"You'd better open her bank," said Norton to Steve, who handed her the envelope.

"You open it, Clara," he said.

She took up her envelope in her slender pretty hands, which quivered slightly as she broke the seal and spread the money, checks and vouchers upon the table. Ashlander sorted over the bank notes, taking out the twenties.

"She's passed on all the bad ones," he reported to Norton; and opening the drawer of the desk he took out the two bills which, half an hour earlier, she had given in change to Steve.

"You recognize these, Miss Ingram?" he asked her.

"No."

"You handed them to Mr. Faraday. They're counterfeits."

"I did not know it."

"They could not have been in your bank, Clara," said Steve, "when you got it from the accountant's office this morning. They've come in since. You'd been warned against bills of this denomination and issue. Do you remember from whom you got them?"

"No," she said; but now her frankness was gone. She seemed to catch herself together. She raised her eyes and threw back her head with a gesture, not of fearlessness but of defiance, which struck from Steve his confidence.

"We'd better go on with this," observed Norton watchfully, "after we've searched her room. You will go with us and accede to a search?" he asked her. "Or shall we make the formal preliminaries?"

"I'll go with you," she said.

"I'll go along," Steve offered, trying to recover his confidence in her.

"Do," urged Norton. "Take her with you. I'd prefer to have you go out with her as though on some ordinary errand. We'll meet you at her rooms."

"Get your hat, Clara," said Steve. "Mr. Claflin will turn in your bank."

During the minute he waited for her Steve hoped that upon her reappearance his faith in her would increase; the contrary occurred. She was very trim and neat-looking in her small hat, but more nervous than before and bearing herself more definitely with defiance. Steve, without speaking, accompanied her to the curb.

"Yes, cab," he said to Ebor.

"It's only a few blocks; I nearly always walk."

"We'll ride," said Steve, and put her into the cab ahead of him.

She sat uneasily beside him, glancing out her window.

"You've become engaged recently, I hear," he said, after he had asked and received from her the street number and had passed it to the driver. She was so intent at her window that he repeated his comment with something of a challenge before she replied, "Yes, I'm engaged."

"To one of our people?" questioned Steve.

"What?"

"To one of our people?"

"No, he's not on the staff."

"Who is he?" Steve persisted.

"I met him when he was staying at the Commodore Perry," the girl replied, half turning to Steve and, it seemed to him, softening somewhat from her defiance. "He is Mr. Howard Jentnor."

"I don't know him," said Steve.

"He is a very nice man."

"What line is he in?"

"Insurance."

"What company?"

"No special company," she replied more stiffly. "He's a broker."

"He's at our house now?"

"No, he moved about a week ago, after we became engaged. We want to save money now, you see," she said, and seemed to realize how this increased the suspicion against her. "What are they looking for in my rooms?"

"I don't know." And talk between them lapsed.

He helped her out before an old but well-maintained building of large apartments, originally, which now were cut into little ones of one or two rooms apiece. Clara Ingram opened the entrance door with a key, and when she came upon Captain Norton and Ashlander in the entry she started, but said only, "I hope mother's out."

"No one is in your apartment," Ashlander assured her, and with her latchkey she opened the inner door.

"We are going to be thorough," Norton warned her, "so if you are hiding anything you had better give it to us at once."

"I could give you nothing but my clothing and mother's, and a few old keepsakes and letters," she replied, so honestly that Steve was stirred again to believe in her; but Ashlander opened her dresser drawers, lifting and shaking out filmy folds of silky things. He examined a handkerchief box and undid a package of gloves. Nothing extraordinary rewarded him.

Norton attacked the closet wherein dresses and skirts were hung, and hats and boxes stood on an upper shelf. He brought down the boxes, searching them without objection and without result until he opened a pasteboard carton packed to the top with bundles of letters, tied with faded ribbons or neatly knotted string. For the first time Clara Ingram protested.

"Those are just family letters—my father's letters to mother and hers to him before they were married."

"Yes," said Norton, but lifted out the top packets and continued imperturbably to empty the box. He came to the bottom and still was not satisfied. With the blade of his pocket knife he lifted a closely fitted square of pasteboard which lay as a false bottom and called his assistant from the search of the second room: "Here's something, Ashlander."

Steve stepped forward quickly to look.

The something consisted of a pair of identical parallelograms in white tissue paper lying flat on the true bottom of the box, and Steve saw they were exactly of the dimensions of a bank note. Norton picked up one, ripped off the white tissue and exposed a copper plate displaying in reverse "Federal Reserve Bank of New York"—twenty dollars.

"Check letter A, plate number 121; Carter Glass, Secretary of the Treasury," Ashlander announced triumphantly. "John Burke, Treasurer of the United States; the portrait is of Cleveland."

Steve straightened with a sickening stop of his heart and faced the girl for whom, an hour before, he so confidently had vouched. No longer was she defiant; she was trembling, white as death. The two secret-service men never glanced up from the

(Continued on Page 146)

JORDAN

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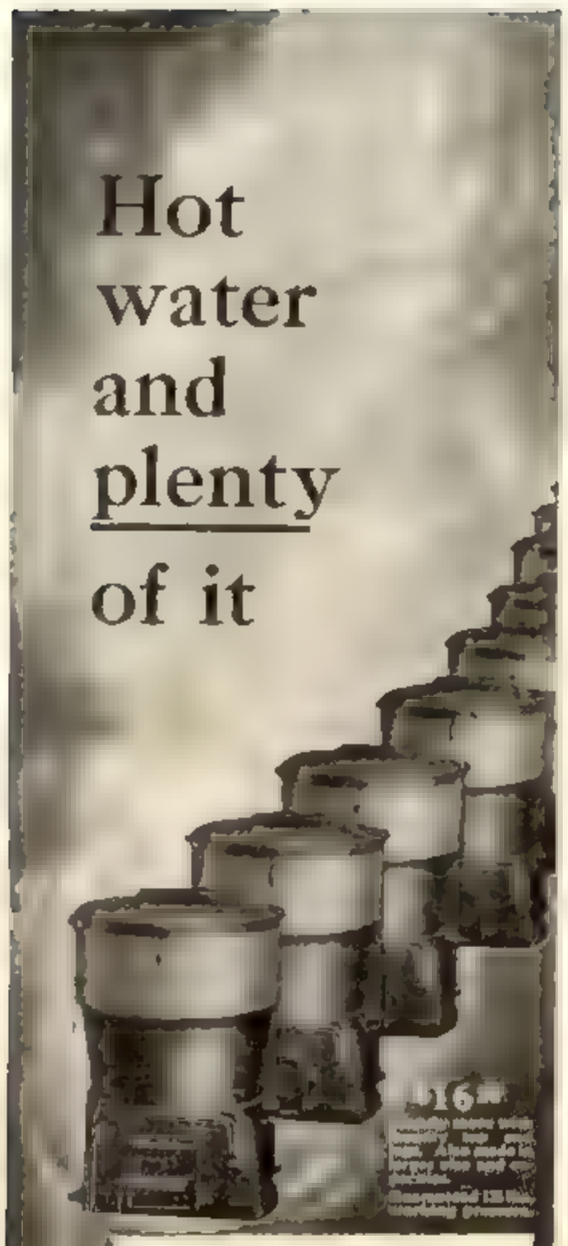

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NOVELTY
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(Continued from Page 144)

plates. Each had one in his hand which he examined with swift but close inspection. They looked at each other, exchanged plates and suddenly Norton laughed aloud.

Steve started forward with hot resentment. "That's a great way to feel about it!" he rebuked Norton. "You've got the goods on her, but—don't laugh!"

Norton turned to him and sobered. "Excuse me," he begged. "I wasn't laughing at her—at you, Miss Ingram. Sit down, young lady," he invited her kindly. "Sit down and tell us what you really know about this. Of course we know now that you had nothing to do with these plates here. They were planted on you. Bring her that chair, Ashlander. That's right; sit down. You didn't know you were taking in and passing out counterfeits either; but you do know from whom you got the last two, at least. Ashlander, get her a glass of water."

"I'll get it," offered Steve impulsively. However, he let Ashlander bring it, while he himself remained beside Clara, who had sunk upon the chair and with wide eyes was staring at Norton, at himself and at Norton again.

"These plates were planted on her, you said," Steve reminded Norton, with a flush of faith in the girl again. Not complete faith. Something was very wrong, and her own prostration confessed it. But the thing that was wrong with her was not that which had been first suspected.

Norton nodded, with more regard to the girl than to Steve, and he waited until he was sure that she had collected herself sufficiently to attend him.

"Somebody has taken considerable time and more than the usual amount of trouble to plant counterfeit money so that it would pass through your hands, Miss Ingram," he repeated to her quietly. "He has taken more trouble to be sure that it would be traced back to you—and no further than you. Then he took the extra trouble to plant these plates here. What made me laugh a minute ago was that after taking all that trouble he made one little slip which showed us at once that the whole affair was a plant, and was planned not for the purpose of passing counterfeits but for discrediting you for some more important purpose. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," said the girl, staring.

"What was that slip?" Steve asked, helping her.

Norton picked up one of the plates. "A very simple and natural one to a man who was not, himself, an expert counterfeiter, but a very conclusive one. It's this—the plates, planted here, never did and never could have printed the money which this girl has been passing."

"How do you know that?" asked Steve.

"The bad money which has been passing through her hands was all in twenty-dollar denomination of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York."

"But so are the plates."

"The notes are excellent counterfeits, defying all but an expert; they were made from plates almost as good as the government plates—from engravings upon steel. It takes a good engraver weeks or months to make the plates that engrave money that good. These plates are not the originals; these are photo-engravings of money of the same denomination and issue which were made or could have been made in a few hours.

"We came to the hotel not only because of the report of the counterfeits, made by the Guardian Trust, but because we had received this tip anonymously early this morning."

Norton took from his pocket and spread before Clara Ingram and Steve a slip of plain white paper on which was written with typewriter:

"If you want to find the plates which printed the counterfeit twenties passing in this city, look carefully in the rooms of Clara Ingram, who works at the Commodore Perry Hotel."

"So we came here," continued Norton, "expecting to hit on something peculiar and out of the ordinary line, because we already had the plates from which this very good bad money was printed. We seized them in Toledo two days ago. We knew then they couldn't be here. What was here then? Some experimental plates engraved by the same gang or what? Nothing like that; but a plant—a plain plant on this girl. Someone wanted very much to frame her for some reason. She being a cashier, it evidently occurred to him to frame her by planting on her some of the counterfeit money which has been in circulation. To clinch the case against her, he decided to plant also the plates on her. But he didn't have the plates. We had them, but he didn't know it. He didn't even know what sort of plates printed the money. He cannot be a counterfeiter himself. He did know that photo-engraving plates could easily be made, and supposed they would satisfy us. So he had these plates made, smeared them with green ink to make them look as if they'd been used, planted them here and typed us his little letter."

"Why?"

Steve asked it, for Clara Ingram yet could not speak. As the captain's account more and more exonerated her, only the more was she overcome.

"The reason for framing this girl, we don't know," Norton replied. "But she must—ask her."

"I don't know!" Clara cried.

"I am very sure you do know," Norton charged her quietly.

"I don't know!"

"I am sure you know, at least," insisted Norton, "who gave you those two bad twenties before we came to the hotel this morning."

"I don't know!" cried Clara desperately. "I don't know! I don't! I didn't know they were bad, I tell you! I didn't know they were bad!"

"We can wait awhile," said Norton considerately.

"I am quite sure I know who gave them to her," Steve volunteered. "I am quite sure she is telling the truth when she says she didn't know they were bad; but she does know who gave them to her. It was Jentnor."

"It wasn't!"

"There," said Steve, touching her shoulder, "you've told us it was. I knew it anyway, Clara. After you had been warned, like the other cashiers, against notes of this denomination and issue, you would have accepted them without examination only from someone you trusted entirely; and there is no one you would have lied for, I think, but Jentnor. Jentnor is the man," said Steve to Norton, "to whom she is engaged."

"He's not!" cried Clara.

"You're not engaged to him?"

"He's not the man who gave me those twenties."

"Who did then?"

"Someone leaving the hotel; I don't know who. I've forgotten. I'm always taking in money and paying it out. I forgot about the twenties for a few minutes. That's all; that's all, I tell you!"

"Did you receive any money or make change or otherwise handle money for Mr. Jentnor this morning?"

"No! No! I didn't see him at all!"

"When did you last see him?"

"Yesterday—the day before yesterday."

"Where is he now?"

"In his office, I suppose."

"Where's that?"

"I don't know."

Steve referred again to Norton, who quietly was watching her.

"Let us leave Mr. Jentnor out," he said kindly to her. "Try not to think of him. Try to think of a reason why anyone—anyone in all the world—would want to discredit or disgrace you."

She turned on Norton a face drawn with fright but honest again. "I can't!"

"Calm yourself and try to think. Remember, no one now is accusing you—or Mr. Jentnor. Whom do you know, or with whom have you come in contact, who might have a motive for injuring you?"

"Why, no one!" she cried honestly. "I can't think of a soul in the world."

"You don't," suggested Norton slowly, "threaten anyone?"

"Threaten anyone? I?"

"I mean, you have not, either by accident or otherwise, recently come into possession of knowledge to someone's detriment or which might be used to someone's injury?"

"No, no!"

"Take a few minutes and try to think, Miss Ingram."

"It's no use trying. There's never been anything like that."

"You must realize that there might be such a thing," said Norton patiently, "and you not be aware of it. This affair is surely a serious one, Miss Ingram. The time and trouble expended show that it is extremely important to someone to disgrace and injure you. Such pains are taken, usually, only by a person who is in the power—or who feels himself in the power—of another by reason of information to his discredit. You might possess such information without being aware of it, or without being aware of its power over another person. It is of such information, which may be in your possession, that I want you to think."

"Why, I've never had any power over anyone!"

Norton nodded to Ashlander, who arose and went out, beckoning Steve to the door.

"We had better leave her with the captain," Ashlander whispered. "She is very excited. Of course she is protecting someone; but for her own sake we must go ahead at once. He'll handle her better alone."

"All right," acceded Steve, and went out.

On the street, where the Commodore Perry loomed in front of him, he thought of the girl's employment in the big hotel and the bearing upon her, therein employed, of Norton's words. Constantly, by reason of her employment, she was in contact with other employes and with guests who numbered, in total, thousands and tens of thousands; constantly, as a matter of mere routine to her—taking in money, paying it out, cashing credits and checks—she performed more or less intimate services for many people, and sometimes special services, of a particularly intimate and personal character, which from their mere frequency and repetition also passed into casual routine, making upon her memory no lasting mark. A thousand such transactions could be completed without extraordinary consequence; the thousand and first, though differing outwardly not at all from the others, might touch vitally the private concern of a guest sheltered in the hotel at a crisis of his life. Had the sequel of some such service, rendered by Clara Ingram as an employe of Stephen Faraday, precipitated upon her these events?

He hastened his steps to his hotel, his mind now on Jentnor and the girl who so defiantly and loyally had lied for him. Jentnor, Steve realized, must be a different type of individual from the man ordinarily met by a front-office cashier. An attractive girl, constantly cast by her employment into contact with men away from home and traveling by themselves, learns quickly to adopt a defensive attitude of indifference; and experience often fixes this attitude within her. Steve had thought of Clara Ingram as having become indifferent to men; it was one of the reasons that he had slated her for promotion in the organization. In spite of her unusual attractiveness Steve had thought of her as unlikely to leave the organization because of marriage. Jentnor, to have won her so completely, must be distinct from the ordinary men who lingered after paying their accounts in the hope of picking up acquaintance with the cashier.

Steve sought Claflin at once. "Do you remember this Jentnor who stayed here and

(Continued on Page 149)

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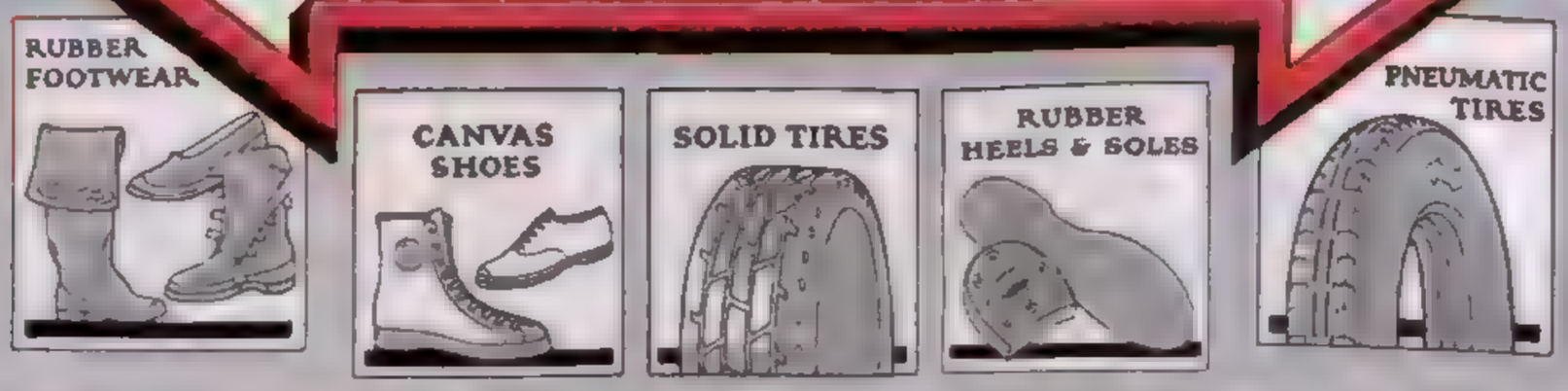

QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED

(Continued from Page 146)

got himself engaged to Clara Ingram?" Steve asked.

"Very well. I know nothing about him, but he is very likable and good-looking. English sort of chap."

"What?" said Steve.

"Englishman in this country a few years; everybody liked him."

Where, Steve tried to recollect, had he heard almost exactly that description of a man about whom he had inquired? Oh, it had been in Denver, at the Montview, when Goebel mentioned the English-looking, likable young man who had asked to see the register for March, three years ago. For what reason? In order to steal the book, so Goebel had thought, to alter an entry after an Englishman's name and add "and son" between the Englishman's name and the addition "and manservant." Steve could not recall the name except that it was hyphenated and not at all like Jentnor. Besides, what connection could the change in the Montview's register, of three years ago, have with this attempt to frame a front-office cashier in Cleveland today?

Yet another coincidence besides this similarity of the general description of the two men came into Steve's mind. "Let's see her card again," he said to Claflin, and there was the record of her employment at the Montview in Denver. In March, three years ago, at the time when the rich Englishman and manservant—accompanied, possibly, by his son and also possibly not—had stopped at the Montview, Clara Ingram had been employed there.

In little less than an hour Norton returned to the hotel, bringing her with him. The girl was pale and very nervous; she stared at Steve, but scarcely spoke in reply to his words to her in Claflin's office.

Norton nodded Steve aside. "Call your house nurse and have her keep this girl quiet. Keep her in a room here; I'll see that her mother is sent here when she comes back to the flat."

"What's she told you?" asked Steve.

"Nothing. She stuck it out that Jentnor never gave her any money and couldn't possibly be mixed up in the plant put on her. But what smashed her up is that she knows he is mixed in it—but she'll die before she admits it."

"Got any better line on the reason for it?"

Norton shook his head. "We haven't a line that leads anywhere, and I think she tells the truth when she says she doesn't know any reason. I've gone over her record week by week, asking her where she was and what she was doing recently, and I can't dig a thing out of her which would explain why anybody would want to get her."

"I'd like to ask her one question."

"Go ahead. The best thing you can do for her is to clear this up quick as you can."

"Clara," said Steve, "can you remember doing anything special for an Englishman who was stopping at the Montview, in Denver, three years ago last March?"

"An Englishman?" repeated Clara, staring.

"An Englishman—middle-aged or more," Steve ventured, "and with a manservant."

The girl shook her head. "No, I can't remember anything about an Englishman then."

"Are you trying to?"

"Certainly, Mr. Faraday, I'm trying to."

"I know you are, Clara," said Steve, "and you know we're trying to help you. Have you a picture of Mr. Jentnor?"

"He never gave me one, Mr. Faraday."

"I asked her that," said Norton. "He wasn't handing out his photos."

The nurse appeared and took Clara away.

"What was your idea about your Englishman in Denver, three years ago?" Norton then asked Steve.

"Nothing but a sort of hunch."

"The nurse, or some attendant, must stay with that girl and she must be kept here," Norton advised. "You understand that Jentnor and some others, probably, are trying to get her. They may try by rougher means; they've a reason that's big to them. And she's still sticking to Jentnor; she might even go to him if he sent for her. You'll have to stop that."

"If Jentnor sends for her," Steve assured Norton, as he started away, "you'll know it."

Norton returned in the evening. "How's your girl?" he asked Steve.

"She's here, and being kept quiet."

"You haven't heard from Jentnor?"

"No."

"You won't. Mr. Jentnor has got out, and so cleanly that he's left—except on the soul of that girl—hardly a trace. We've had a busy afternoon; but Mr. Jentnor's performance is now pretty plain, if the reasons behind his moves are not.

"He came here a month ago from nowhere. New York is after his name on your register; but that means nothing; and there is no Howard Jentnor in New York. He is completely untraceable before he took a room at this hotel. He told her, and also other people, that he was an insurance broker; but no insurance company knows him or has had in the last month any business whatever with Howard Jentnor. He had no office here. His business seems to have been making himself agreeable to your girl. He certainly succeeded at that. All the testimony is that he was an extremely charming gentleman, of fine bearing and excellent manners—not at all the type to pick a working girl to wear his engagement ring.

"The bottom of the trouble with her is that she knows he wasn't the sort to want to marry her. He was, to her, the fine gentleman with his English-gentleman manners and good looks. He completely sold her; but she knew, in the back of her head, that there was something the matter with this wonderful romance. It was too good to be true. But she went into it; she was crazy about him.

"Then this struck, and she knows he handed it to her. She doesn't know why—I believe that—but she knows that he made her love him, not loving her, but as some part of this plant of his to get her. And it's knocked her out; but her pride, and the heart of her, won't let her turn on him—yet."

"No trace at all where he went?" asked Steve.

"He took rooms outside a couple of weeks ago, after he became engaged to your girl; he cleared this morning, not leaving a collar button behind him."

"Was he in Cleveland all this last month?" asked Steve.

"No; last week he was away for five days."

Later in the evening, with the Cleveland investigation of the affair thus at a standstill, Steve phoned Goebel in Denver.

"By the way," he mentioned, after speaking of routine matters, "has anything new turned up on that alteration in the register you showed me?"

"Not a thing."

"What was the name, Goebel?"

"Hougham-Stearns—L. B. Hougham-Stearns and son and manservant, London. We think the 'and son' was written in later."

"I remember that," said Steve. "What was the name of his place in Southern California? You had it in a clipping."

"Sussex House. Why, have you got something on it?"

"No; just thinking it over," Steve replied, and he thought over it several times that night.

In the morning Norton reported the rounding up of more members of the counterfeiting gang; he had developed no connection of the gang with Clara Ingram, beyond the fact that Jentnor had used some of the money made by the gang in the plant upon her.

Clara Ingram had no more to say; she still refused to accuse Jentnor; she could not supply any reason why he or anyone else would injure her.

Steve visited her again late in the morning. Her mother was with her and she had been crying.

"You know, Clara," said Steve, "that whether Jentnor had anything to do with this trouble of yours or not, there must be something very wrong back of it. You want to clear that up, don't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Faraday."

"Try to think. Three years ago last March—it was the first March you were at the Montview, Clara—did you do anything special for an Englishman named Hougham-Stearns who was at the hotel?"

"No, Mr. Faraday."

"He was rather an old man and sick," continued Steve. "He had the suite on the fifth floor at the southeast corner. Were you ever called into that suite to do something special for an oldish Englishman who was sick?"

Clara's eyes dulled with speculation; but finally she replied, "No, I don't remember."

"I remember something our first March in Denver, Clara," put in her mother. "You brought home ten dollars for it. You told me about it; it was something you did for a man who was casting off his son."

Clara's eyes dulled and brightened. "I remember going to that room for an old man who was sick," she said slowly to Steve. "I went there with Mr. Clover, the night clerk."

"Why did you go there, Clara?"

"He wanted Mr. Clover and me to witness a paper for him."

"What sort of a paper was it?"

"It was a will."

Ten minutes later Steve phoned Norton: "I think we've got something now." And when Norton came over, Steve told him what.

Two days later Steve received from Norton in New York a nine-word telegram:

"Can you come on here and bring Clara Ingram?"

Norton was awaiting them in the Grand Central Station when they arrived the following morning. He looked keenly at the pale and troubled girl, then drew Steve aside out of earshot.

"What have you?" Steve inquired.

"Not Jentnor yet," Norton replied. "Since he passed counterfeits, among his other activities, the department wants him; that's my excuse for staying in the case. Otherwise this case has become considerably more than a Federal matter. It's going to be a bit hard on your girl."

"I think she's prepared," said Steve.

"A woman's never prepared for a thing like this," returned Norton, and led them to a cab.

Twenty minutes later it stopped before a narrow-fronted house which, in spite of the incursion of business buildings in the neighboring block, still held a suggestion of the grandeur which once was the boast of lower Fifth Avenue.

Steve led Clara Ingram up the steps and Norton rang the bell. "Mr. Faraday and Miss Ingram," he announced to the liveried servant, who admitted them and led the way up a handsome stair to the floor above, where a second servant showed them into a large room presided over by a huge old man with snow-white hair and mustache. He sat, as if on a dais, in a great chair among cushions. Steve would have recognized, if Norton had not told him, that Hougham-Stearns' position in this household was that of a guest; he was one who, traveling, stopped more often in the homes of friends than in hotels.

"Mr. Faraday," the Englishman greeted him, as one to whom the name meant nothing.

"And Miss Ingram," Steve supplied, but could not see that Hougham-Stearns recollected either the girl or her name.

She in turn stared at him as at a stranger; she was shaking, Steve saw, and very white. He stood close to her.

The servant, who noiselessly had reclosed the door, came with soundless steps to stand behind his master's chair. He also was quite plainly an Englishman, but dark-haired and with sallow skin. Norton had not entered the room

(Continued on Page 151)

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(Partial List)

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(Continued from Page 149)

"I agreed to see you," said Hougham-Stearns to Steve, "on rather indefinite but authoritative information that you had something to communicate which is of great importance to myself. Recently I have received no one at all, in order to conserve my strength for my voyage home. I must ask you to be as brief as you can."

"It concerns," said Steve, "your son."

"Nothing of any possible sort which concerns Ralph can be of the slightest interest to me."

"This is a matter which you cannot very well put aside. Miss Ingram innocently has been in serious difficulties with the Federal authorities because of counterfeit money which, in our belief, your son put in her hands."

Clara Ingram started. Steve grasped her arm, steadying her.

"I do not doubt it," said Hougham-Stearns. "I mean I don't doubt he did it."

"He first became engaged to marry her."

"I do not doubt it."

"Apparently with no other purpose than to gain her confidence with the object of discrediting her."

"I say, I do not doubt it. You are not the first, Miss Ingram, whom my son has involved in trouble and grief. You can accept his father's word that, with women and men, he has been through his life a thoroughgoing rascal who has kept faith with no one. But anything he has done to you is less than he has done, more times than one, to me."

"Miss Ingram has known him by the name of Jentnor," said Steve. "She is not yet convinced that he has deceived her. May I ask if you have a picture of your son?"

Hougham-Stearns held his head stiffly. "I have always kept the one which his mother carried with her." He nodded to his servant, who went out and returned with a picture in a little round jeweled frame. Hougham-Stearns ordered it given to Steve.

"Is that Jentnor?" Steve inquired of Clara, and he felt her shaking as she gazed at it.

"No," she denied. "No; no, it isn't." Then her defense broke; suddenly she was so weak that Steve caught her in his arms and half carried her to a chair. "Oh, it is! It is!"

"Miss Ingram," said Steve quietly to Hougham-Stearns, after the girl was calmer, "was one of the witnesses to your will."

"I do not follow you."

"You were in Denver at the Montview Hotel," Steve continued, "with your son, and the will which Miss Ingram witnessed with George Clover, another employe of the hotel, if she remembers rightly, disinherited him."

"That is correct," said Hougham-Stearns, "except that my son was not with me. I was there alone except for Charles." Charles was the servant. "I had seen Ralph in New York and the latest disgraceful chapter of his doings decided me utterly to cut him off. In Denver, suddenly taken very ill, I made a will leaving my property to charities."

"No doubt you sent the will to London, to your solicitors?"

"No. I wrote them that I had made a new will whose nature they would learn when I returned. I never returned. I still have it by me."

"Would you mind showing it to me?" Steve inquired.

Hougham-Stearns, now intently interested, looked for his man, but the servant had left the room. He touched a bell beside him, waited, then touched it again. As the man did not appear Steve himself offered to get what was wanted; but Hougham-Stearns merely rang once more.

Clara Ingram was sitting up, wide-eyed and intent again.

"Someone is coming now," said Steve, and opened the door, admitting Norton, who bore a light steel box, locked.

"Your man is below in the hands of two of the New York police," Norton said to Hougham-Stearns. "However, they did not prevent his answer to your bell. They took him as he was leaving the house. Here is your box. I have also the key, taken from your servant. Shall I open it?"

"Please do."

Norton did so, and placed the open box beside the Englishman, who immediately abstracted a folded document and a moment later another which was outwardly a duplicate of it.

"What's this? What's this?"

"You will find one, I imagine," said Steve, "to be your will as drawn that night in Denver and witnessed by George Clover and Clara Ingram, disinheriting your son. The other, I believe, you will find somewhat different."

"It is another will, signed with my name but not by me, which leaves my estate to my son."

"H'm," said Steve. "How is it witnessed?"

"One signature is the same as in the other—George Clover. The other name is Ida Delff."

Steve turned to Clara. "Do you know Ida Delff?"

"She was a floor housekeeper at the Montview."

Hougham-Stearns sank back upon his pillows. "My son has done this!"

"Unquestionably," said Steve.

"I did not suppose I had left him power to deal me another blow."

"You cut him off from millions," Steve reminded him. "Undoubtedly you told him. He was not one to be passive. May I see those documents?"

Hougham-Stearns nodded and Steve examined them.

"It is quite clear now, Clara," said Steve, putting them in her hands. He looked to Hougham-Stearns. "These must represent a very pretty bargain between your son and your manservant. About a month ago, to judge from your son's movements, they prepared this forgery; and your son went to look up the witnesses of the original will to see if they could be bought. Evidently Clover was bought—if this signature is his. Your son went to Cleveland to investigate Clara Ingram and plainly gave up the idea of buying her. So he did not put her name on the forgery; he put the name of another employe of the Montview, who evidently was bought and would swear in court that she witnessed your will.

"Everything was then arranged for the substitution of the forgery for your original will in the event of your end, except the evidence of this girl here who had witnessed the original. Your son personally took care of her. He made love to her to get her confidence; for he schemed to put her out of the way for a time in a Federal prison and so discredit her that her testimony, if offered against the forged will, would be considered untrustworthy."

"By counterfeit money, you say?" Hougham-Stearns gazed at Steve with gaunt eyes.

"He seems to have obtained some counterfeit money which was circulating in Cleveland and planted it upon the girl; he also manufactured other evidence," Steve said. "A bit of poetic justice, of the sort which Captain Norton tells me is common in such cases, is that this was unnecessary. Miss Ingram had quite forgotten the incident; and if she had been reminded of it by reading that he had inherited your property, she would probably have thought merely that you had made another will."

"But how," asked Hougham-Stearns, "since you did not know his name, did you trace him to me?"

"He had manufactured still another bit of evidence to support his case. Knowing that he had been on bad terms with you, he wanted it to appear that, at the time of making your will, you were together; so he altered the register in Denver to insert 'and son' after your name. It was this which first called attention to him and brought you into the case."

"That is exactly like Ralph," Hougham-Stearns said, asking no more. "Especially his ingratiating himself, for ulterior purposes, with this young lady. I would like to do something for her. I would like to compensate-"

Clara Ingram, with eyes filled with tears, shook her head.

"Yes: I will insist on something. To you, Mr. Faraday, I am grateful You have gone to considerable expense and great personal inconvenience to do me a service."

"Service?" Steve picked up the word. "You were a guest at the Montview three years ago, and the Faraday management aims to offer every possible service to its guests."

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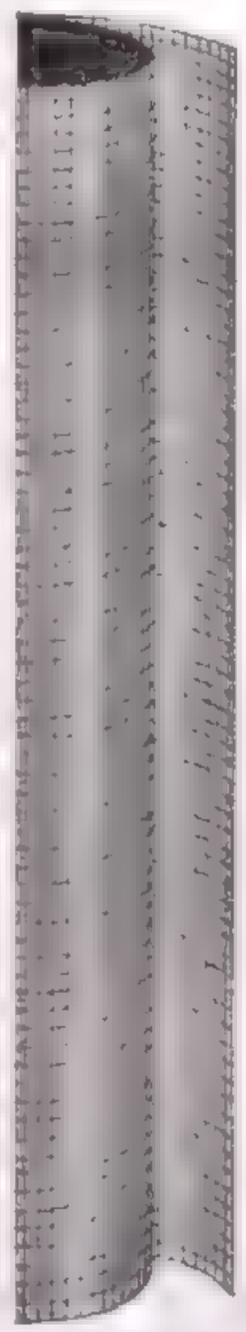

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THE SUNNY POOL

(Continued from Page 21)

rounded and swelled upward within her, destroying all but the force that bade her leap free and run—run through blind spaces for which the wilderness were too narrow—and die. At full stretch, the agony burst like a bubble. Her own spirit, blown away, gave room to another—an old, cold, cunning spirit which laughed and spoke.

"Sir, you dazzle your captive with too much luster. But let me for decency mourn my parents one year."

This cold spirit had neither hope nor dread, only an aim. It could face the shining evil in her father's robe, bow down, smile, and touch the forehead to the deck.

"You live"—meantime it secretly called river, sandy waste, rock, mountain, sun, all things visible and invisible, to witness—"you live till you have slain him."

One of the men clutching her arms cried out, "Right enough! No more than fair! Let the child perform a year's mourning, or bad luck will overtake us!"

"Keep your wisdom, Frog," advised the captain. "I don't borrow it. Another such remark to me, and the fish pick your backbone as well. Girl, you may enjoy six months of pious grief. At your age you'll find it more than plenty. . . . She's fainted again. Take her below."

Day and night wearing by, the voyage did not continue forever. A merciful numbness drugged her. Pu Chow, when at last entered, was but evening dusk, multitude, voices, feet that scuffed granite, a wave of new smells, and through a crack in her sedan chair as it balanced onward, moon lanterns gleaming and swaying down corridors.

"You are alone. Many people, not one soul for you. Alone; a ghost carried in a box. But never lose your aim."

The room which became her prison was large, quiet and poorly furnished. It had one window looking upon a bare courtyard between high walls. For her attendant there came and went a sour old woman, who either was deaf or pretended to be, and who worked angrily without speaking.

At times, in her doorway appeared the one object of life, the captain, Jeong Hsu.

"Aha, my pretty, you do not mope?" More genial, easier, plumper from high feeding, he now had a lordly swagger of success. "Not moping? That is good; a good child." The thing condescended, with hook nose in air and smirk from aloft. "You shall not wait six months, but two."

While he stood in her room, Bright Honor could bow toward him, return a gentle answer and hide the trembling that sickened her; but when he had gone, she dropped like empty cloth and moaned into the crook of her arm on the floor.

"Weak, weak! No sharp edge, nothing pointed, and the naked hands cannot do."

Autumn glorified the distance above courtyard and wall. Clouds like snow mountains of fairyland towering, exalting their brightness, deeps of blue where thought plunged into a region beyond time and space, offered no consolation, but rather tormented her as with a promise forfeited or broken. If she were a bird—the trite fancy became real and aching—if she were the meanest creature on wings, how far, far away she could escape. Tears drove her from the window.

One afternoon a hullabaloo disturbed the house, men trotting back and forth, haranguing, shouting contradiction, bumping furniture, clattering dishes. The echo of it in distant rooms told that her enemy prepared a great banquet. To hearken, she leaned from her door. Beyond there was nothing but a darker vestibule, barred always, or locked.

"Open? Have they forgotten you?"

In the gloom an upright band of gray shimmered. It was another door.

"Ajar!"

Pushing heavy wood that creaked, Bright Honor slid between its edge and the jamb.

"Useless! Caught! No farther!"

People, busy and noisy, filled this outer room. There crouched the old deaf woman, peeling almonds; near by stood a manservant drawing a fowl, and three fat rascals bent over a litter of straw to dig out brown-bellied wine jars. Like master, like men—the pirate's kitchen, or scullery, was a riot of waste and dirt.

"Hold on!" cried a fellow. "Here, let's break this one by accident and all have a drink!"

No one saw her, no one turned. Straight ahead, wide open, the back door framed a bit of courtyard and of diagonal sunlight warming the ground. Flattened like a shadow, as in the time when she and brother played at hiding, she kept still; then like a shadow moved along the wall. Straw rustled, crockery snapped and chinked on the floor, a man laughed, and with the sounds behind her, she was running across the court.

Near the back gate stood a wheelbarrow heaped with enormous baskets, like a wicker mountain. To this, an hour or so afterward, came a man who cut the lashings from a hamper, jerked it free and carried it indoors on his back. The sun had left the courtyard; and therefore, or perhaps being merry with stolen wine, he did not observe an armful of pale pink silk under the far edge of the barrow. The silk put forth a head. Eyes clearer than the eyes of a mouse watched him go.

"The gate has a latch only. But," considered Bright Honor, "you must not try it for a long while."

Cramped between flagstone and wicker, she had grown cold; yet until darkness began to come, and beyond her courtyard wall the river of talk, the squeal and rumble of carts, the clank of hawkers' bells to die away, she could not rise and run. What mob, seeing a young girl in silken finery, in empress-face-powder pink—for nobody had given her one rag of mourning to wear—what mob would ever let her pass down any street by day? The armful of colored cloth lay still again; or still but for shivering.

"Wait, though you freeze! Wait!"

The noises were draining off. Twilight gathered. The black oblong of the house door, melting from view, suddenly became a red panel.

"The first lamp! Now it is time!"

From under her barrow she crawled to the gate, then stood up and fingered the latch with care. A crash, a clang made her jump. It was only music beginning to play for her enemy's feast. The gate swung. She darted out, closed it, went pattering down an obscure thoroughfare, but halted and gave a long look backward. His gongs and flageolets played on, faintly here.

"Remember this gate and wall, for you shall pass them once more—to be his bane."

Dark corners, the fringes of lamplight, whatever tunnel to right or left seemed empty, the girl took for her way. Running, pausing in a gutter, watching till men were far enough ahead, then flying to the next bit of darkness and waiting there, she practiced the same art, now timid, now bold, as in their game of Water Demon; but this evening, alone, played against a great and terrible city.

"Ah, Blossom!" A rough joker barred the lane with his arms. "Out too late? Hunting your sweetheart?"

She ducked underneath and ran on, so blindly that in a moment she was checked, surrounded, lost, the full current of a crowd baffling her. Lanterns and faces thronged. No one could hide in this maze. Yet now, at the worst of it, came luck. Before her jolted a procession of carts, their drivers alongside on foot. Slipping in where a horse's head bobbed after a tailboard, she kept the pace and traveled among their shadows. They plowed a furrow of human beings, who, forced to the wall, had no eye for her.

"Hola! We are closing. You arrive behind the hour."

Carts and horses came to a stand, where one drafty lantern flickered at bottom in a vault, an arch of smooth-worn masonry. The carters began wrangling.

"Let us go! We're early! You gatekeepers are all alike, frauds!"

"Ha-ha! The hinges need oil of silver!"

"Greed! Greed! Too much! Don't pay 'em! Never!" The vault rang with echoes.

"Let us out of your rotten old robbers' fort! A man has to bribe for breath in Pu Chow. You stinking Tatars! Barbarians!"

Worse language followed. Hearing, she knew the arch to be a city gate. While carters raged and guards laughed and both fell to counting money, she dodged below the horse's mane. There was width for creeping in a black network of spokes and legs, though from each north-country wheel jutted an axle tip to bruise her. Forward she went. The lead horse of the train drooped his neck before an expanse of grimy wood—Pu Chow gate, not yet thrown to.

Villagers climbing home that night by moonrise brought a story that remained good all winter.

"On Heave-Pony Hill," they declared, "a fox overtook us. No, nothing in the flesh; her eyes larger than two cups of tea. A fox woman, little and tidy, quicker than your thumb nail. It skimmed the mist without toe to ground, and wore a light jacket of empress-face-powder pink. We are not liars. The moon rode well off that ridge. We can see. It stared, but never spoke."

What our poor little vixen ghost went through, saw, heard and felt, no gossip can render. All that night, all the next day, a purpose drove her to go and go beyond reach of tongue or eye, to outrun a devil clothed in her father's name and authority. She forgot food. Another night she kept warm sleeping with a dog that owned a bed of chaff outside a hamlet; that, godlike in kindness, had not barked, but come to snuff her over while she crawled through the moonlight. Once an old woman hardly richer than the dog, and quite as thin, gave her a barley scone with a cup of hot water. Once a madman of the beggars' guild snatched her to him, and though he lost hold again, pursued for hours, a varicolored scarecrow hobbling and howling after her in the wilderness.

Four days or five—she no longer counted them—brought an end.

"Father! Mother! Level Heart! Brother!"

Kneeling where she had fallen for the last time, Bright Honor cried their names aloud in a place where there were no people, no villages, nothing but hills, black, yellow, cinder-gray. With clothes torn, shoes and stockings cut to rags, her feet puffy masses of blood and grime that could not endure another step, the child gave in.

"Why call for help any more? No good is left."

The track wound through a savage glen, among branches where a few autumn leaves hung bleaching paler than gold, or curling, scorched brown with frost. One tree leaned from a rock overhead.

"Father, mother, brother, I will come find you somewhere, if I can."

The moss and rock gave her agony. She climbed, hugging them, sobbing. On their top she rose, undid the sash of her trousers, knotted an end about the tree, an end about her throat. A cloudy sunset filled the long ravine with shadows brimming up; she saw them through a glaze, and toward them leaped into the air.

Frightful pain, darkness trying to burst, infinite compression, with every atom a sting throughout the root of mortal sense, welled out, strove like an earthquake and made explosion in a vague light floating milkier than opals, fragrance of honey perfuming the mouth, divine repose, music ineffable.

"*Döi, döi*, hrrup!"

A man rode down the glen talking cow talk to his horse, for they had put in a dull day and bored each other.

"*Döi*, hrrup!"

The horse, a thick little shaggy buckskin, pointed his ears toward the insult, but held his own gait. The man, a dark youth with ruddy cheeks, wore sober hunting dress and carried a long bow across the pommel. Knobs of silver dotted his broad brown belt, from which there stuck a quiver of arrows painted orange and black, feathered scarlet. He brought no game, as he and the horse knew very well.

"On, boss! On, cowherd. A pair of us. Home again, home again, jiggetty-jog. We could not overtake Yu's tortoise gone to bed, old fellow."

The pony shied. From a bough of golden foliage right in his way swung a tattered pink flower, moving.

"What?" cried the bowman. "A girl? Or a trick of hell?"

After sunset, high in a ravine where nobody ever lived and the damps of autumn died, it was not Nature that left a child hanging so. He ought, all tradition warned him, to kick his pony and gallop, for cold hair blew up the scalp.

"Alive!" The youth had a gift of mild yet stubborn reason. "Horribly, too! It suffers! Devil or not ——"

He leaned, caught her body against his own, lugged from scabbard a hunting knife, cut her sash and dropped with her to ground.

The milky light bathing a universe contracted, rushed together, was gripped into a ball of darkness pierced by hot needles. Resurrection brought a pang to which that of death was bliss.

"Right, now. The poor mouse. All right. Who are you, my dear?"

Who? She was a breath of air turning solid, a remnant far away dragging home to identity. She had fingers and a nose, for they burned in excruciating fire.

"Who are you?"

She saw twilight above, dim golden leaves, a golden horse's head, and a man's eyes that sparkled with an influence not of earth, being kind.

"Father? Are we both dead now? Have I gone—the right way?"

Too young, too young; it was an unknown who had his eyes, a glorious archer of ghost land; a spirit, not the one whom she had taken this journey to find, yet another spirit. He was wrapping her in fur as Level Heart had done, balancing her on the golden horse. Wet leaves of autumn, stars, then her old adversary the moon watched them go downhill, roundabout and down to sleep.

"My name?" She woke, remembering. "You asked, oh, heaven guide. Pardon. My name was Bright Honor."

"Thank you. And I am Wun Sai Chun."

"Of no house any more. My father died."

"Mine too, little pup. Talk by and by. Forget now. You will like my mother."

She obeyed and forgot, in his arm, where the moon could not chase or hurt her. Down they jogged, warm, limp and secure, to nothing again.

The country seat of the Wun family, as all men know, crowned with its garden a wooded hill that curved steep into a green valley toward a shining river. Days passed before she knew so much, or in what room she lay abed. An old woman servant came coaxing her to live; a white-haired man who said he was only Poi the Herb Gatherer, made her drink tea worse than wormwood, and held her by the wrist, and, smiling, hummed a vague funny ballad until the eyes drooped in content; but all this while her archer god failed to appear. He was having his own trouble.

"Big milksop," cried his mother, "what next? Girls hanging on mountain bushes

(Continued on Page 157)

FEDERAL

98% Gain in Repeat Sales of Knight Motored Models

So far this year Federal's volume of repeat sales was 98% greater than it was during the corresponding period of last year. This record is overwhelming proof of the value Federal offers—very significant to truck buyers!

Thousands of Federal-Knight owners are profiting by these advantages: No carbon to clean—no valves to grind—less upkeep—fewer engine parts, therefore, less wear—more power—greater gasoline economy—an engine that actually improves with use!

Federal-Knights are universally famous for efficiency and economy. Owners say: "They have no equal." Sales show it! Call your local Federal representative for the facts.

Three capacities: 1—1½—2 ton. Variety of wheel bases and body styles.

Other models 2½—7 tons. New descriptive literature free on request.

Dealers: Write for confidential details of Federal's franchise.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LOWER COST per TON MILE

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PACKARD

FOR beauty of design and perfection of workmanship, Packard has long been accorded a position of leadership among fine cars.

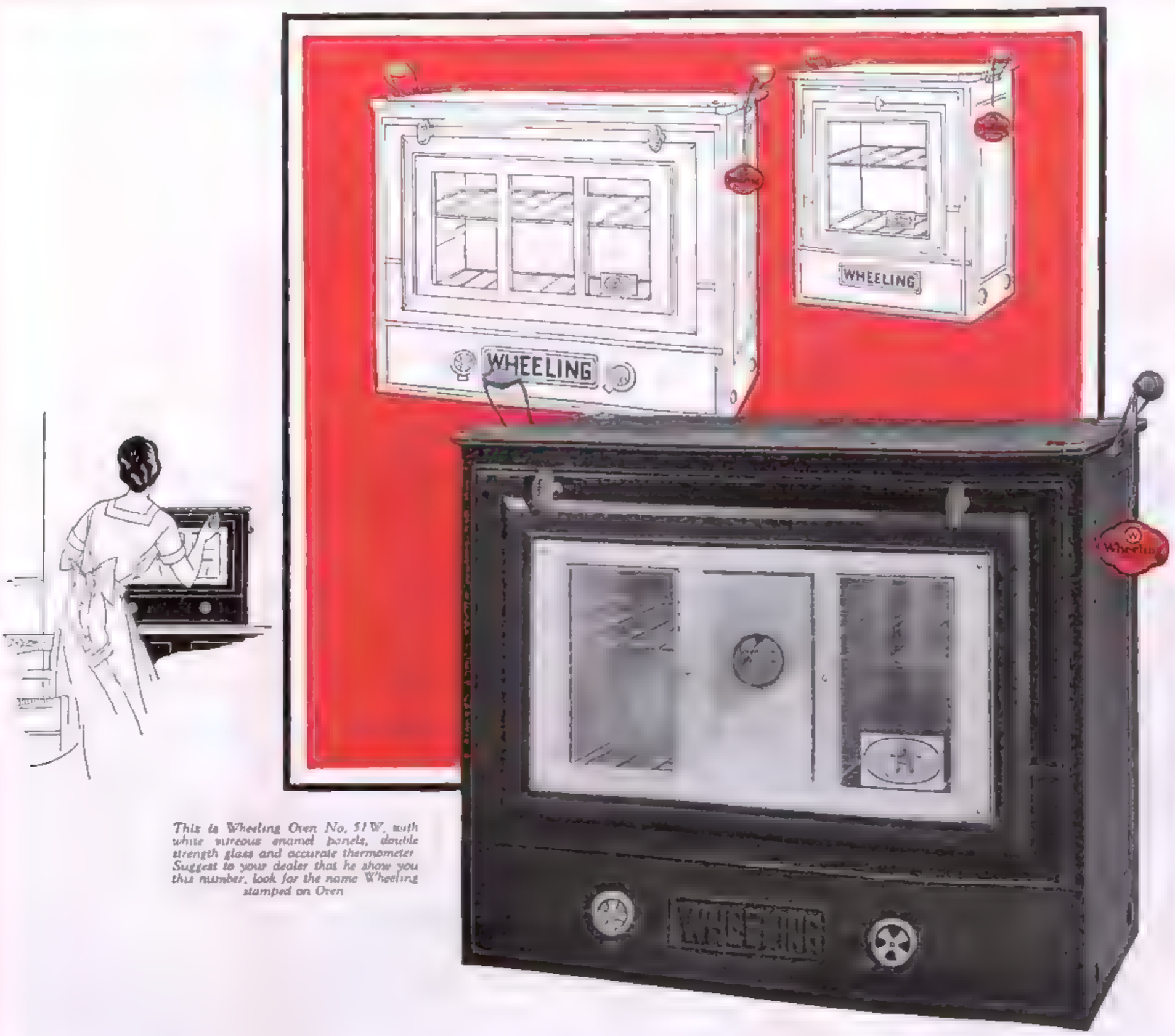
Significant, therefore, is this announcement that Seiberling All-Treads have been chosen by Packard as original equipment. It is a recognition of qualities for which Packard itself is famous.

In harmony with the Packard ideal are the Seiberling All-Tread Tires with which Packard is shod.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND BUILDING CONSTRUCTION



This is Wheeling Oven No. 51W, with white vitreous enamel panels, double strength glass and accurate thermometer. Suggest to your dealer that he show you this number, look for the name Wheeling stamped on Oven

Wheeling 15 Points of Superiority

1—Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

2—Asbestos lining on sides and top eliminates heat preventing loss by radiation

3—One piece body eliminates ten seams providing strength and durability prevents heat losses

4—Entire oven extra heavy uniform cold rolled steel sheets

5—Strength durability and handsome appearance provided by punched top back and sides

6—Easier to clean supporting door wires concealed when closed

7—Correct heat circulation provided by properly placed vents

8—Two removable racks electrically welded wire easily pulled forward to remove baking without tilting.

9—Heat evenly distributed by double asbestos lined deflector plate

10—Larger size water door room for full size double roaster

11—Heat confined by tight fitting steel top lining and crimped back lining

12—Adjustable peep holes and air mixers assure correct heat circulation permitting view of flame without opening oven

13—Alaska cold handled door keys and side handles

14—Greater variety of styles and sizes, meeting all requirements

15—Several styles with beautiful Blue or White Enameled door panels

For Good Cooking Use a Good Oven

The Proof of a Good Oven is the Wheeling Mark

Women, more and more, are realizing that the oven is a vital part of household equipment and are taking great care in its selection.

The Wheeling Oven is a form of cooking insurance. It produces results which are sure, uniformly good and obtained with greater convenience and economy. For roasting or baking it gets all of the good out of the heat.

Quick to heat and slow to cool. Tests show two burner Wheeling Ovens can be heated over oil burners from 80° to 570° Fahrenheit in 6 minutes, and require 18 minutes to cool to 200° after flame is extinguished.

You can identify Wheeling Ovens by the name Wheeling stamped on each. Your dealer also has Wheeling Oven Pans, Fry Pans and other products bearing the red label, such as Wheeling Guaranteed *Hand-Dipped* Pails, Tubs, Ash Cans and Garbage Cans.

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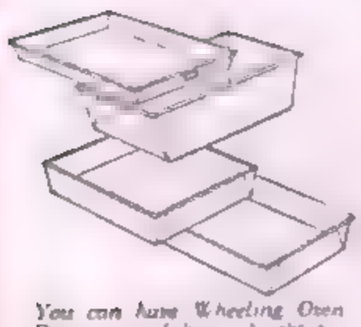

You can have Wheeling Oven Pans, too, of heavy bright tin especially made for baking bread, biscuits, cake and useful for many other purposes. Ask your dealer

Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

Wheeling Cut Cans—all sizes convenient and in combinations are sold by your dealer. The Wheeling Red Label is your protection. Look for it when you buy

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(Continued from Page 152)

indeed! Seventeen years old you are, and have no sense yet. You make our house an orphanage, bringing in this rat, this reborn devil—who knows?"

"My mother," he replied, "merciful as Our Lady of the Seven Seas, will not throw the poor babe out? It is a lost child of some high family. You can tell ——"

"I can tell the witch is pretty. They often are, to beguile and wreck. Wait until I have heard her."

One day when Bright Honor could sit up, they entered her room—the dark young god without his bow, looking very tall and meek, behind a little spitfire woman who scolded while she came.

"Good morning. You are better? I am glad. Now tell me everything. Who are you?" The woman had a round, maternal face, humorous like her son's, but not so patient.

"Come, come!"

Bright Honor ran to her and knelt.

"Great lady, thanks from the soul are naught. I am naught, a wicked thing that killed itself, to join father and mother. Where are they? Or is this the land of the living?"

"Yes, they call it so. . . . My boy, for once you were right," said the spitfire. "A girl of true family. Voice and breeding. Rise, dear. Have you nothing more to confide?"

It came hard, her answer. This was the old world, then, of life. She had eaten their food, she wore now their gorgeous lendings, but she did not know how far might reach the arm of Jeong Hsu, murderer, jailer, tyrant of a boat and a city.

"Nothing, madam."

"Your people died—where?"

"Madam, while traveling."

"And were buried where?"

"That ——" The girl trembled. "A river place. I did not hear its name. That I cannot say."

The small fierce lady hugged her.

"Don't worry, child. You are to stay and be my daughter, for I had none. Come here, lumpkin, call her sister, can't you?"

The tall young deity ambled forward and grinned.

"Morning, *Mui*."

"And he thought you a devil. If you forgive him, call the fool brother, to please me." Bright Honor tried, but, failing, hung on her new protectress and wept. This house, lived in by gentle spirits, was too like home. "There, there! Sit down and rest you."

As time went by, the likeness to home grew a comfort. These people asked no further, but made her one of them, sharing their daily peace and affection. The mother, widow of a colonel in the emperor's army who had died some years before, maintained her state rather in ease than in magnificence, ruling with sharp tongue and warm heart. Servants, no lack of them, ran at her bidding, but ran with smiles, and turned work to play. Every room contained beautiful old things to enrich the sight. Outdoors, great as a park the wall so hidden by trees, the paths everywhere so convolved through a diversity of shrubs, flowers, little crags, ferns, carved stone, a hill brook welling from the moss, a cascade, a grotto, a dragon bridge undulating in red, black and gold, that it all seemed forest without end lay the garden. Here unsuspected nooks, found by chance, were always giving delight.

"Oh, it's you, is it, *Mui*?"

Into such a nook Bright Honor strayed one morning early and was greeted by the young master.

"You have learned the way to my den?"

He stood laughing, on tiptoe, with a bare knife poised in each hand. Flowering quince formed the walls to his den, a level plot, where in one corner sunshine trembled on a gigantic urn, or bowl, of glossy, ripe-olive brown earthenware. She made an excuse and backed away.

"No, don't go," he added quickly. "You're welcome here or anywhere. I was only keeping in practice."

He completed the movement that her coming had taken by surprise, then swung into another and another, leaping, thrusting, guarding, wheeling now right, now left, at full stretch, but free as air. The glitter of the long blades dazzled her.

"Oh!" she cried. "More lovely than a dance! If you could teach me ——"

He stopped his fencing, laughed again and eyed her whimsically.

"What? You a fighting woman, little sister?"

"Do!" she begged. "Please do!"

"Why should you want to learn?"

She could not tell him, or would not.

"You are," he mused, "a funny wee thing."

In the end she had her wish granted.

"Where did you learn the art," he inquired, "of teasing so prettily? Enough, enough, I will!"

Though often away hunting and more often closeted with a book, Sai Chun kept his word and devoted an hour or more daily to her. The exercises first, then the play of the quarterstaff, of the knives and of the sword, he taught her with happy good nature, but with strict eye to form, being himself the trained pupil of an old master.

"*Mui*, dear," he said once, "I'm proud of you."

Their pleasant outdoor den, the green room of the flowering quince, became her favorite above all other delights in the garden.

His mother caught them there, hard at work with broadswords.

"What, what, what? Stop! Stop it! Lumpkin, are you out of your head? You will kill her!"

Sai Chun drew back and lowered his weapon, smiling.

"Fear for me, mother, not for her. That child is better than many of the profession. Now, already! Observe her a moment, please."

The soldier's widow let them finish their bout.

"A mad pair." Her bright black eyes were full of indulgence. "What a garden to keep—swords flashing and whizzing till I dare not poke my nose round a tree. What are you children—tigers?"

All three laughed. They had much laughter in their days together.

Alone with her son, the widow often said, "You have learned nothing more?"

"Not a word. I watch her and watch her," he replied, "but she never speaks out. Of course it is her right to keep her secret. In everything else, open as the day, and as true. A strange little berry we picked off the mountain bushes, mother—a riddle. But charming, how charming! I think it must be too deep and dangerous a matter she broods on. She is of high family."

"I know that, wiseacre! You cannot make ivory of a rat's tooth."

Besides play, comfort, liberty, fun and talk, they gave her that rarest of benefits to a girl—the chance of learning; and not from any winter-hearth pedagogue, but from an old scholar gentleman who taught like a fond though shrewd grandfather. The days, too busy for lamenting, were come and gone as if without division of them, as if the quiet country house on a hill stood above their passage, clear, enchanted. Two years meanwhile slid away like water down the stream in the valley. Change had been at work. Bright Honor herself was changing unaware, beginning to forget, and to be happy without reproach.

This calm season broke at a word—"Who?"

They sat in an arbor, all three, where early sunlight fluttered among vines. The widow and her son were talking at random. Bent over a stitch to be undone from her sewing, Bright Honor heard their voices but had lost their drift.

"Who?"

"Jo Peng."

Her father's name—she had no strength to look or turn; her father's name, casually spoken as if he were alive, crashed down like the Ax of Thunder.

"Jo Peng, a new prefect, you know, at Pu Chow. The man's life is a holy scandal, a blot. Hate him? They call him Green Devil Scum. Poor people do—that is. Riding about, I hear a good deal from them; and if ever was a filthy rascal in power, it's Jo Peng. Toward the rich, of course, he's all honeysuckle tea so far."

She pricked her needle safely into the cloth, got on foot, made excuse of whatever kind, and went out from the arbor. It choked her, that cool air through glowing leaves. The very garden stifled. She did not see the path or know her way.

"Happiness! Happiness! Oh, father!"

Blind habit may have drawn her to the alcove of the flowering quince. There, at any rate, all motion ceased but the dark inward tumult of remorse breaking and rolling together like storm clouds. What supported her, a cold, smooth bulk, she found to be the great ripe-olive earthenware jar under the boughs. A huge urn, breast-high, in diameter seven or eight feet from lip to lip, it confined a pool of sunny water. She leaned there as if grown part of it, her forearms on the brim. White pebbles lay at bottom; rags and tails of emerald weed swayed to the movement of lazy fish, red-gold, blue-black, silver; while above, yet throughout them, shone reflected the veiny green translucence of leaves, a coral pink where blossoms caught the sun, and a wedge of brilliant azure infinitely deep.

"Father, I have lied! In both worlds I have abandoned you, abandoned your name to be dragged living through the dirt of this! Happiness? Oh, fool! Shame! Forgive me when I shall have acted. Your daughter was losing her soul here."

Her words had no sound, not even breath to stir the water, nor did anyone reply; and yet she felt a presence join her, a waiting, a longing. This did not pass, but remained very quiet, supernaturally near, and benign. Among sun-bright leaves and petals in the water, beyond a likeness—unseen till now—of her own face, there appeared the face of a man. It was not her father's, not Level Heart's; and though moving her strangely with a look as of their eyes, it brought unfathomable difference. Only her old playmate, Sai Chun, had come to stand behind her. They were silent. Their ghosts in the pool held communion. She saw now what the years had been doing, sharpening this moment, this forbidden joy—the face on the water was the face of her beloved. He must never see ——

Dropping her arms from the brim, she turned.

"It is true." Sai Chun spoke hoarsely. "True! Tell me, tell me!"

Bright Honor shook her head.

"Do not keep hard thoughts of me," she begged, "when I go."

He cried out, indignant, "Go? Where?"

Her answer amazed him.

"How can we foresee where? The saying is right, elder brother. Life is a candle between two open doors."

With her eyes hidden, she ran by him, out of their green play room.

"To her bed," a servant reported. "Not well."

Next morning his mother greeted him in a cold rage.

"Now, son, ride up your mountain and pick me one more. Gratitude—a lovely fruit. She's off, your paragon, without bidding us good-by; the fox ran back last night to her hole in the earth. And I called her daughter! Well, good riddance to all vermin of sorcery. We were blind."

Sai Chun said nothing rude, but in height began to have an air of the colonel.

"Mother"—he bowed with ceremony—"you will call her so again to more purpose, if we have any fortune." Walking to the door, he shouted, "*Ma-fu!* Groom ho, saddle the buckskin! We hunt!"

"Not for her? My dear son, let her go, a worthless minx."

He hurried off to his room and presently came back dressed for riding, whip in hand.

"What did she take with her?"

"Almost nothing," replied the widow. "Some of her pin money, but very little. No finery, none of the clothes I gave her. She bought from the gardener's boy his oldest working rags—to play a joke, she told him. Oh, dear, dear! I was fond of her."

Sai Chun stood bending his whip and thinking.

"I too. She carried off my best pair of knives. The child goes back to trouble, mother. Let us hope I overtake her in time. Good-by."

"No, no! Stay!"

For the first time in their life he disobeyed. Rushing out, he vaulted on his pony, wheeled through the gate and clattered off downhill.

"Too long a start! Keep your feet, old tortoise, for we must go!"

The village had no news; the main road, side paths, mountain tracks, all that day and the next day and the next, had none. He talked with innkeepers, farmers, children, peddlers, a whole countryside whom he knew and as many strangers, but learned nothing. On the fourth day, however, he rode up to a miserable wayside inn crammed with people. Everybody was chattering at once, making merry, crowing with high glee.

"What now, friends?"

They burst from the doorway to swarm round his horse, teacup, food bowl, chopsticks and all.

"Not heard, sir? Great tidings, and good! Green Devil Scum is no more. That vile prefect at Pu Chow, he was killed, sir, last night. Blessings on her! I tell you, she deserves an arch of memory across this road!"

"Who, brother?"

"Our deliveress. Her name unknown, for she does nothing but cry. A young girl, hardly over sixteen, they say. Very beautiful. High born ——"

Sai Chun felt giddy and sick.

"Dressed like a boy," he groaned, "in ragged blue?"

"Yes, yes! How did you know, sir?"

He waved them apart, rode through and sent the pony flying down the track.

"For her life now!"

Late that afternoon the guards of the jail at Pu Chow had a whirlwind of good luck. A tired, very dusty, imperious young gentleman who scoffed at rule or denial came pouring double handfuls of silver and fairly broke, they said, his way into prison. Who could resist? The warden, a dry little gnome, put on his conical red hat of authority, and, trotting through the dark, shrilled orders to stop him, eject him.

"Take me to her at once!"

"What? Impossible!" cried the warden. "Her? She who murdered His Excellency?"

"Green Scum, yes; murder, no. Between two men of the world," proposed the young intruder suavely, "what need for pomp and circumlocution? We know all about Green Scum, you and I. Her case comes before the governor tomorrow? An old family friend of mine, the governor."

Between two men of the world, conferring in a dark stone corridor, more double handfuls passed without a jingle.

"This way," murmured the gnome, grinning. "Step carefully, sir."

Care was not amiss in the slime and reek. Through galleries, holes, burrows among hewed stone, where every breath tasted abhorrent, where shadows that had been men gaped from an everlasting midnight of despair, the jailer flitted on and on.

"Here!" At last he halted. "Here's your poor lady."

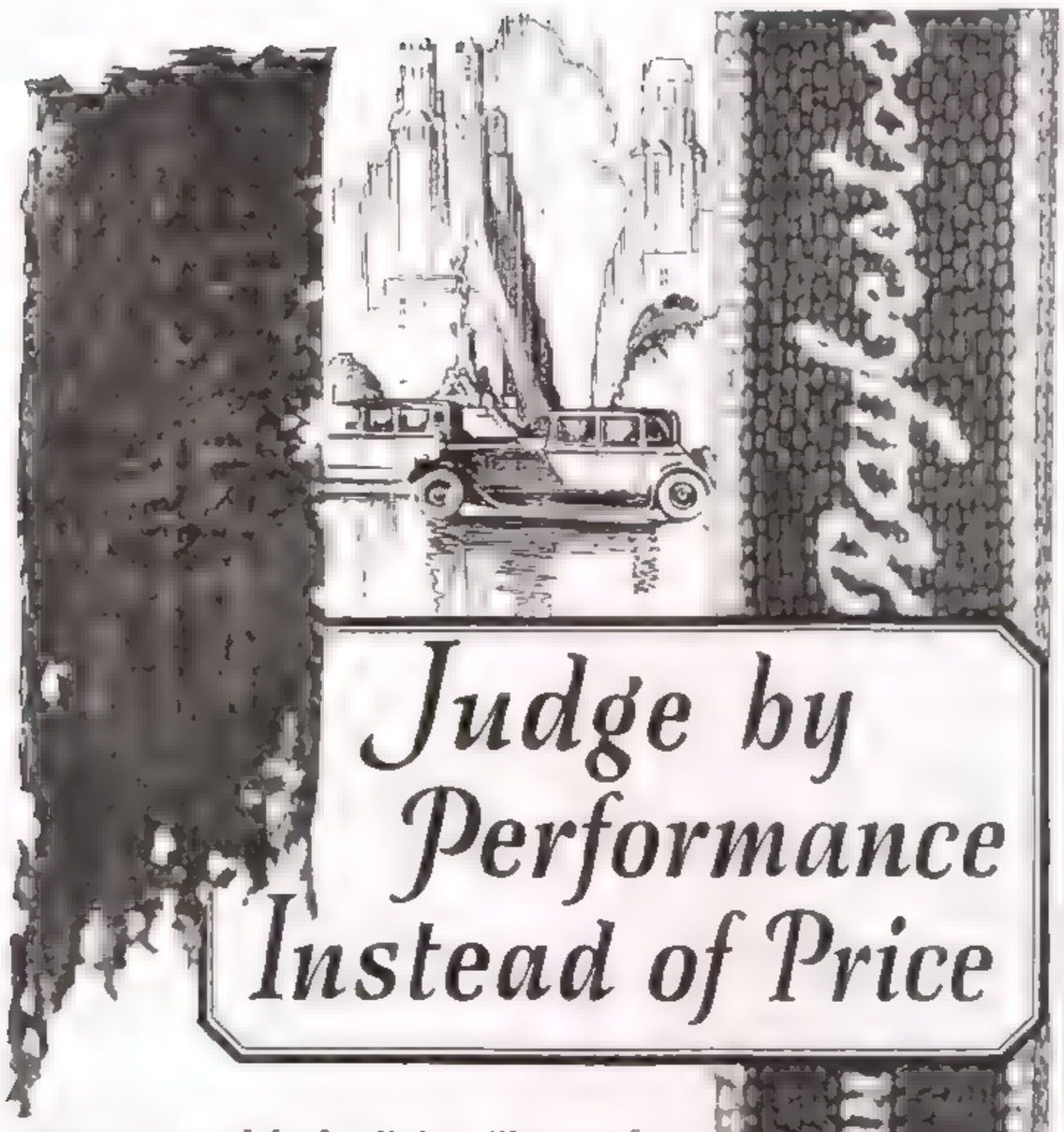
The angle of a great buttress contained her. She sat in filth, knees drawn up, arms crossed, head sunk between them. Her blue rags, and the loop of chain hanging, from time to time shook. The jailer, hardened to queer doings, found that he had yet to learn

"*Mui!*" Down on filth beside her dropped the shining young lord of the bottomless purse. "*Mui* dear, tell me now, everything!"

She stared at him, lost; then in a paroxysm tried to draw away.

"They—they don't believe."

"I do, Bright Honor."



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It was a long time before her voice came to Sai Chun again, stifled in his coat. He heard her with wonder.

"And so to his garden, last night. Jeong Hsu's garden. He killed my father's body. How could I let him kill my father's name? So last night I waited by a tree—oh, long, long—till he came—in starlight. He walked home from a feast, half drunken, humming. I stepped before him. I said, 'Jeong Hsu, pirate and murderer, stop!'

"He was frightened. He began whispering, 'What? Hush! Who are you?'

"I told him, and gave him the choice—'Drop my father's name, go back to your river, or fight me now.'

"So I held out your pair of knives, for him to take one, if he chose fighting.

"He laughed. 'Why, it's that girl grown!' was all he said, but he jumped and snatched at both knives, turning them to strike in. I struck first, as you taught me. Oh, playmate, my beloved!"

The jail gnome in his red hat was hovering close, but could not hear. They made him wait, burn in ignorance, and go on waiting. A thought consoled him—the bottomless purse might come into play again. It did, lavishly, when its bearer jumped up.

"Officer, my friend"—Sai Chun led him apart and spoke—"safeguard of the virtuous, carry my sister to a clean room. Let nothing lack. She will go home tonight, and those who chained her may suffer."

Out in the street, blinking at sunset air and wholesome crowds of dull free men, Sai Chun for a moment lost courage. He had spoken brave words, but told a fib—whopping; for he did not know the governor from a side of bacon. There was but one hope. He bumped full into it.

"Uncle Ting, I do beg your pardon."

A slender little dignitary in black silk, frail as a cricket, regained breath enough to be meek.

"Rustics have a hard impact," said Uncle Ting. "I never learned why they paint their cheeks brown and red, so very brown and red, before they charge. Turanian, quite. You are well, nephew, I feel sure—I feel, I feel thoroughly to the back of my teeth. And your mother?"

He was a relative, not by blood, this cricket with a wasp tongue, but by endearment from old time, from the colonel's day; a friend, an adviser, learned in law and humanity.

"I was on the way to your house. Uncle Ting, come with me."

"Willingly, nephew, if not pinched off at the arm. Old, yes, indeed, damn it all, I am; but do you know, my boy, we can see where to plant our feet? . . . Eh—what song's that you're singing me? Last night's murder? Why, my dear nephew, extraordinary! Proceed!"

They talked all the way through Pu Chow. By candlelight in a shadowy acre of a room the governor heard their conclusion.

"That prefect? A crumb of reason and relief, thank heaven!" The governor, tall, slim, fond of fun, quiet, whose elegance hid a gift of striking hard, wriggled his fingers up in air, then dropped them with a sigh. "For two years the man has driven me crazy. . . . Here, take an order, secretary—an order."

One came running, prepared to write.

"Surround the house of the late prefect. Arrest everybody there," said the governor. "Put them to question. Piracy and murder, as follows. . . . Good! Off with you! No, wait! Bring the girl here. My house and I are unworthy, gentlemen, but I will adopt her."

At the moment Sai Chun wanted only to bow down, with his heart full of triumph and gratitude. A month later, at home, he was finding how hollow a triumph may prove, when every day he met that dreary old beast, the self, to be fought and tamed. They had saved her, plucked her out of the very shadow and restored her to high place, a governor's daughter; but here he went about grumbling, dispirited, as if they had failed. His great house on the hill seemed empty; the garden time-worn, dry as dust; and the books which he ought to learn, dead rubbish, not worth mulling over. The pith was gone out of it all.

"I miss our child," said his mother, too often. Her praise exasperated him. "You had more faith, my son, than I. You did right, you did well. But I miss her."

"You think I don't?"

Ashamed of the retort, he went out glum, trailing his long bow and quiver of gay arrows. The buckskin pony caught his mood. They rode clumping over the hills, wearying of them, and sighting neither fur nor feather.

"Tortoise, we hunt no more. Stay at home and eat your head off."

He stalked, gloomier than before, into the garden.

"Come here, savage," called his mother. She was laughing. "Your manners! We have a visitor."

The sun, the trees, the cascade of the garden brook sprang to life again. In pale brocade, with gold flower ornaments twinkling above her ears, a young woman stood there, not quite afraid to smile.

"His Excellency, her father, and your uncle are at the house, to call ——"

Sai Chun did not hear. He was behaving rudely.

"Bright Honor! By and by, mother, not now. *Mui*, I have something to show you. Come!"

They were leaning on the giant olive-brown jar, looking down at the water, intent, very still, when two gentlemen clothed in black robes entered the bower of the quince.

"Ah!" The tall gentleman, carrying in one hand a fold of yellow paper stamped with the imperial seal, gave his companion a touch and a nod. "I think you were right."

Uncle Ting, frail as a cricket, made a chirp like one.

"Tell me," Sai Chun demanded, "what you see in the pool."

"That fish," Bright Honor said, "has grown three long filmy tails. Oh, yes, I see the fish, and—and whatever was down there before."

The two men in black turned away.

"Excellency," murmured Uncle Ting, "do you know, I believe the emperor's decoration may wait half an hour. They are beyond reach of glory, quite insensible. Heh! I regret having brought you here to anticlimax."

Scraps for the Dog

Lucky Feet

on the country club verandah

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MARTINET

(Continued from Page 19)

Colonel Closney was out at daybreak, poking his nose in here and there superficially, but intent on a thorough inspection of his area as soon as he had witnessed the turnout for reveille. He had slept little that night, spending the long quiet hours going over the current orders in the division area. But he was a man who could afford to lose sleep, being possessed of a vigorous body that had been kept hard and firm the past five years as an infantry-company commander on the Mexican border.

As a company commander he had not been a man to lose sleep. After getting his commission as a second lieutenant twenty years before, he had entered into the profession of arms with zest and youthful enthusiasm, only to have his ardor languish in the long years of dull routine duty in isolated garrisons, shut away from the world of men. Doing the same thing over and over, day after day, through many years, in cloistered places, does not demand sleepless nights or claim heavy toll of the body, the while it keeps that body in perfect trim by the military requirement of at least an hour a day of physical exercise.

Therefore he came to this great new responsibility physically fit, at least, and with a tremendous newly awakened enthusiasm. How stupendous this thing of whipping into shape for battle a war-strength regiment of thirty-six hundred men! His command six months before, when the wartime miracle of automatic promotion swept him from permanent captain to temporary colonel, had been forty men—his only previous command. Forty men—the pitiable remnant of an infantry company that had gone over the hill on him, deserted the service, disappeared into the treacherous fastnesses of Mexico for no better reason, he vowed, than that irresponsible, vagrant natures rebelled at the orderly processes of a rigid discipline such as Captain Closney exacted of his command.

But there was no Mexico here into which his command might disintegrate. Besides, desertion in time of war is not a thing to be excused with a trifling two years' imprisonment at Leavenworth or Alcatraz. It is punishable by the firing squad, if need be. A firing squad for deserters! Colonel Closney, pausing from the reading of orders to ruminate, smiled satisfaction at the thought. How he would like to see that old first sergeant of his before a firing squad! How richly that renegade sergeant deserved execution, for it was the first sergeant who had set a treasonable example to the men, after the captain had endowed him with the diamond-centered chevrons of high authority in the ranks, deserted with those chevrons on, all because of a fitting rebuke administered for the deplorable offense of playing checkers with a private.

Had he merely disappeared into the brooding gray fastnesses across the mud snake of a Rio Grande, it might not have been so bad, but he left a treasonable explanation on the company bulletin board, where the whole command might read it:

"I'd rather be in hell than serve any longer under the martinet who commands this outfit."

Such was the message; a staggering, blinding insult to a firm officer, and one that had only fired in the captain's breast a fixed determination to remain true to his ideas of rigid discipline.

Discipline! Now that there was war, there would be some discipline at last. He could have discipline now. He would make of this great regiment what he had failed to make of his company—soldiers, real soldiers. A sickly mess, this regiment today; a hodgepodge makeshift. It had infuriated him as he went over his regimental area before announcing his presence to his new officers. Why, men had actually stared at him in dull stupid curiosity, without saluting! They'd pay for that! They'd find out what it was to be soldiers. He would make this the best regiment in the Army—the best disciplined, the best trained.

The colonel arose to pace the floor under the stimulus of his enthusiasm as he painted the picture of what he would make of his new regiment—his first regiment. Was it not his great opportunity? Did not an outstanding, conspicuously trained and disciplined regiment mean that he would get a brigade—maybe a division? How could anyone with a mellow or yielding nature, one who was given to fondling or mollycoddling these arrays of soft, awkward raw recruits, expect to mold a regiment that could compete with this regiment that he would build of iron? He smiled derisively, contemptuously, at the picture of other captains he knew who were now shunted upward to the command of regiments.

What a mess some of them would make of things—those fellows who had held their little companies together on the border by the shallow trick of personal popularity, excusing their unmilitary weaknesses by the shabby excuse that they were building morale. Morale! What was that but a weak man's alibi for lowering his standards of discipline? Discipline's the thing! Well, if some of those callow fellows ever fell to his command when he got his stars—his certain stars—he'd teach them the value of a hard-and-fast discipline. Let them wreck their careers on the will-o'-the-wisp of morale. He'd stake his chances on the deep waters of discipline and pride of regiment. Why, every man in the ——th Infantry, once it became the best-disciplined, best-trained regiment in the National Army, would come to have such a pride of regiment that it would be their daily boast; the boast of the whole later lives—of the survivors.

But only real men could be in his regiment. Of that he must make certain. This thought crystallized in his mind as he remembered the incident of his adjutant. A weakling, that. He would have no patience with weak men. The weeding-out process must commence at once. First of all he must have men of high courage, strong physique, hard and determined, for his officers and noncommissioned officers; men with thick necks and square jaws for the most part in places of leadership. The sickly effrontery of a full-grown man pleading that he did not raise enough hair on his face each day to court a razor! He smiled again at the thought of a weakling in the zone of combat. He had never been in action, but he knew its requirements quite as well as if he were a seasoned veteran. It takes strong men to stand the gaff in battle; strong men, with necks and shoulders and jaws; men whose physique flinches at nothing. Civilians are a weak lot at best and it would take a long course of rigid discipline to toughen their flabby minds and bodies.

Civilians! What a commentary on the state of the realm that a vast army had to be whipped together suddenly out of unleavened civilians! It would be a Herculean task, this tempering of soft pine for use as hickory. They did not seem to be able to understand. They had no military foundation, no background of restraint and discipline. The thing of those new officers acting toward a colonel as if he were a mere construction foreman or straw boss!

It was an enigma to him—civilians were an enigma—the colonel admitted that to himself. They had been brought up apart, bothering themselves not at all with the national defense, of the mystic realm of the Closney isolation. How little they knew when they reported of the thing of discipline, of those years not so far in the past when the lash and cat-o'-nine-tails were accessories of discipline. Well, they would learn now; they would do things as Colonel Closney willed that they should be done. His was the experience—and the authority. And it was no time—in this sudden emergency—for patient exposition. A hard and fast discipline he would have, and at once; a severe example he would set them; an example he had culled here and there, as suited his whimsical high-strung nature, from the standards he had known in the past twenty years in secluded little garrisons with their touch of medieval forms, military caste and exactitude.

Colonel Closney merely grunted as the adjutant stood waiting for him to start the new day just after daybreak. At least the adjutant showed an inclination to be on the job. He noted, too, that the captain had a notebook at hand when they started over the area. Evidently the fellow had learned at least a rudimentary smattering of the job of being regimental adjutant.

Reveille went off with unexpected smoothness. The men were in line and waiting when assembly sounded. When they broke ranks they set to work with alacrity, policing their quarters and company areas.

"Not quite so bad as I thought, but bad enough," he said grudgingly.

"I am pleased you are satisfied," put in the adjutant eagerly.

"Who said I was satisfied?" demanded the colonel, turning on the youngster severely. "I merely said it was not quite so rotten as it might be. I want you to know if I was even remotely satisfied with this mess, then I ought to be relieved of command for inefficiency."

"Yes, sir," replied the captain discreetly. He had shaped his future course during the night. He had set his mind to weather the storm, to succeed in his duty regardless of obstacles. If war and his country's service meant that he must yes-sir his way through a daily maze of insulting taunts and rebukes, then "yes, sir," was to become his favorite expression, boon companion and guiding star. Only, he was disappointed now that the sleepless night which the officers of the ——th Infantry had spent in preparation for reveille had not won some faint show of recognition or appreciation from its commanding officer.

The colonel dived into the kitchen of his first-lettered company. The cooks and kitchen details of the whole regiment had been prepared during the night for this certain contingency. The men jumped to attention as the colonel entered and stood nervously by. The first cook, a fat, red-faced, snub-nosed chef of the old school, whose tousled red hair stuck out in wisps from under his white cap, came forward in an easy friendly way. Until lately he had been chef of a large café and had been accepted for enlistment at the earnest solicitation of Captain Franklin, owner of the café, and now captain of Company A. The cook had been on the job since midnight and he beamed with the satisfaction of a man who knew his house was in order.

"What have you got for breakfast?" Colonel Closney demanded.

"Fried bacon, spuds with the jackets, stewed prunes, coffee, bread and butter," beamed the chef, opening his ovens to display his skill in preparing the garrison ration.

"You have what?" inquired the colonel, straightening, an irritated note in his voice which the chef did not detect. The cook repeated the items of the breakfast menu.

"There's one very important item you omitted from that list, and don't ever let it happen again!"

The cook looked at him in bewilderment, his eyes narrowing quizzically.

"What was that?" he asked, his mouth falling open.

"The 'sir' at the end of the menu."

The cook stood looking at him, his eyes blinking as if he was slow to comprehend just what part that word played in the excellence of his breakfast. Then he shook his head in a puzzled way and turned to close his ovens.

"What have you got for breakfast, cook?" the colonel repeated, quite as if he had not asked the question before.

(Continued on Page 162)

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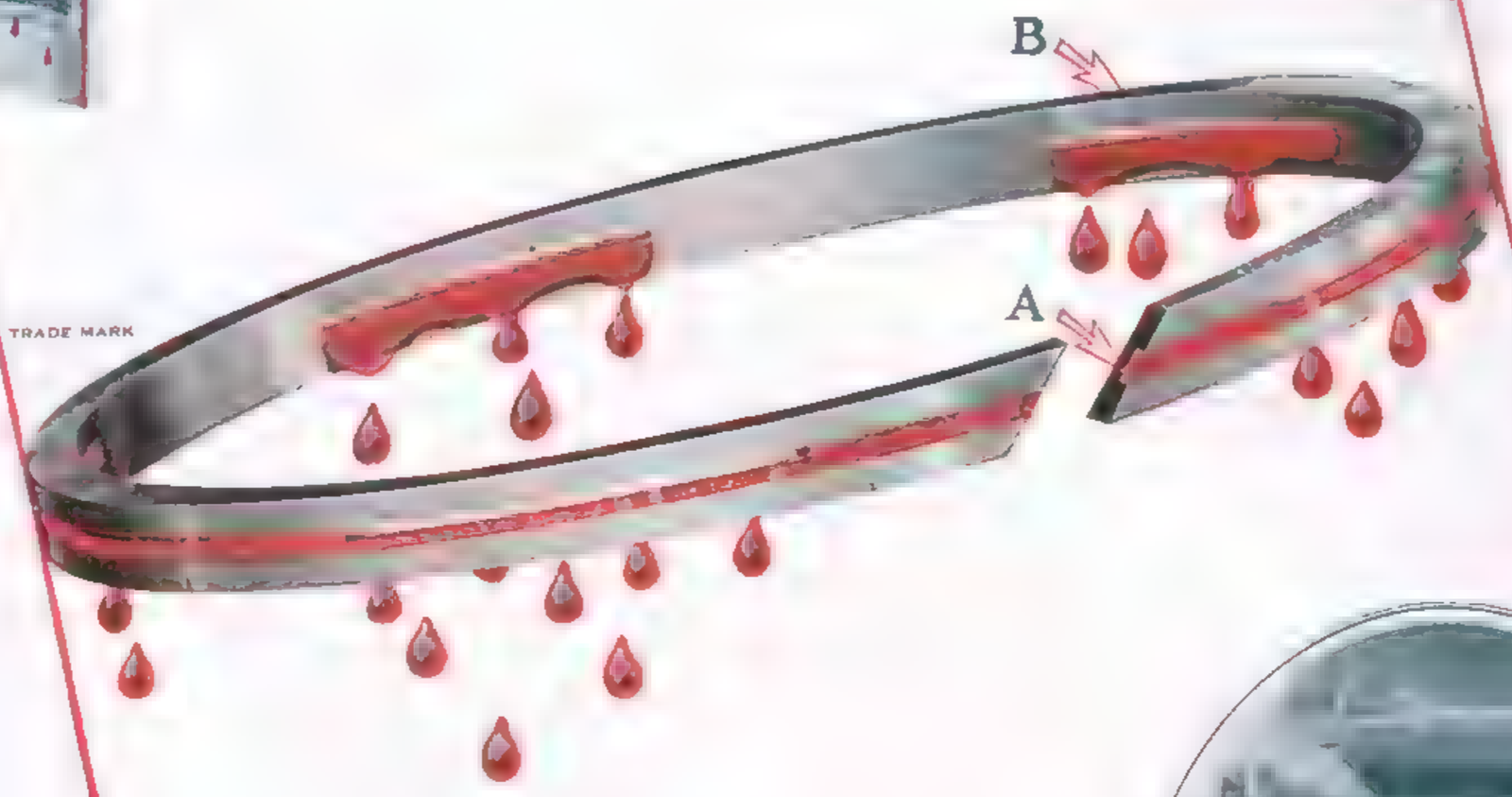

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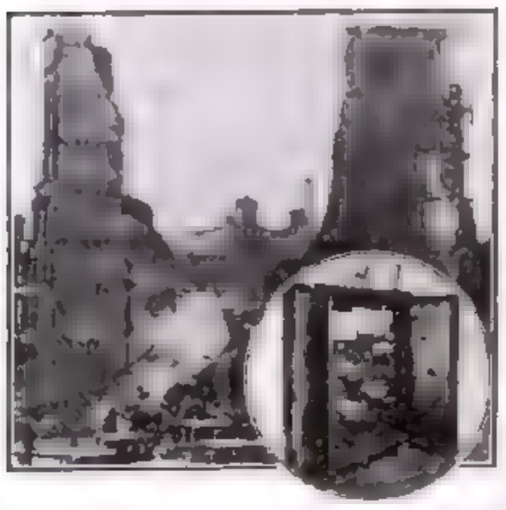

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LOCKTITE Tire Patch for BOTH Casings and Tubes

(Continued from Page 160)

"Fried bacon," replied the first cook, the puzzled look still dominating his face—"Fried bacon, spuds with the jackets, stewed prunes, coffee, bread and butter and—er—sir!"

The colonel turned disgustedly and with a critical air to inspect the refrigerator, pans, knives and table. To the inexperienced lay eye they were spotlessly clean. Company A of the ——th Infantry was in the clear so far as its kitchen was concerned. The adjutant smiled inwardly at this. Company A's kitchens were only an index to all the kitchens of the regiment. He had seen to that personally; been over the whole area long before the colonel was up.

Suddenly and with a deft movement the colonel lifted up one of the loose boards of the cutting table, whipped a white silk handkerchief from his pocket and ran its spotless folds along the inner edge of the board. A black and yellow smear, slight but distinguishable, appeared on the handkerchief. Colonel Closney held it up malignantly.

"What kind of a filthy hole are you running here anyhow?" he roared, glaring accusingly at the cook.

The cook stared at the board, then at the handkerchief, then at the colonel. A light rose slowly, ominously in his gray eyes. His face reddened, then hardened, his mouth closing slowly.

"Don't you know you are charged with keeping this kitchen clean, with scrubbing your tables once in a while—that the Army don't stand for filth?"

The cook's lips had met now, his eyes were afire. This might be the colonel—he was not exactly certain yet just what a colonel was—but this assault upon his professional fitness as a cook, never challenged before, was too much to stand. He had thrown a meat cleaver once for less than this.

"Who the devil do you think you are—the Kaiser?" he blurted in a burst of rage, taking a threatening step forward.

"Place that man under arrest!" shouted the colonel instantly, his face contorted with rage at this unheard-of insubordination, as he pointed a tense accusing finger at the cook.

Livid and trembling, he turned at once and stamped out of the kitchen. He abandoned his inspection of the remaining kitchens.

"What's the use of inspecting kitchens when the lack of discipline in this rotten mess amounts almost to treason?" he roared at the crestfallen adjutant. "What this disorderly rabble needs first of all is some discipline—and they're sure going to have it!"

"Yes, sir," responded Captain Davis mildly.

First call for drill had sounded and the men were gathering in the company streets with their new rifles, which had arrived less than a week before, when the captain of A Company appeared at regimental headquarters. He asked the adjutant's permission to speak with the colonel direct.

"Better not, Franklin—better take it up through your battalion commander," the adjutant advised.

"But, great Scott, man, he's got my first cook under arrest for a bit of loose talk! That's the greatest cook in this part of the world and I've simply got to have him to feed my men."

The captain of A Company, man of level gray eyes and firm determined face, walked into the colonel's private office without further ado, much as he would walk into a place of business on some errand of moment to him. This was a matter of grave importance to A Company, and surely there must be some reasonable way among men to adjust it in time for preparation of noon mess. A good cook was a *rara avis* indeed in this suddenly raised emergency army of millions of men; and a captain who was fortunate enough to have a cook who could make a palatable meal rather than a sorry mess was not one to forsake him without effort.

"What you want?" the colonel asked abruptly.

"I am Captain Franklin, commanding A Company, sir, and I ——"

"I didn't ask who you are; I asked what you want."

"Sir, about my cook—I need him—I thought ——"

"Your cook is in close confinement—insubordination—most damnable case in my whole twenty years' service—even worse than a worthless renegade first sergeant I had on the border."

"But I need him to get dinner for the company."

"If your company don't eat until that cook cooks it, some of you may possibly get slightly hungry. That cook is going up against a general court. That's what I'm doing right now—preparing charges and specifications. Next time you'll get a chance to see that cook is when you come back again from France—which will be at least five years, and maybe ten years from now—that is, if you ever come back. Anyhow, the point I want to make is that when you come back, or whether you ever come back, ten years from now, that cook's address will be Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. You may have heard of the place—they have a most excellent disciplinary barracks there for just such cases as this."

"But, sir, I can't possibly replace him. He's new in the service or he wouldn't have done this, sir; but he's the best cook in this part of the country." The captain of A Company was almost tearfully insistent on being heard in defense of his cook.

"Captain, am I seriously to understand that you are here to tell me that that rascal is a good company cook?"

Colonel Closney arose, the muscles of his face working convulsively. He reached under his desk and rang for his adjutant, in readiness for his next move, upon which he had decided some moments before.

"Yes, sir, an excellent company cook, sir," replied the captain of A Company fervently, utterly oblivious of the danger signals that had been flaunting themselves before his unaccustomed eyes.

"Then if that is your idea of a good company cook, it can only mean that you're a mighty poor captain!" He turned brusquely to his adjutant, who now stood anxiously framed in the doorway of the colonel's private office.

"Davis," he commanded, "issue an order immediately relieving Captain Franklin of his command. When you have finished that, prepare a letter to the division commander, through brigade headquarters, for my signature, asking that an elimination board act on this case."

He turned back to the captain of A Company.

"That's all!" he sneered. "There's no place in this man's army for such misfits as you."

The former captain of A Company stood for several seconds with the befuddled look of a boxer who is out on his feet; then, the full significance of it all coming to him, his expression became that of a wounded deer at bay. He reeled back into Captain Davis' arms. His military career gone! Relieved of his command at the very outset! Disgraced! What would the folks at home say now? He straightened up suddenly to launch a protest at this outrage. He would fight—yes, fight with his clenched fists if need be. He had fought many times under the sting of less insulting provocation. Then he turned back weakly. He remembered the Articles of War—Leavenworth. There could be but one result should he strike his commanding officer. It was an unnerving spectacle, this tragedy of a strong man floundering in despair, and Captain Davis smothered a rending sob as he ushered the broken man gently from the room. He returned at once in response to the colonel's buzzer.

"Davis," the colonel reprimanded him, "if you expect to remain as adjutant of this regiment, you've got to learn that captains take their troubles up with their majors and not with me. Have I made myself clear?"

The adjutant felt hot words of explanation rising in his breast—for had he not told the captain of A Company that very thing, and had the captain not insisted, even forced his way to the colonel? But he suppressed his ready explanation with such suddenness that only a slight inarticulate guttural found its way past his lips. He collected his wits instantly.

"Yes, sir," he agreed.

During the morning drill period the regimental adjutant waited with dire foreboding for that evil moment when the regimental commander should sally forth to observe his troops at drill. Captain Davis knew the drills were ragged. The men had been equipped less than a week, and though they faced and marched very well, the riflemen had not passed the stage of dodging their rifles in performing the manual. Specialist training was barely started. There were only three men in the regiment who knew anything about visual signaling, and these had to be used as instructors for the wigwagging classes for noncommissioned officers. The machine guns and 37-mm. guns were more of a curiosity than a weapon to their crews. Serious consequences to all concerned surely would follow an inspection of the training at this stage of the game by the exacting regimental commander.

But Colonel Closney had no intention of going near the drills that day, nor the next. Instead he fixed himself at his desk amid a litter of military textbooks, training regulations and pamphlets, and alternated between making laborious notes with a sluggish hand and swearing vehemently with a facile ease. Captain Davis was grateful for this respite, and equally puzzled until the colonel, during one of his frequent demands for this document and that, elucidated his reason for keeping away from the command at present.

"They saw me, didn't they?" he exclaimed. "I let them look me over and see just what I'm made of—just what kind of a soldier I am and expect them to be—didn't I? Now they know. Let it sink in—in deep. Let them get the idea through the ranks. They know now that they've got to soldier. In a day or two I'll get about again and see how the medicine is working. Then we'll begin to eliminate the unfit and smooth off the rough edges. Besides, I've got my hands full right now," he growled. "Who got up these training schedules?"

"Colonel Pancheon, sir."

"Pancheon! Sounds like that old putterer," Colonel Closney fumed. He gathered up the regimental training schedules and threw them vehemently in the wastebasket. "Worthless! That old fossil's got Philippinitis. The idea of letting him work out a training schedule for a war-strength regiment! I want nothing to do with it. I'll write a real one tonight, one that will make real soldiers—soldiers hard as nails and fit to eat bullets for dessert. Why, that thing lets the men stop drill at eleven o'clock and hands them half-hour intervals to loaf in between drill periods!"

He stopped abruptly under the impact of a sudden idea.

"Captain!"

"Yes, sir."

"We've got to correct that instantly. Go out to the field this minute and tell the majors to carry on their drills until quarter of twelve and to cut their rest periods down to fifteen minutes, and see that recall is changed accordingly."

"Yes, sir."

"This afternoon I want a horse at three o'clock," Colonel Closney announced, sounding the adjutant's buzzer the moment the captain had returned from the mission of extending the drill periods. "Three o'clock, mind you! I want to think. I want to plan my training schedules. Soft men sit under the shade, and moon when they want to think, Davis. I jump into the saddle and ride. That's me. I want a hard training schedule, and pounding the saddle will give me inspiration. This is a hard game, Davis, and we've got to be hard.

(Continued on Page 165)

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Soda Fountains Everywhere serve Welch's straight with cracked ice, or with sparkling water

PURE FRUIT JUICE *from* FRESH RIPE GRAPES

(Continued from Page 162)

These civilians are lucky to have an example like me. You look soft. You've got to be hard if you want to stay here with my regiment as my adjutant. Try a horse. Study me. Do your best to follow me. See if you can't make a he-man of yourself."

Captain Davis flushed slightly. Out of his inexperience in military matters he had supposed that unrelenting severity might be basic in wartime. But this enigma was boasting today. Boasting is boasting whether it is in the Army or out. If he had been disappointed in the colonel's lack of any apparent feeling of fellowship, he had tempered his feelings with the excuse that such harsh qualities, after all, might be the true basis of real military leadership. Too much ego, however, is a weakness wherever you find it. He turned from his uncomfortable conclusion quickly; but the colonel had lost something definite and tangible in his adjutant's estimate of him.

"Yes, sir," replied the captain. "I'll do my best, sir."

"And pick me out a real horse, one fifteen hands high with a real trot, one that knows the touch of the rein and the pressure of the knee—not a fool horse," the colonel commanded. "One thing I am is—a real horseman."

"Yes, sir. But our animals have not been issued to the regiment. Can you suggest where to get the horse?" The adjutant asked this apologetically.

"Davis!" The name rang out like the crack of a whip.

"Yes, sir."

"Let's understand each other here and now on one point. I told you to get me a horse, didn't I? And the kind of a horse to get me, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's what I want you to do, understand? I'm not here in an advisory capacity. I'm the commanding officer. When I tell you or anyone else to do something, I want it done, get me? In the Army, subordinates don't ask fool questions. They do just what they're told. Don't you ever ask me again how to do something I tell you to do. Do it! Is that perfectly clear to you, Davis?"

"Yes, sir."

Scrupulously clean new oilcloths covered the long tables of the consolidated regimental officers' mess; the chinaware was thick and durable, but new and shining; the hall itself scrubbed and rescrubbed until it shone. At least there was nothing wrong with the officers' mess, since every detail had been inspected, and the viands had been checked and tasted by half a dozen anxious officers. When Colonel Closney arrived ten minutes late, fuming at his adjutant for not reminding him of noon hour, the officers had finished their soup and were attacking the pièce de résistance of the noon meal—roast pork.

Someone called "Attention!" as the colonel entered, and the officers arose as one man. The colonel stood ceremoniously for a moment, his eyes snapping displeasure.

"It is customary among officers and gentlemen," he said cuttingly, "to remain outside until the regimental commander arrives. He is the first to enter. We will observe that rule hereafter instead of the method of the pigsty. You may be seated."

He sat down ceremoniously and ate slowly and in silence for a time, until the oilcloth caught his attention.

"Captain," he announced suddenly, addressing his adjutant in tones meant for all assembled, "an officer is a gentleman—a real officer is, at least. Others must try to simulate that quality, difficult as it may be. I am reliably informed that in a certain type of low boarding house they use oilcloth for table coverings. Officers use linen, unless under exceptional circumstances during battle. At present we are in garrison and not in the field. You will see to it that this is corrected before dinner. Another thing—get rid of this ten-cent-store china. That's good enough for a prison or an enlisted man's mess, but I want decent chinaware for this mess. Buy it today. Have the mess officer prorate the cost among the officers. Is that clear?"

At that moment a group of ten company commanders entered the hall silently. Colonel Closney turned upon them in blank amazement.

"If you gentlemen are here for supper, the hour is six o'clock this evening, and therefore you are about six hours too early," he reprimanded them. They stood uncertainly a moment. "If on the other hand," he added, seeing that his point had not quite found its way past the aching void in their stomachs—"if on the other hand you are here for lunch, lunch hour occurred some eighteen minutes ago and you may just as well learn now as ever that we are not going to run a short-order café at this regimental mess. Adios! That's all!"

The ten captains hesitated a moment, then filed out slowly, almost sullenly. A disciplinary measure that took away their noonday meal when they were ravenously hungry after a morning of intensive drilling was hard for them to accept cheerfully; as hard as whimsical parental edicts of long ago that sent one to bed supperless on account of some boyish prank.

"Sir," interposed a field officer solicitously, "I should like to explain in justice to those captains that recall from drill was retarded suddenly this morning and they were therefore held back this noon to look after their company messes. You know, sir, they have green cooks, and the men ——"

"Major," Colonel Closney retorted severely, "report to me at headquarters immediately after mess, and in the meantime please reflect upon the fact that the ——th Infantry is a regiment and not a debating society."

"Very good, sir," replied the major, stiffening and biting his lips.

"Just a moment!" The colonel's voice arrested two young lieutenants who had walked softly to the door at the end of the noon meal. They stopped in their tracks.

"I realize the annoyance to you of trying to conduct yourselves to any extent as gentlemen should," he said with drawling deliberation. "But it is a custom of the service, an unwritten law, that the permission of the colonel be solicited by any officer leaving the dining room before he leaves, and I want that custom rigidly observed."

He arose suddenly and glanced back and forth along the line.

"Have you been taught nothing of the profession of arms?" he demanded of the whole group. "Must I teach you even your manners—how to be gentlemen? Well, I'll not do it! Get yourselves a Moss' Manual, every one of you, and learn your stuff. You have spoiled my dinner. I for one crave proper surroundings for my meals. In fact, I insist upon it. First you enter the hall ahead of your colonel; then you have this infernal oilcloth and these prison dishes; then ten of the captains come in late.

"Late! That's the worst of it all—late! You can't be late in this man's army. You've got to be on time. Battles have been lost by men being late. That's what ruined Napoleon—one of his officers being late. Well, it isn't going to ruin me. Now snap into it and see that you know how to act by suppertime."

As he marched out of the room, followed by his adjutant, the majority of the officers sat down silently to finish their meal. Several left their meal unfinished, their appetites gone, and went forth for an early start on the trail of Moss' Manual, whatever that might be, before first call for drill summon them to their field-training grind again.

Some fifteen minutes before it was time for the colonel to start on his tour of mounted rumination, and while a large roan charger borrowed for the occasion from a distant field-artillery regiment stood pawing in front of regimental headquarters, the adjutant hurried into the regimental commander's private sanctum, harbinger of important news. He stood gingerly until Colonel Closney looked up in annoyance at this uninvited interruption.

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"Sir, there is something I thought perhaps you ought to know ——"

"See here, Davis," the colonel interrupted, "must I divert my energies into being nursemaid, and even teach my own adjutant how to lisp and toddle? I have refrained from mentioning this before, thinking you would correct the fault yourself, but you seem to be obstinate in addressing your commanding officer in the first person. Hereafter you will address all remarks to me in the third person and also cut out that abominable personal pronoun of yours. You are no longer an 'I,' Captain Davis—at least not to me. You are 'the captain.' Get it, Davis?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now you may let me know what you have on your mind—provided you think, after mature reflection, it is important enough to come to my attention. Remember, my time is valuable. I am not to be annoyed by trifles. I have a great responsibility on my shoulders. You must learn to discriminate in taking up my time. You must learn to be a help to me—not an annoyance."

"Sir, what the captain wished the colonel to know was that there is an automobile in our regimental area, sir, with two stars on the windshield."

"Cæsar's ghost, Davis, why didn't you say so in the first place without all this palaver?"

Colonel Closney arose, a look of apprehension flitting over his face. As he stood for a moment the corners of his mouth relaxed, and the alert adjutant saw that it was an ordinary mouth whose lower lip drooped when the grim lines of conscious muscular effort were relaxed.

"Where is the car, Davis?"

"Standing in rear of the company kitchens, sir—in rear of A Company's barracks as near as I can see from here."

Colonel Closney turned pale and the adjutant thought he saw his hand tremble as he reached for his campaign hat.

"That worthless renegade of a captain must have got to division headquarters," he muttered resentfully, although his voice was without its metallic firmness.

The division commander was a thin, rawboned little man, with frozen eyes, a severe, straight mouth set off with small gray bristling mustache, and no indication in his face that he had ever found anything in life to smile about.

He was the kind of man from whom one might expect a sharp bark, yet when he spoke his voice was gentle, firm and almost considerate.

"Closney, I came down to look things over and incidentally to find out about the relief of Captain Franklin. What about that case?"

"Sir, Franklin demonstrated his unfitness for command," the colonel explained, deference in his voice. "I had him under observation from the time of my arrival—picked him out because of the rotten condition of his command, sir; and relieved him for conduct little short of insubordination. His kitchens were filthy, his cook nearly attacked me personally for bringing the fact quietly to his attention, and then Captain Franklin entered my quarters unannounced and literally demanded that I release the man."

"Were there reliable witnesses to this, Closney?"

"Yes, sir, my own adjutant can testify to the facts just as I have given them to you here, sir."

He indicated his adjutant, standing stiffly at attention three paces in his rear and one to his left, notebook and pencil ready for any instructions he might receive. Captain Davis felt a quick flush of resentment rise within him, a blinding rush that all but overpowered him. That statement was not just, he would not swear to any such statement; he would not debase himself in any such fashion. But he rallied himself to reply quietly, respectfully, to the general's questions.

The division commander ignored the adjutant.

"I wanted to hear your version, and also look over your area," he advised Colonel Closney.

"Sir, I confess my area is a disgrace to the service, but I have been in command only two days and have a mere unleavened mob to work with; but I promise you results, sir, inside a week."

"I was really quite well pleased, Closney. You must remember that these men have just recently been withdrawn from civil life and have got to have time to learn. It seemed to me they are showing satisfactory progress."

"Thank you, sir; but I am not satisfied. I will show you a regiment in less than a month."

"Not too fast, Closney, not too fast. I know you'll appreciate a bit of friendly advice. You've gone up pretty fast. Don't let it go to your head, Closney—it's dangerous to let this wine of sudden promotion turn your head. Despite his error in judgment, I was very much impressed with Captain Franklin. I fear you were hard ——"

"Sir, if the general will let me speak, my only fault was in not recommending him for a general court. I let him off very easy."

"I don't care to argue that matter with you, Closney," the general replied without raising his voice. "The cook, of course, will have to stand trial, although I deem it a shame to lose a good cook. My inclination is to restore Captain Franklin to his command—he impressed me most favorably—but I'll not do anything to embarrass you with your regiment, Closney. I'll transfer him to command the Headquarters Troop—we have a vacancy there."

Colonel Closney squirmed uneasily. The thought of such an officer, a probable bitter personal enemy, at division headquarters, even in such a minor capacity as commander of the Headquarters Troop, was not to his relish.

"Will the general permit me to say a word, sir?"

"Certainly, Closney. What is it?"

"That man Franklin should not be permitted ——"

"Colonel Closney!"

"Yes, sir!"

"If you ever attempt to argue with me again after I've announced a decision, I will relieve you of your command! Is that perfectly clear to you, Closney?"

"Yes, sir. I did not mean ——"

"That's all!"

Colonel Closney turned a sickly pale, clicked his heels together expertly and snapped his right hand stiffly to the brim of his hat. The hand trembled visibly.

"Yes, sir. I beg the general's pardon, sir."

The division commander returned the salute with a toss of his silver-mounted riding crop, turned about leisurely and entered his car. The colonel stood respectfully at attention until a waiting aide had climbed into the limousine after the general and closed the door. As the car moved off, Colonel Closney stood at salute until it had passed on its way, then turned in high ill humor to his adjutant.

"They ought to retire them at that age instead of giving them high command," he fumed. "Imagine that mushy old fossil commanding twenty-seven thousand men in battle! Why, he was only a colonel himself when war was declared! He spoke of relieving me. Well, I'll be commanding a division in France when that old file is sulking in the military boneyard at home. You can sense that clear enough, can't you, Davis?"

"Yes, sir," replied the adjutant, although something very different was in his mind—something like an ardent desire to lead in three cheers for the division commander.

"Of course, my remarks to you on that subject were between me and you—a man's got to unbosom himself to his adjutant at times."

"The captain will not repeat what the colonel says to him in confidence," replied Captain Davis innocently.

Colonel Closney looked at him sharply, concluded that the remark was without hidden subtleties, had nothing more behind it than a stupid inability to differentiate between official and personal conversations, then hurried to take up his afternoon ride.

When warning orders came to the division three months later the ——th Infantry learned from the unfailing grapevine that it was next up in that unrelenting procession of American young manhood to the port of embarkation, thence over the infested waters to the red inferno over there. The day the secret orders were in the hands of the division commander, every regimental band in the whole division returned from parade playing Over There, an eloquent, if inarticulate, boast that they were in the know. How the word got out—how everything secret got out—division headquarters never found out definitely. But a vague hint from the chief of staff's field clerk or confidential steno. at mess could permeate the whole division in a fraction of the time required for official orders to cover the same ground.

Colonel Closney had built a regiment which he vowed to be the best regiment in the Army—rated from the point of view of wartime emergency regiments. His men were hard and orderly. They knew their stuff. They had taken his taunts and reprimands without open complaint or question, doing their best to learn this mysterious new thing of being soldiers—and secretly praying for the day when it all would be over. The day! That was it. One day this war would be over with—whether that day come in a year, as they all ardently prayed and believed, or in not less than five years, as Colonel Closney insisted that they must believe.

"Don't ever let me hear of you peddling this home-in-a-year stuff to the men," he admonished his officers at daily conference. "It'll make them soft. They'll get the idea this is just a lark over there and back again. You're tearing down when you peddle that soft stuff. Tell them the truth, preach the truth. Let them get it through their skulls that they're in for a siege of it—five years at least! That's what our General Staff says—and the General Staff knows. It's got brains. The War Department is spending billions of dollars—get that; I said billions of dollars—in projects for another five years of war. Why are they doing that? I'll give you the answer—it's because we're going to have five years more of war. At least five! Now get that through this regiment and cut out this home-for-Christmas stuff. You'll ruin the regiment."

Nevertheless, one year or five, five years or ten, the day of the end would be a great day. The officers accepted the present with a sustaining modicum of comfort, come what may, in thoughts of the end. They had got over the division area in those hard three months gone by and compared notes with others of their kind. Other colonels were severe. Other colonels were exacting and sometimes arbitrary. But within their division, which was the only division that really concerned them, they found that their own regimental commander was one of but two of his kind. The other one—his first name was Hal and his secret nickname Hell-Fire—commanded a regiment in the other infantry brigade. The artillery brigade commander was marked a hard file, the hardest of the hard; but then he specialized in colonels and majors, and therefore might have been something of a contender in a division popularity contest, after all. Officers and replacements coming in from other divisions held tenaciously for a few days to the proud boast that their old C. O. had the new one beaten for downright unwavering severity; but they all dropped the boast after a short period of duty with the ——th Infantry. Pride of regiment soon gets into the blood and makes light of past glories, even in such matters as this.

Not to be outdone by the regiment of the other brigade that was commanded by old Hell-Fire, the ——th Infantry devised a suitable military *nom de guerre* for its own

(Continued on Page 169)

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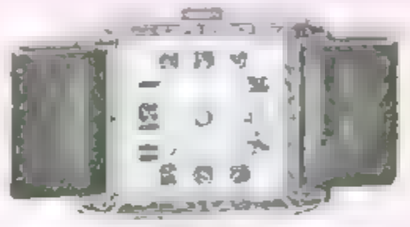

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(Continued from Page 166)

regimental commander. They got it from a new replacement the day the red-headed first cook of A Company went over the road for Leavenworth, and they wondered why they had never discovered the word before.

"I know what the 'Martin E' on that guy's handle stands for," the replacement had announced. "It stands for 'Martin Et'—that's him—that's his real name."

So through the ranks, when the colonel was not in earshot, his name was Martinet thereafter; and those hundreds of the regiment who did not know what the word meant came to add a new and polished word to their limited vocabularies. They swore that the word must have been coined in the first place for his especial benefit—it fitted him so like a glove.

Colonel Closney was here, there and everywhere over his training area during the final period of intensive training preliminary to movement to the seaboard. The regiment threw itself into its training now with a new and spontaneous ardor; an ardor not of the lash but of a spirit quickened by proximity of the great adventure. It was not a time for secret complaint or grumbling. Colonel Closney's personal idiosyncrasies of command were a thing to be laid aside now until after the big rumpus was over, over there. Then would come a proper time—and if he lived years enough, ample time—in which he might answer individually to each of those who harbored fond dreams of a *post-bellum* meeting with the colonel in civilian attire.

So they lent themselves with enthusiasm even to his newest increase in the training schedule, one that required them to run a mile in formation before breakfast and another mile after retreat, when the day's grueling work was supposed to be done. Hardening exercises, he called them; exercises intended to make their bodies as tough as fiber against those days when they must stand up under hard marches, nights out in the weather, with mud for a bed; nights when there would be no sleep, mess hours when there would be no mess.

Just at a time when the battalion and company commanders prided themselves that their men were hard as nails, knew their weapons and were fit for any kind of service, Colonel Closney discovered a new and vital flaw in the command; one that permeated its whole inner fiber, he proclaimed.

"Assemble all officers and noncommissioned officers at the right of the drill field immediately. I got to dress them down," he ordered Captain Davis. "Let them put their companies under privates for squad work, extended order. Get the whole lot here quick!"

Officers and noncoms came on the run, eagerness in their legs but not in their hearts. They were the cream, these officers. Thirty—a third—had been weeded out by the colonel as too soft of fiber for combat. Others were on probation, and doubtless would have walked the military plank except for the refusal of division headquarters to call any further elimination boards. But assemblies such as this meant only one thing—that there was blood on the military moon again.

"The whole outfit shows like putty," Colonel Closney shouted. "We got to harden them up."

Battalion and company commanders groaned inwardly. For the first time they had felt the joyous thing of morale budding in their men—budding since that hour when news got out of the impending movement overseas. The men had been mere obedient manikins up to that glorious moment. That last order of the colonel's requiring extra sprinting exercises had taken the men to the final vestige of their endurance. They knew intuitively, impromptu emergency commanders though they were, that nothing more could be piled onto the intensive training without breaking the spirit of the men again. It had been a glorious thing—that feeling of an *esprit de corps*. Other regiments—excepting a certain one in the other infantry brigade—had it from the first. They had got it only now—and now it was threatened so soon.

But the colonel had no intention of increasing the hours of work further into the night.

"We're getting their bodies hard, but their minds are like dough," he railed. "Stiffen those rifle companies up in their bayonet work, get those machine-gun crews moving forward with everything they got. Let me show you what I want!"

He called a corporal from the group and ordered him to fix his bayonet. The corporal, a tall, wiry fellow, all muscle and bone, from one of the Far Western states, clumsily got his bayonet in place, and in his nervousness in handing it tremblingly to the colonel let it fall to the ground.

"Howling fine exhibition of just what I was talking about!" roared Colonel Closney. "A noncommissioned officer so darned timid that he trembles like a schoolgirl in front of his own colonel! What's your name and organization?"

"Corporal Schultz, sir, Company A."

"I thought so. What you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of nothin', sir."

"Not, eh? Well, you'll get a chance to prove that before long. We'll put Company A out some day where it can show what it's made of."

Colonel Closney dismissed the incident without further action and took the position of a soldier ready for attack with the bayonet.

"Now train the men to hate when they use this knife," he ordered. "This thing's not a Christmas toy. It's to kill with. Get me? It's to jam through the other fellow's belly, understand?

"When you go into action with a bayonet, don't grunt like a pig. Grunt like a mad bear. Ugh-h-h-h-h! Like that! And when you make your thrusts make the same kind of a noise. When you strike home do it again. Strike so it'll go through and then turn the blade around so it'll come out easy and you'll be ready to stick the next fellow that comes along. You're soldiers now, not civilians!

"Now get back to your companies and give them the idea. Teach them to go at this business in earnest. Teach them to make a noise like they really hated the fellow they're going to run through—and teach them to hate. Hate! You understand me? This isn't pantomime, but the real quill; and if you don't teach those men to speed up with their bayonet and machine-gun work, they'll be pushing daisies with a German knife cut under their own ribs. I'm not telling you anything you haven't learned out of your training regulations. It's old stuff, but you're not putting it across. Now go to it. Try to be soldiers. Forget you were ever civilians. That's all."

When, two days before the regiment sailed, the division psychiatrist reported to go over the ranks for the final sorting of fit men, Colonel Closney all but embraced him. It was this division medical staff officer's mission to pick out the neurasthenics, mental defectives, drug addicts and other mental riffraff that were wont to find their way into the ranks. The division psychiatrist, an eminent neurologist commissioned as an emergency officer for the duration of the war, was expert in singling out all kinds of positive defectives at a glance. But when he singled out three strapping physical specimens from one battalion Colonel Closney objected.

"I'm not a bug specialist, but I know a man when I see one, and those men look good to me—even above the average in intelligence and size."

"Those men are neurotic," the medical captain replied insistently. "They look good and they may be good enough soldiers here, but they could never stand up under fire. Their cases are positive. The mere thought of going over has undermined their nerve stamina."

"Piffle! Look at the build of two of them and the fine cut of the jib of all of them—why, one's got a real fighting face!" the colonel scoffed.

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"Rot! A man's a man and you can spot him by the cut of his jib. I've been at this game for over twenty years and know a man when I see one," Colonel Closney fumed. "They're carrying this specialist business too far—sicking all the faddists in the country onto the Army!"

"I'll have to report them out, colonel," the medico affirmed patiently. "These are positive cases—and I don't claim I got them all. Others may develop under stress. The wear and tear of this war on the nerves is the worst the world has ever known. I can't go against my instructions, colonel, so if you want those men over my report you'll have to take it up with division headquarters."

"Have your own way," snapped the colonel; "three or four men aren't worth making a fuss about."

That night, with the regiment on the verge of embarkation, Colonel Closney made his final appeal to division headquarters for a competent regimental adjutant. Three times he had failed in this urgent mission. This time he went past the assistant chief of staff to the chief himself.

"Colonel, I've simply got to have a qualified regimental adjutant—an officer of the Regular Army who's got the training—to help me out," he pleaded. "You're sending my outfit across—you'll probably use me in the lines first—and it's surely good horse sense for division headquarters to give me an adjutant, especially since you haven't issued me a lieutenant colonel."

The chief of staff laughed. "Closney, you're asking the impossible," he replied. "All our old captains are now colonels same as you and me—and a lot of them are generals. They've even made generals out of a couple of field-artillery first lieutenants this past month. Even the second lieutenants are mostly majors. There simply aren't enough officers to go around. You've got to do the best you can with what you got. We can't even give you a lieutenant colonel unless you want one of those mail-order wonders—which I know you don't."

"But my adjutant is a hopeless little sissy—can't adapt himself to my personality at all. I want a he-man."

"Then why don't you relieve him and put in someone else? That's strictly your own business."

"That's the rub. I've been thinking a regular officer would come along. It's been hard enough to teach this mamma's darling what little he knows, and it would be impossible to take on a brand-new and totally untrained adjutant at this stage of the proceedings."

"Well, that's up to you. If sympathy is what you want, we can give you oodles of it; but as for competent adjutants—why, Closney, if you had one I'd take him away from you for division headquarters! Just figure out from that how much chance you've got."

So Colonel Closney cleared across with the hurriedly nailed together ——th Infantry regiment and the pink-and-white adjutant with the arched eyebrows and the wrists as thick as the two middle fingers of a strong man's hand; cleared for the troubled realm where he must pit his mastery and the moral fiber of his week-end regiment of flabby civilians in olive drab against those hardened-hickory shock troops of the Imperial German Army. Three months in intensive training over there, three sweltering hot months of daylight-to-dusk preparation of body and mind—months that made them appear outwardly hard, lank, lean and fit—then came the tragic hour of the supreme test.

H hour of D day was approaching for the ——th Infantry. The earth was atremble in the shallow dugout of the regimental P. C. at Point 6792 west of Éclisfontaine. Since twenty-three o'clock of the night before, as the French reckon time, the artillery had been paving the way for the infantry advance of the First American Army, designed to drive the Germans from the line of the Aisne in the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The——th Corps was to smash through on the ambitious front from Malancourt and Vauquois, the first-named point inclusive and the second exclusive.

As its part of this crimson venture the ——th Infantry was accountable for the front symbolized by Point 8403-Point 9406, which meant that it must sweep an area one kilometer wide and to a depth of eight kilometers before its first objective was attained. The course lay over rolling, heavy terrain, studded with a wet scrub forest, carpeted with musty, rank underbrush and heavily infested with machine guns, snipers, strong points, death traps of every kind. That strip one kilometer wide and eight kilometers deep had to be followed at daybreak in the morning by watching the compass carefully, as well as the enemy: general compass bearing to the Cheppy-Montfaucon road, north ten degrees, east magnetic, thence to the American Army objective, general compass bearing north nineteen degrees, west magnetic. The course would be easy to follow without compass anon when the ration details, the liaison groups and the unexpended reserves came along. It would be marked in crimson then.

Out in the open, a million devils, suddenly released from inferno, had taken possession of the earth. They shot their vivid venomous tongues here and there into the darkness, marking their lustful search for human blood with lurid flashes of green, red, yellow—flashes quicker than bolts of lightning, more repellent and deadly. Overhead, in the heavy, saturated, low-hanging mist banks, hordes of unseen demons rushed through the night seeking the moment when they might dart their forked fangs into human vitals. They filled the air with their uncanny passings; huge devils that swept by with the thunderous roar of an express train; winged satyrs of lesser import that whistled or screamed; slow-moving monsters that crashed to the earth with a vengeful devastating explosion as if intent on rending it asunder.

Colonel Closney sat rigidly at a little table in the shallow abandoned French dugout, his hands far apart, gripping opposite sides of the table, his eyes riveted on the wall straight ahead. He had said little tonight, and his few words had betrayed an intolerably bad humor, as of a man who is under some rending strain and resents intrusion upon his thoughts. Before him was spread the 1:20,000 map of Forêt d'Argonne and the 1:50,000 map of Montfaucon, Vouziers and environs, which he would require in directing the first movements of his regiment. His regiment was ready, his first battalion waiting grimly at the jump-off line between two map points along the southwest edge of a road running southeast; bayonets fixed, two hundred and twenty rounds of ball ammunition per rifleman, hand grenades, pyrotechnics, Chauchat ammunition, wire cutters, iron rations, filled canteens. At H hour the regiment would strike to the north behind a rolling barrage that would move at the rate of one hundred meters every four minutes. At H hour plus thirty minutes the regimental P. C. was to close in its present dugout and move in the open to an observation post at Point 8896.

It was a matter of watching the clock for the hour to move. The concentrated American army artillery fire permeated the air, rocked the very earth with its titanic wrath, and there was no such thing as learning by sound when the rolling barrage of the 75's heralded the jump off of the infantry.

"It's time to move forward, sir," the regimental adjutant announced grimly, at

(Continued on Page 172)

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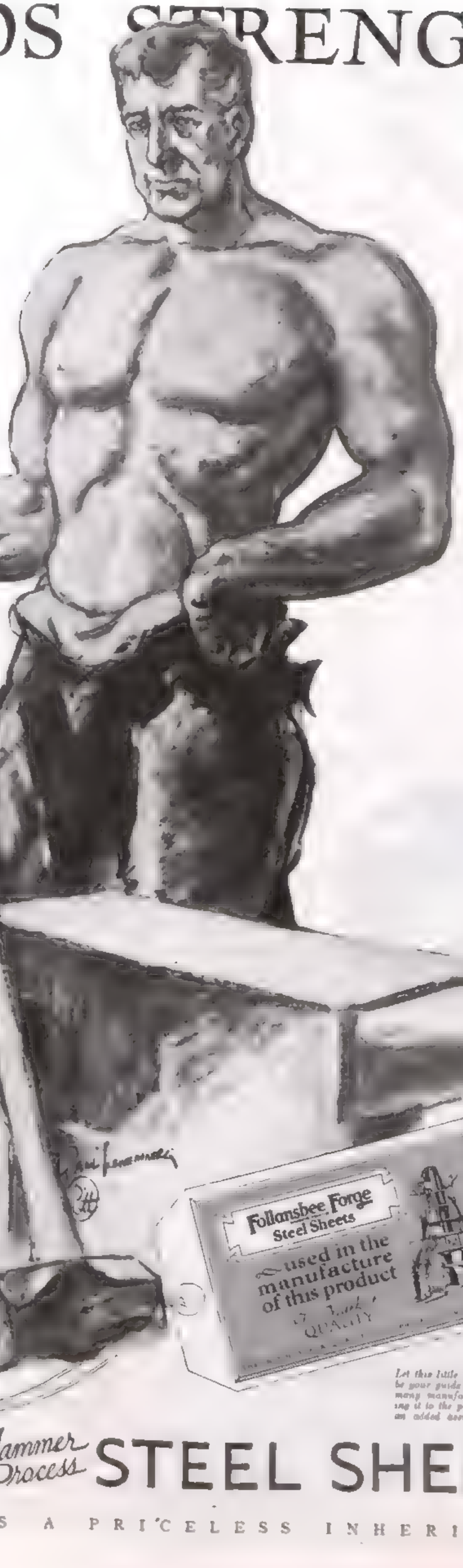

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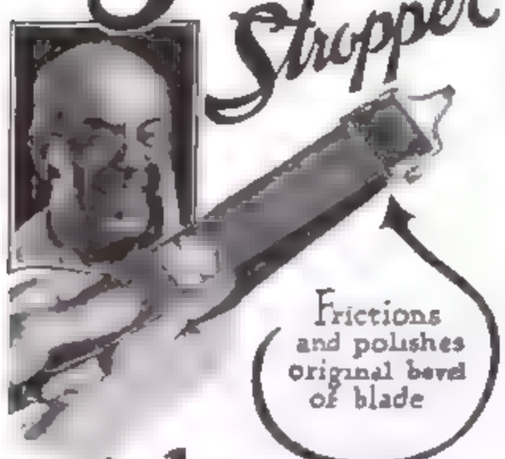

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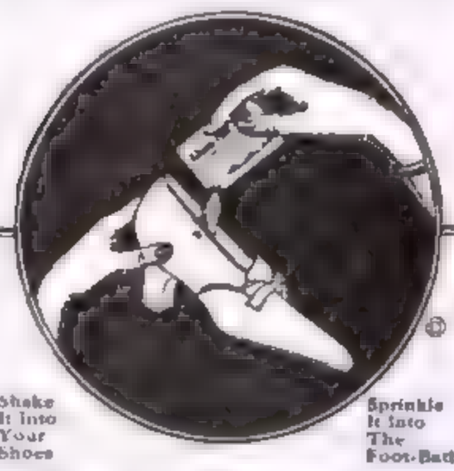

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(Continued from Page 170)

last, his eyes on his watch. "It's now H hour plus thirty minutes."

Colonel Closney sat staring straight ahead for a moment, then drew himself together and marched abruptly outside. Dawn was just beginning to break, a dawn in which the world of night devils refused to quit the air, their fiendish, unearthly din seeming to rise in a racking crescendo out in the open. Bent low, the officers ran forward swiftly, veering to the left to avoid the direct line of fire, and taking advantage of such cover as offered itself. Shells dropped here and there. Colonel Closney stopped, straightened, then bent low again and resumed the march. On both sides he could see his men of the second battalion advancing slowly at their interval of six hundred meters from the assault echelon.

Of a sudden an unseen monster crashed from the heavens, shot its hideous, vindictive flaming tongue into the midst of a group of men fifty yards away. In that instantaneous flash of light, indescribably horrible details caught the eye. Then a strong voice rang out above the din.

"Close up, buddies! Move in there! Keep your shirts on! Leave them wounded guys for the medicos! Follow me!"

The figure and voice were unmistakable. It was Corporal Schultz, of A Company, rising to the heights of true leadership in this moment of tragedy. He was holding his rifle firmly now, high above his head, rallying the broken remnant of a platoon.

Captain Davis, leading the way, compass in hand, to the new regimental P. C., darted across an open space to the huge shell hole torn in the earth by that exploding monster. Colonel Closney followed him swiftly. When he reached the fox hole he stood for a moment on its brink, hands clenched, face strained and twisting. The adjutant rushed to him. His posture and agonized effort to stand erect were those of a severely wounded man who refuses to quit. The enemy sharpshooters must have reached a vital spot.

Before the adjutant reached him Colonel Closney broke. He cast himself headlong into the fox hole, crying out in terror.

"My God, Davis, get me out of this! I can't stand it—I can't stand it!" he cried, burrowing frantically in the hole.

"Where are you hit, sir?" shouted the captain, attempting to lift the stricken colonel on his side to search for the wound.

Colonel Closney drew away from him with a quick movement and burrowed closer to the ground, his arms clutched frantically about his head.

"Keep your infernal hands off me! Don't try to pull me out of here!" he cried hysterically. "I'm not hit, Davis—not hit! But I can't stand this! It's driving me mad—mad, I tell you! I want out of this mess! Get some timbers over this hole and be quick about it—before the devils kill me. Quick, Davis! Quick, I tell you!"

The adjutant stood regarding his stricken commander with mingled horror and shame, then turned and ran to the new regimental P. C. Regimental orders had told the command where its commander was to be found. Regimental headquarters must be represented there to take care of emergency. Runners from the liaison groups were there almost as soon as he. The advance was being stubbornly resisted, but the battalion hoped to get through. A few moments later a wounded runner staggered in with a message. The battalion was held up by machine-gun nests, the battalion commander was a casualty. Support was needed—two companies from the support battalion if available.

Captain Davis hesitated a moment, then ran back to the fox hole. The regimental commander must rally from his funk. His trained military mind was needed for a critical tactical decision. It was for just such a situation that the colonel had been trained and promoted. The adjutant sprang into the hole and shouted the situation to the prostrate Closney. That officer merely rolled his head from side to side in his arms, without looking up, his face in the mud, moaning hysterically. Captain Davis abandoned him finally with an unaccustomed oath; then ran back to place an officer to receive and transmit information to the brigade P. C. and dispatch a runner to the brigade commander with word of the advance situation. This done, he plunged forward, floundering through dank underbrush, to reconnoiter personally the plight of the assault line, bolster up its advance, or throw in reserves if need be.

It was late in the afternoon when Captain Davis found his way back to the area of the regimental P. C. and again approached the colonel's fox hole. Things had gone well in a military sense at the front. Reserves weren't needed—just a stiffening of morale after the fall of the battalion commander; and Captain Davis, rifle in hand, had thrown the iron of personal example into the faltering ranks. He had charged straight into the flank of one machine-gun nest, killed or captured its crew; then when the men saw how it was done, the machine-gun nests failed to stop those whom they failed to destroy.

A gory tangle it was, with the silent faces of scores crashed into the mud or gazing with glazed eyes into the heavens; but the ——th Infantry had reached its objective. The frantic devils of the air were subsiding a bit now and the lines of wounded —heavy-eyed, dazed or laughing—were being carried back along the crimson trail to a collecting station. An occasional demon snapped out of the sky with a hideous whang, only to be ignored by men who had braved whole hordes of exploding monsters and therefore had no eye for strays.

Colonel Closney was standing out in the open now, beside the fox hole, head and shoulders drooped, an abject figure. Beside him was another officer, not of the regiment, notebook in hand. Captain Davis saw with a start that the other officer was the division inspector. So his presence, unwounded, in the fox hole had been reported to division.

"I'm sorry for you, Closney," the inspector was saying; "but the thing was observed by the French liaison officer, the general knows about it, and I'm afraid you'll have to stand trial."

"But I've been relieved—why can't they let it go at that?" Colonel Closney wailed. "I'm willing to be sent back. I can't stand this mess. Another siege would drive me mad. But it isn't fair to ruin my whole future military career and disgrace me and my regiment by a court-martial on cowardice charges."

Captain Davis pushed boldly forward, an uncouth figure in torn muddy uniform, the pink and white of his right cheek covered with caked blood from an open gash across his cheekbone.

"May I say a word on this subject, sir?" he addressed the division inspector eagerly.

"Who are you and what do you know about it?"

"Sir, I am Colonel Closney's adjutant and I know all about it."

Colonel Closney became erect again and his broken face slowly hardened. He had not reckoned with an eyewitness if he must stand trial, and now here was his own adjutant turning spitefully upon him in his extremity. "I would advise you to be careful of your statements, Davis," Closney cautioned resentfully.

"You may make any statement you wish, subject to later confirmation by oath," the inspector advised.

"Sir," exclaimed the adjutant, "it is not fair to lodge charges against Colonel Closney. He was a casualty, sir. A high-explosive shell burst and the concussion threw him into this hole. He was unconscious, sir, and I tried every way to revive him. I came back later and he was still irrational. It would be an outrage, sir, to lodge charges against him."

The inspector turned to the colonel with an exclamation of amazement.

"Great Cæsar, Closney, why didn't you tell me this?" he demanded.

Closney, in turn, stood staring speechlessly at this astounding intervention.

"You can see, sir, he is not himself yet," put in the adjutant anxiously.

"I'm certainly glad your adjutant got that information to us in the nick of time," exclaimed the inspector earnestly. "It would have been an outrage to try you under the circumstances. I shall make my report at once, sir. Do you feel strong enough to make your way back to division, Closney, or shall we send for you?"

"I'll make my own way back," replied the colonel. "I feel all unstrung, but I can walk it to the hospital."

The inspector saluted and left at once to make his report—the report that would save a brother officer from utter disgrace, from charges of cowardice in the face of the enemy, from charges that would have put a stigma upon the division itself.

Colonel Closney stood looking after him, unseeingly, his mind going over the instant of the burst of that frightful monster that had unstrung him. He put aside the words of that division psychiatrist, words that had crept back into his memory like a blight in those hours he lay in abject terror in the shell hole. Yes, there must be some strange circumstance of truth in the adjutant's report. He seized upon it avidly, intent on convincing himself of its verity. Shell-shocked by a withering blast close at hand in action!

It must have taken that to shatter his nerves. The glittering rays of hope and self-excuse began easing his tortured brain. The way out! He had been unjust to himself. Thank God, he could go in the records as a casualty now, not as a coward. His regiment back? He shuddered at the thought. No, his nerves were gone, blasted in action. But there could be no disgrace in going far to the rear—a casualty. He turned on his adjutant to cement this miraculous truth in that officer's mind.

"Davis, damn you, why didn't you report me a shell casualty when you saw me down under shellfire?" he demanded, stiffening with something of his usual arrogance. "Your neglect nearly brought me into disgrace."

"You were not a shell casualty, sir," Captain Davis replied calmly. He did not seem surprised at the colonel's charge. Nothing could surprise him just now so soon after what he had been through up there.

"You were with me when the explosion came and saw what happened!"

"It was far enough away from us to be harmless—but I shall never mention the truth so long as you do not try to come back for duty with this regiment, sir."

Colonel Closney swore and took a menacing step nearer, desperately intent on mastering this impudent upstart.

"You mean to stand here before me, Captain Davis, and admit officially that you made a false official report to the inspector of your division in time of war!" he accused him.

"If I did, sir," replied the captain, his voice breaking slightly and his eyes moistening from an altogether different emotion than fear—"if I did, sir, I justify it by my pride in this regiment; I've been proud of this regiment today—really proud for the first time. Our men have proved themselves in the test, and I think every man in it knows what pride of regiment means today; and we will not let it be said, sir, that the colonel of our regiment lay down cold, under fire, and showed the white feather in the face of the enemy!"

"You dare insult me in this manner—you dare to make the open charge to my face that I showed yellow under fire?"

Colonel Closney's face was livid now. He had brought himself stiffly erect, bristling, the corners of his sagging mouth drawn into a sinister downward curve. There was a hint of impending physical violence in his square-set jaws and his rugged body.

From under handsomely arched and placid brows, sky-blue eyes that enhanced the pink and white of a complexion that was not now altogether flawless gazed back calmly, evenly, into that malignant glare. Captain Davis spoke gently.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

Painted by Stockton Mulford Copyright 1930, P&L

You may crack your thumb, but you won't crack "61" Floor Varnish!

HOUSEHOLD accidents do not harm "61" Floor Varnish. The occasional thump of a falling article may dent the wood but "61" won't crack.. Made to withstand rough usage and even abuse; pounding heels, playing children, wind, snow and liquids, hot or cold, do not mar its rich luster. It is heelproof, marproof and waterproof.

Most varnishes look well and most are waterproof but when you buy *floor* varnish, look for more than beauty and waterproofness. Get the varnish that is not only beautiful and waterproof but also durable; the varnish that is *hard* and yet *elastic*—"61" Floor Varnish.

A "61" floor requires no care for years, except cleaning, when desired, with a damp cloth; or if you prefer, a *real* washing with soap and water.

Consider the punishment "61" Floor Varnish receives on floors and then realize what satisfaction it will give on furniture and woodwork! Linoleum and similar floor coverings can be brightened and their life indefinitely prolonged by an occasional coat of "61." Sold in Clear Gloss, six woodstain colors and the popular Dull Finish.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL finished with "61." Try the "hammer test" on the panel! Color Card and names of local dealers will be sent on request.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

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CHICAGO SAYS "I WILL" IT WILL. IT DOES!

Chicago is only one of many "Pratt & Lambert towns," but it is one of the most outstanding because it is large. When you enter or leave the city through the new $60,000,000 Union Station, bear in mind that 2,000 gallons of P&L "38" Preservative Varnish were used on the woodwork of this project.

Should you seek a hotel, you are likely to have a hard time finding one on which Pratt & Lambert materials were *not* used. For example, the magnificent new Palmer; the greatly enlarged Sherman; and the 44 story new Morrison, the tallest building in Chicago, and the tallest hotel in the world.

Stroll along beautiful Michigan Avenue and you will pass one magnificent new building after another, finished with Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products—the Bell Building; the London Guarantee and Accident Building; and that world-famed architectural achievement, the Chicago Tribune Tower, not to mention a host of other large but less prominent structures.

Other prominent Chicago buildings on which P&L materials were used are the world's first combined church and office building—the Chicago Temple; D. H. Burnham Building; Union League Club; Illinois Merchants Trust Building; and Chicago's latest hospital—St. Luke's.

Automobile paint shops in Chicago—*more than 150 of them*—are applying that highly successful and quick automobile finish—Vitralite Automobile Enamel, which, strange as it may seem, lasts even longer than the "permanent" and "everlasting" motor car finishes you read about.

Chicago still broadcasting from the McCormick Building: This building going into its seventeenth year without needing refinishing of the woodwork. "38" Preservative Varnish responsible for this splendid performance!

The preference of Chicago for Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products is but a reflection of the same preference in other communities throughout the United States and Canada.

There is a Pratt & Lambert dealer near you who can supply your varnish and enamel needs. He can tell you the right P&L finishing material to use for the purpose you have in mind.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Brilliant Handcraft

HAVE you ever watched a master carver at work? One who could take a block of mahogany, a steel knife, and produce the nude body of a wood nymph, a cluster of wine-fat grapes, or the claw of a tigress? There are many such men in the craft shops of Berkey & Gay. Sculptors who work in wood, because they prefer this kindly and fragrant material to marble or stone. Artists, who are proud to create useful objects that also are beautiful.

Many of these men learned their craft under masters of the Old World, coming later to Berkey & Gay because here, almost alone on this continent, furniture making is still regarded as an art worthy of the finest talent.

This point of view—and this outstanding array of talent in every department—accounts for the great and enduring beauty of Berkey & Gay furniture, and for Berkey & Gay's acknowledged style leadership in furniture circles everywhere.

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United with vast production facilities—and a genius for anticipating modern needs and style trends—these factors have enabled Berkey & Gay to produce finer quality at lower cost than heretofore has been possible in furniture history.

Too many people, aware that Berkey & Gay furniture is popular in homes of wealth, conclude that only people of wealth can afford it.

Ask your dealer for this year's prices! He will convince you that almost anyone of moderate means can now afford to furnish at least *one room a year* with Berkey & Gay pieces—a plan that people everywhere are now adopting on Berkey & Gay dealer terms.

Berkey & Gay Furniture

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY • GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN • NEW YORK WHOLESALE SHOWROOM: 115 W. 40TH STREET

THE NEW COMMODITY FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 23)

possibilities later on. I refer to them here merely to place the region in the list of territories possible for Yankee penetration.

Other available areas for cultivation are Mexico, which became a factor through the production of crude from the guayule shrub; Liberia, where Harvey S. Firestone has leased 1,000,000 acres for cultivation; Panama and Haiti.

Nor must the fact be overlooked that we can produce rubber in the United States. As you will presently see, the ill wind that drove American manufacturers of rubber from scientific development of the guayule shrub in Mexico blew good in the end. It started them on experiments on this side of the Rio Grande, with the result that the shrub is now being commercially cultivated in Arizona and California, with a strong likelihood that it is also possible in South Carolina. Test plantings of various kinds of rubber trees and plants in Florida warrant the belief that they will thrive there.

From Gum Shoe to Tire Shoe

We can now go into concrete American rubber-growing activities abroad. The pioneer was the United States Rubber Company, which, because of the eighty-two years of some kind of rubber production that it represents through its affiliated companies, is the real mother of the industry. It spans what might be called the three ages of rubber.

So widespread is the present use of the automobile, and therefore the universal employment of tires, that the average person seldom stops to consider that the gasoline era is a comparatively recent one. Up to 1890, rubber manufacturers concentrated mainly on footwear, garden and other hose, and products for mechanical use. This was the first epoch.

Then came the bicycle era, when tires, bought on a small scale as compared with their universal use on motor cars today, took their place on the commercial map. Bicycle needs, therefore, registered the second stage of commercial rubber expansion. During these two periods the Amazon area was ample to supply all needs with the crude obtained from the trees that grew wild in the jungle.

The advent of the automobile launched the third age in 1907. This is familiar history. The fact to be emphasized in connection with rubber output is that each period carried over its predecessor on an increasing scale except with bicycle tires. Plantation rubber owed its development to gasoline transport. When the first appreciable crop from the British and Dutch estates came on the market in 1910, the world, and especially the British section of it, went rubber-mad. Speculation in rubber shares became frenzied and the price of the crude went to the record high of $3.12 a pound.

As far back as 1903 the United States Rubber Company realized the potentialities of independent crude-rubber production. At that time you will recall that the Middle East plantations had not come into bearing and South American crude had the field to itself. Accordingly the company obtained a concession for 30,000 square miles of rubber forest in the Brazilian state of Matto Grosso with a view of adapting scientific methods to wild rubber. I use the word "scientific" because one reason why the Brazil output declined was attributable to ignorant and wasteful tapping methods employed by the natives. The Brazilian concession, however, proved to be what the British call a washout. On account of a revolution in Matto Grosso and the unrest that followed, the Americans were unable to develop the property.

An interesting commentary on the growth of rubber consumption is that during the year that the United States Rubber Company made its first examination of the Middle East as a possible area for cultivation—that is, 1907—the total output of automobile tires in the United States was 710,000. Last year it had increased to exactly 59,000,000.

Today the company owns 124,000 acres, or approximately 194 square miles, of rubber plantation lands in the Far East, representing an investment of $26,000,000. This area produced 20,000,000 pounds of rubber in 1925. By 1931 it is estimated that production will have increased 75 per cent, or to 35,000,000 pounds annually.

The company has developed its own method of extracting rubber from the latex, which is the milk that flows from the rubber tree and from which the crude is obtained. It has also increased production from 350 pounds an acre, the usual output on British and Dutch estates, to 420 pounds, with an indication that even 800 pounds an acre can be reached eventually by means of plant breeding and soil and water conservation.

Scientific Production

Clearly to understand the radical changes effected through research work, a brief explanation of the usual methods of rubber gathering, both wild and cultivated, is necessary. The bark is wounded, as the phrase goes, to enable the milk to escape. This latex flows into cups which are fastened to the tree, and is collected each day.

In Brazil, the wild rubber is gathered by ignorant natives, who dip a wooden paddle into the fluid and then smoke it over a fire of leaves and nuts. The heat evaporates a large part of the liquid, the smoke becomes an astringent and a film of rubber is left. This operation is repeated until there is a large ball weighing anywhere from 10 to 100 pounds. The smoke also acts as a preservative.

On the plantations the usual method is to pour the latex into flat pans or vats, adding a small amount of acetic acid, which causes the particles of rubber to coagulate and come to the surface, forming a thick sheet. After standing for some time, this sheet is taken out and put through rollers which squeeze out all the liquid. The rubber is then hung in a smokehouse and smoked from ten to fourteen days, or is ground out into long thin sheets and dried

(Continued on Page 177)

The Lower Side of the Power House at Muscle Shoals, Showing the Overflow of the Turbine

Tain't gwine rain no mo'

CRACK PROOF garden hose

MORE than 2,000,000 garden hose users in the United States have profited by the unusual durability of CRACKPROOF garden hose (SUNPROOF is the same hose with a red cover).

Through an entirely new process of manufacture, additional strength is built into every foot of CRACKPROOF and SUNPROOF where garden hose needs strength—as few people carry garden hose when they can drag it.

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This rugged YALE will pick out in clear relief an object over 900 feet away. It is built to stand the severest test. Here are its features:
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All complete for $1.50
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Manufacturers of
FLASHLIGHTS MONO-CELLS RADIO "A" "B" "C"
STORAGE and DRY BATTERIES
"A YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

(Continued from Page 175)

by air. This is why you see and hear spot rubber offered for sale as smoked sheets.

Another American tire manufacturer in actual rubber production is the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, which began operations in Sumatra in 1917 on a concession of 20,000 acres. It was all heavy virgin jungle with the exception of about 1700 acres of planted rubber and a few hundred acres of coffee. Many difficulties lay in the way of exploitation. The World War was on, and labor was difficult to obtain because during that period the heaviest rubber planting ever known in the East was under way. Despite the handicaps, 10,000 acres of forest were cleared by the fall of 1918. In 1920 a force of 8000 coolies and about 50 Europeans were on the job. Railroads and highways had been built and hospitals established.

Last year the Goodyear plantations produced 2,750,000 pounds of rubber on the Sumatra estates. The yield for 1926 is expected to be about 4,000,000 pounds, with an additional yield of 3,500,000 pounds when all the trees have matured.

Practically all the labor on the Goodyear estates is recruited from Java under the contract system sanctioned by the Dutch Government, which permits employment of the natives for a period of three years at a fixed wage, the employer guaranteeing proper housing, medical attention and other conditions, under government supervision. At the end of the three-year period the coolie may reëngage for a period of one and a half years if he so desires. If not, the employer must pay the expenses of the coolie back to Java, where he was originally engaged. Both men and women are employed under these conditions.

Rubberizing Liberia

If the plans of Harvey S. Firestone mature he will eventually become an important factor in rubber production. You will remember he was among the first in the movement for American-owned plantations, and it was largely because of his publicity campaign that the congressional appropriation became available to finance the crude-rubber surveys of the Department of Commerce.

Deterred from entering the Philippines by the limitations on acreage, and handicapped by political disturbances in Mexico, where he operates an estate, Firestone has turned to Liberia. In the negro republic he has obtained a ninety-nine-year lease on 1,000,000 acres of land suitable for rubber growing. He also has a lease for a like period upon a 2000-acre plantation set out fifteen years ago by a British syndicate and therefore full bearing. His first group of planters are already in Liberia and before the end of the year the big project will be under way. In climate, soil and labor, Liberia is readily adaptable to rubber exploitation. Many years ago wild rubber trees flourished there.

Plantation rubber development usually involves a vast amount of literal spade work, because the jungle must be cleared; but in the case of Liberia the undertaking also demands an elaborate system of public improvements for the country, such as the construction of port and harbor facilities, roads, lines of communication and the introduction of hydroelectric power. Consummation of the Firestone plan therefore will mean a big impetus to the general development of the country in which the United States has always had a sentimental as well as an economic interest. The African republic had its origin in the philanthropic efforts of Americans, and was established to afford a haven for freed slaves desirous of returning to their mother country.

A fourth agency that may contribute to our rubber output is the proposed American Motor Rubber Association, which, it is expected, will unite rubber and motor manufacturers in a joint effort to supply some of their needs. The project grew directly out of the agitation over British restriction last winter, when the rubber boom was at its height.

The sponsors for the enterprise are the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce and the Rubber Association of America, thus uniting the two biggest factors affected by rubber. According to the original scheme the corporation is to have an initial capitalization of $10,000,000 and is to be owned and operated by firms or individuals in the industries involved.

Of course, this $10,000,000 is a drop in the bucket when it comes to initiating plantation rubber. The sum can readily be increased if the enterprise takes hold. The big significance of the American Motor Rubber Association is that it coördinates the two most powerful elements in the business for common action. If it never gets beyond the paper stage, it will at least have served this constructive purpose.

Chewing Gum Rubber

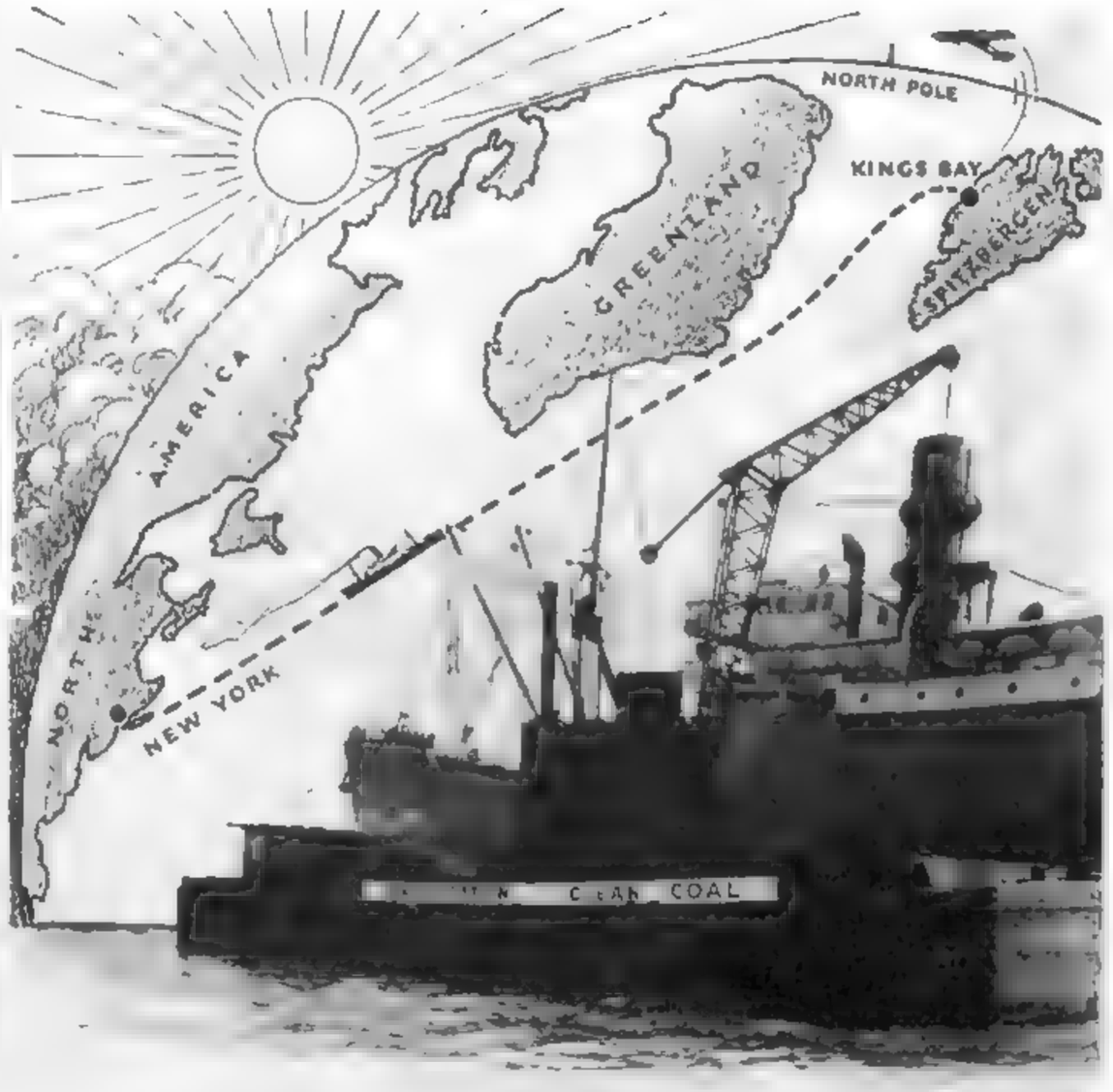
All the operations that I have described, whether actual or in the making, are sponsored by interests actively engaged in the manufacture of rubber products of one kind or another. There is still another American-owned source of crude. I refer to the shrub known as guayule. In connection with its commercialization a little-known chapter of American enterprise was written.

Guayule is the only known commercial rubber shrub. A world-wide search has failed to find it in its wild form in any other region than certain parts of Mexico and a small area in the Big Bend counties of Southern Texas. As early as 1852 it was known that the bark contained a resilient substance, which on analysis proved to contain 80 per cent of pure rubber and about 20 per cent of resin. The rubber was originally discovered when a Mexican chewed some of the bark.

There is a sharp contrast both in size and nature of yield between the guayule shrub and the full-grown rubber tree. The shrub is rarely over two feet in height, while the tree often towers fifty feet. Instead of the milk which exudes from the rubber tree when it is tapped, the rubber content of guayule exists fully formed in the bark. Like the rubber tree, the wild guayule plant is slow of maturity and requires nearly seven years to be available for conversion into a usable product.

After a long series of unsuccessful attempts to extract rubber from the guayule shrub in marketable form, an Italian chemist, William Prampolini, discovered a chemical process for it. He interested the late Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and Thomas F. Ryan, who financed a thorough test. No results that could be adapted commercially were discovered. Aldrich and Ryan had faith in the possibilities of the shrub. They put up more money, established laboratories, and finally William A. Lawrence, assisted by his daughter, Clara Louise Lawrence, brought the research to successful fruition. Their work, which resulted in a purely mechanical process, was patented in 1903.

The following year the Continental-Mexican Rubber Company, formed by Aldrich and Ryan, began to produce guayule rubber at a large factory at Torreon, Mexico.



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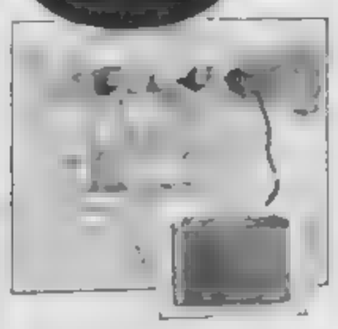

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Electric Light—Brilliant 6-volt light on tiller handle illuminates motor and boat. Day-light safety for night-time cruising.

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Sport Twin

The revolution which began in November, 1910, caused a practical suspension of all business in Northern Mexico, although the Torreon plant was operated spasmodically. In 1922 a second factory was put up at Credos Ranch. Other factories were subsequently established at Cedral in the state of San Luis Potosi and at Visca in the state of Coahuila. Meanwhile all the American-owned guayule interests came under the control of the Intercontinental Rubber Company.

In 1907 the company sent a group of scientists to Mexico to study intensive propagation of the wild shrub. The disorder, which means the usual Mexican revolution, in 1911 led to their withdrawal from the country. The Mexican experimental tracts were ruined by cavalry horses, but a considerable stock of seeds was salvaged.

Shrub-Rubber Economies

Ryan and his associates now turned their attention to an investigation of guayule-shrub growing in the United States. Since it takes the shrub seven years to mature, this was a long and expensive process. Moreover, many localities had to be tested out. It developed that California and Arizona were admirably adapted for cultivation and large areas in both these states are now producing the shrub in commercial quantities. South Carolina will be next in line, as experiments there have proved to be successful.

Last year the Intercontinental Rubber Company produced 8,200,000 pounds of rubber. Most of the product came from 1,800,000 acres of shrub land owned by the concern in Mexico. A very small portion was produced from California and Arizona grown shrub.

Guayule rubber, as it is known, is now a standard commodity and is purchased by all the big rubber manufacturers. On account of its resinous content it is well adapted for impregnating fabrics with rubber. Its advocates maintain that guayule rubber, with wide cultivation, could almost supplant both the wild and the plantation tree product. On the labor side it represents a great saving, because it requires very little care. Among other economies of effort, there is no daily tapping, as with the tree. Furthermore, after the shrub is cut Nature renews the supply.

The Intercontinental Rubber Company has gone in also for plantation production in Sumatra, where it owns and operates 3924 acres. This enterprise is conducted by a subsidiary known as the Continental Plantation Company, which was organized in 1917. The output for this year will be about 550,000 pounds of rubber.

Any analysis of independent rubber production under American auspices must involve a careful consideration of the Amazon Valley as a field for development. The world debt to this region is great, because here is the home of the *Hevea brasiliensis*, the standard tree of the rubber industry, its original habitat being the highlands to the south of the Amazon. From its principal port of shipment, the rubber of commerce is still known everywhere as Pará rubber, whether its origin is Brazil or the East Indies.

The American Rubber Commission sent out by the Department of Commerce demonstrated the existence in the Amazon Valley of all the natural conditions of soil, climate and topography that are needed for the development of the rubber tree. Moreover, there are found the largest areas in the world available for the cultivation of rubber, some of the best sites being within two or three days from Pará—that is, some ten or twelve days from New York. Rubber could be loaded on ocean steamers at the plantation's own docks. No other area has such advantages from the standpoint of transportation. In case of war it would be much easier to keep open the ocean lanes between our coast and the mouth of the Amazon than between this country and the Orient.

The argument that labor is lacking in the Amazon is not borne out by the facts. The native element is efficient and easily managed. The state of Pará had in 1920 more than 980,000 people, Amazonas 363,000, the Acre territory 90,000 and the rubber country of the state of Matto Grosso 40,000. Additional laborers can be drawn from the neighboring coast states, the five northernmost of which had a combined population of some 4,300,000 in 1920. There is a surplus of labor in these states, such as Ceará. They have always been the traditional recruiting ground for the Amazon country. Americans who have employed large numbers of these laborers in the cities of Manaos, São Luiz and Ceará have declared that they would not want better help. The standard daily wage for unskilled labor in the parts of Brazil that I have mentioned is two milreis a day, with food, or two and a half milreis without food

Riches of the Amazon Valley

The export taxes on rubber from the Amazon country are excessive, but the state governments have formally declared their readiness to reduce them to the same levels that prevail in the Middle East, and have even offered better terms to investors in at least one of them. There are no land laws to offer an obstacle to large holdings, as in the Philippines.

The state of Pará has an excellent record in its dealings with foreigners, and the new régime in Amazonas also gives every guaranty of protection to the rights and capital of foreign investors. Both are serious governments, headed by men of high character, conscious of their responsibility for the economic development of their domains.

A further advantage of the Amazon Valley over other areas where rubber might be planted is the existence of more than 300,000,000 wild rubber trees that could be tapped. During the six or seven years while planted trees are coming to maturity, which always represents a period of heavy outlay without any revenues from production, wild rubber could be worked by the planting company. The production of the Amazon Valley in 1925 was about 29,000 tons, of which Brazil shipped about 26,000 tons. In 1912, its year of highest production, the Amazon Valley exported more than 44,000 tons. With introduction of capital for mobilizing labor, the production of the Amazon could easily be increased to 70,000 tons a year, which would represent a very considerable factor in the world's rubber market.

There are a number of other products in the Amazon Valley that might be developed in connection with rubber, and bring in additional large revenues from the market. These include vegetable oil materials, of which it has the largest supplies in the world, Brazil nuts, lumber, fibers and cacao.

Finally, there is synthetic rubber, which, on a commercial scale, still eludes practical science, like perpetual motion and the secret of eternal youth. Since it involves intensive research, you need scarcely be told that the Germans have taken the lead. Long before the World War they were hot on the job. When the European conflagration cut them off from supplies of the real thing, they turned to the substitute with renewed energy and produced a commodity that served its purpose.

From the beginning of 1917 until the end of 1918, about 40,000 tons of synthetic rubber are said to have been manufactured from potatoes and coal by-products. The big difficulty lay in the fact that the product differed in elasticity at various degrees of temperature. Rubber balls almost unelastic at the time of vulcanization became elastic in a warm climate. Automobile tires manufactured for the German armies in Russia, Mesopotamia and elsewhere gave different degrees of satisfaction. In the Russian cold they were well-nigh useless, while in Mesopotamia, with its hot climate, they proved elastic and serviceable.

(Continued on Page 181)

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TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

(Continued from Page 178)

High cost of production and inferiority of quality operate against the synthetic product. Up to the present time it cannot compete with natural rubber. A pound of the artificial during the war cost in the neighborhood of twelve gold marks, which is equal to three dollars in American money. Plantation rubber, at the peak of the boom last year, went only to $1.21. All price elements aside, lack of quality is the factor that keeps synthetic rubber off the market in peacetimes. As far as any kind of quantity output is concerned, synthetic rubber in Germany is a matter of the past and of the future, rather than of the present. No appreciable quantity has been manufactured for industrial purposes since the war.

No one can deny that in successful manufacture of a synthetic commodity lies one of the vital keys to the rubber future. Since Germany consumes on an average 36,000 tons of crude rubber a year—this is less than one-tenth of American consumption—she occupies second place as buyer. The natural instinct of the Teuton to create substitutes under the press of emergency may eventually lead him to solve the greatest of all rubber problems.

After rubber, our chief dependency upon a controlled foreign commodity in terms of dollars and cents is coffee. Brazil produces 65 per cent of the world's supply and we consume more than half of it. In the preceding article I explained how the valorization scheme keeps large quantities of the bean out of the market, thereby raising the price and affecting millions of households throughout the United States. The American consumer paid an excess of $82,000,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925. Although the price has subsided, we are always at the mercy of a tightening of the valorization scheme.

With adequate money, courage and patience, we can produce enough rubber in time to swing the price. Not so with coffee. On the other hand, we must have rubber to maintain a preëminent industry, but we can almost eliminate coffee without impairing our industrial supremacy to the slightest extent. There are various alternatives, such as tea and cocoa.

Consumer Resistance

Whereas rubber growing for the moment—I refer to the plantation product—is confined to a comparatively small area in the Middle East, coffee is grown in exactly twenty different parts of the world. Brazil's chief rival is Colombia, whose exports to the United States are steadily increasing.

Unfortunately for us, much of the capital behind coffee growing in Latin-American countries outside Brazil is German or British. Highly developed coffee culture is a sort of tradition that takes a long time to establish. It would be almost futile for us to try to invade the old areas. We could expand the industry in our island possessions—Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico—where coffee has been produced for years. One reason why we have not developed a more pronounced taste for Porto Rican coffee is that its biggest market has been Cuba. A portion of it also goes to Europe.

The best weapon against the abuse of Brazilian valorization is in consumer resistance, the efficacy of which has been amply demonstrated. The percentage of the coffee imports of the United States supplied by Brazil declined from 78 per cent in 1910 to 67 per cent in 1925. Meanwhile the percentage from Colombia has risen during those years from 6 per cent to 17 per cent. In other words, the 11 per cent loss of Brazil seems to have been transferred to that country's leading competitor. The American consumer will naturally seek further self-protection in reduced consumption or in substitutes whenever the Brazilian source is subject to the manipulations of an agency whose governmental status places it totally beyond the normal processes of trade.

There is already apparent among sober and farsighted Brazilian business men a visualization of the possible ultimate impairment of Brazil's present dominant position in the world's coffee trade, for reasons which are strikingly similar to those that contributed materially to the loss of her rubber trade some twenty years ago, when export duties and other restrictions upon rubber traffic materially encouraged the development of that industry elsewhere. There can be no doubt that the curtailment of coffee imports of the United States in 1925 by 150,000,000 pounds was in part a reaction against the spectacular increase in price during 1924 and 1925.

Nitrogen From the Air

More encouraging is the prospect of some degree of emancipation from the Chilean nitrate monopoly. The only natural source of fixed nitrogen known to exist is in the desert region of Chile. In consequence the output is under a rigid control, which operates through a producers' association in which the government participates. There has been no appreciable gouge in the price of their product; but since it is essential to the manufacturer of munitions, a war that blockades ocean lanes invariably causes serious complications. Some 80 per cent of the nitrates produced is employed as fertilizer and the remainder in the manufacture of explosives, dyes and other products of the chemical industry.

The second source of fixed nitrogen is ammonia, as a by-product of coke and gas plants. Here output is limited to the productive capacities of plants whose chief function is in another direction. All other inorganic nitrogenous fertilizers have their source of nitrogen in the air. This air nitrogen is a very inert and inactive chemical element, which means that intense, prolonged and expensive processes are required to change it into active nitrogen suitable for plant food. Many different processes are available. As usual, the Germans have perfected the best. One outstanding virtue of nitrogen produced from the air is that the supply is unlimited.

Because the natural source of fixed nitrogen for fertilizers or munitions purposes is in Chile, all governments have become keenly interested in synthetic nitrogen products for wartime purposes. The most conspicuous example of the development along this line is offered by Germany. During the war, when she was cut off from the Chilean output, she turned to the manufacture of the synthetic article with such efficiency that today she is not required to import a single ton from Chile. Her production is so large that it has become a serious competitor of the real thing in all European markets. At present her capacity is limited to the two huge plants erected in 1915 and 1916. These were written off as a war charge, thus enabling the manufacturers to sell now at a reasonable price.

A synthetic nitrogen plant, as we have discovered in this country, is a costly business. If Germany expects to commercialize her synthetic article on a world scale, new factories will be necessary, and the price will rise correspondingly. Meanwhile she produced 420,000 out of the total 480,000 tons of nitrogen contained in synthetic nitrogen products, which represented the total output of 1925. This showed an increase of 17 per cent over the 1924 production figure. It is interesting to add that Chilean nitrates increased only by a bare 6 per cent during the same period.

England is financing synthetic nitrogen plants. France is protecting hers by import duties on Chilean nitrates. Japan also has got into the game. On account of the heavy overhead cost, government support and protection are necessary to enable synthetic nitrogen plants to survive peacetime competition with the Chilean article. Of all countries, Norway is the only one that can economically supply it to the world's market up to the limited capacity of her hydroelectric power. This power is cheap, because it is geographically located

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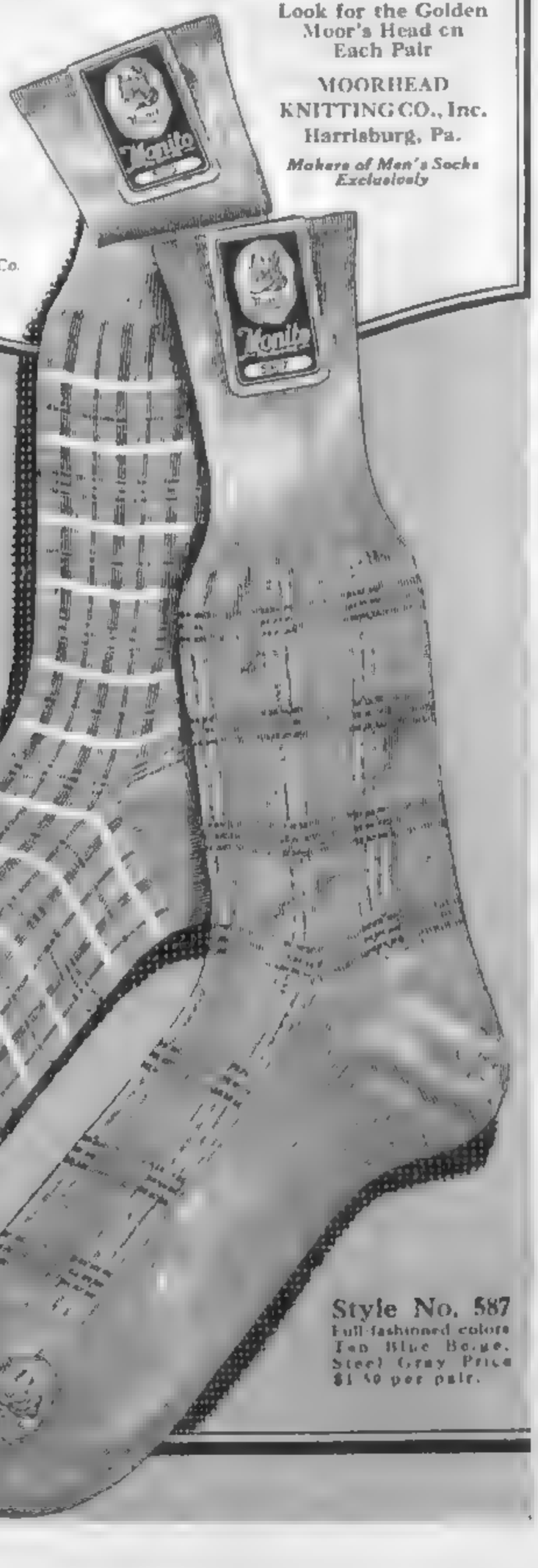

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within reasonable distances from manufacturing centers.

All this explanation is a necessary approach to where we get off in nitrates. During the war the United States Government built two immense synthetic nitrate plants. One is located about a mile from Sheffield, Alabama, and the other is the much-described and equally much-discussed concern at Muscle Shoals, in the same state. These establishments could give us a reasonable immunity from dependence upon either the Chilean natural product or the foreign-made substitute. The important task therefore is to take the politics out of nitrates and get down to high-powered operation of these institutions, which represent the outlay of many millions of good American dollars.

During the past twelve months American capital and enterprise have begun to bring about a revolution in the production of Chilean nitrate. Heretofore it was made by a crystallization process which salvaged only from 55 to 60 per cent of nitrate from the *caliche*, the nitrate-bearing ore. A distinguished American engineer, E. A. Cappelen Smith, who devised the smelting process which opened up the great Chuquicamata copper empire in Chile, discovered a refrigerating process which obtains from 90 to 95 per cent of nitrate. The Cappelen Smith process is now being introduced in an area covering 100 square miles of pampas in the heart of the Chilean nitrate producing area. It is a Guggenheim undertaking and marks the real entry of the United States into natural nitrate production on a big scale.

The development of a synthetic-nitrogen industry is only part of the campaign against fertilizer monopoly. One of the most complete of existing controls in an essential commodity is represented by potash, the entire marketable output of which practically rests with the Germans and the French. They recently renewed their agreement to operate as a close corporation on a 70–30 world production basis, the Teutons to have the big end of the business. The only available commercial source of pure potash supply is in their hands.

American Potash Deposits

During the World War, when all potash exports stopped, we spent $50,000,000 in an attempt to extract potash from kelp, from the salines of Nebraska, Utah and California, from blasting-furnace and cement-factory dusts, and from various potash-bearing rocks. We were not able to produce more than 10 per cent of our needs, which aggregate about 250,000 tons a year. The moment French and German potash returned to the market and the French got the Alsace-Lorraine mines under the Versailles Treaty, our productive ardor subsided.

As soon as the Franco-German agreement came into force last year, American potash consumers sat up and began to take notice, with the result that a new era of investigation started. Thanks to oil-well drilling in Texas, a vast potash deposit was discovered in that state. Recently, again through the oil driller, it became known that the same bed extended into New Mexico. On April fifteenth last, Congress made an appropriation of $550,000 a year for five years to enable the United States Geological Survey and the Department of Agriculture to make an exhaustive survey to locate potash deposits throughout the United States and to devise new and improved methods of extraction. With this stimulus, there is not the slightest reason why we cannot make ourselves reasonably independent of the Franco-German trust.

The more you probe into the operations of foreign monopolies in essential raw materials, the more you discover that cupidity is invariably their undoing in the end. You have seen how British restriction aroused the American consumer to a resentment that is expressing itself in a campaign for independence. The same has happened with nitrates and potash.

Even more marked is the American offensive to break the Yucatan sisal octopus. Since 1915, with the exception of two years, our binder-twine manufacturers, who are by far the greatest consumers of sisal, have been compelled to purchase the raw material from various forms of government agencies at prices and under conditions fixed by the monopoly. These prices have ranged from 2.5 cents to 23.5 cents a pound. Not only was the price fluctuation serious but the hazards of the sisal output, being controlled by a government subject to frequent and violent political upheavals, put the binder-twine industry, and through it our food supply, into continuous jeopardy.

So destructive and disconcerting has been the procedure of the trust—it has deterred the producer as well as the consumer—that American manufacturers have been trying to find new areas for sisal production. Some years ago the International Harvester Company turned out a binder twine from home-grown flax. It proved disappointing, because the twine weakened under exposure in the field after harvesting. This loosened the grain and caused loss to the farmers. It also attracted insects and other field pests. Kentucky hemp is fairly satisfactory as a binder-twine fiber, but the supply is limited, the cost of production heavy and the fiber is so much more desirable for other purposes that its price is too high for twine manufacture.

Commodity Understudies

Efforts to develop other sources of sisal supply have been more productive and encouraging. The International Harvester Company made experiments in Ecuador and found that the sisal plant would thrive there. Land was acquired and plantations started. Subsequently, political conditions interfered with output.

The company then turned to Cuba, where success is being registered. Some 3000 acres were planted near Cárdenas and the greater portion of this land is now producing. Soil and climatic condition, labor supply and shipping facilities are all favorable. Cuba therefore will be an important future source of supply. Even at the average price commanded by Yucatan sisal when that market has not been arbitrarily interfered with by government monopoly, sisal production would be an important addition to the revenue-producing industries of the Cuban republic.

Sisal fiber can be grown also in East Africa and Java, and it is possible that the Cuban venture will be repeated there. In seeking to develop a source of sisal supply other than Yucatan, which now produces 97 per cent of it, American binder-twine manufacturers are not looking merely for cheap raw material, but for a more stable and dependable material, which the American farmer simply must have in order to gather his cereal crops.

Everywhere inroads are being made on the natural—from their procedure, I should say unnatural—monopolies. The development of artificial silk in the United States, Italy and England is little less than phenomenal. American-made synthetic camphor is hitting the Japanese control of the real thing hard. An illuminating observation is that it was not until the Nipponese began to restrict supply that we engaged in the industry. We have also created a substitute for iodine, which is in the grip of the Chilean trust. Yankee ingenuity is turning to an understudy for Argentine quebracho, the best known tanning extract. So it goes.

The big lesson embodied in this survey of commodity controls is not that they stifle the natural ebb and flow of productive forces; that they bristle with possibilities for political manipulation and endanger international good will. It is that we must mobilize our resources to make ourselves independent, wherever possible, of those agencies that distort price and create confusion in the market and manufacturing places.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with alien commodity controls.

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WAVE-LAPPED shores are urging. *Play-days* are here . . . days to be spent in the open, away from the rumble and strain of cities.

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Easy to start, exceedingly simple to steer and control; *anyone* can operate it.

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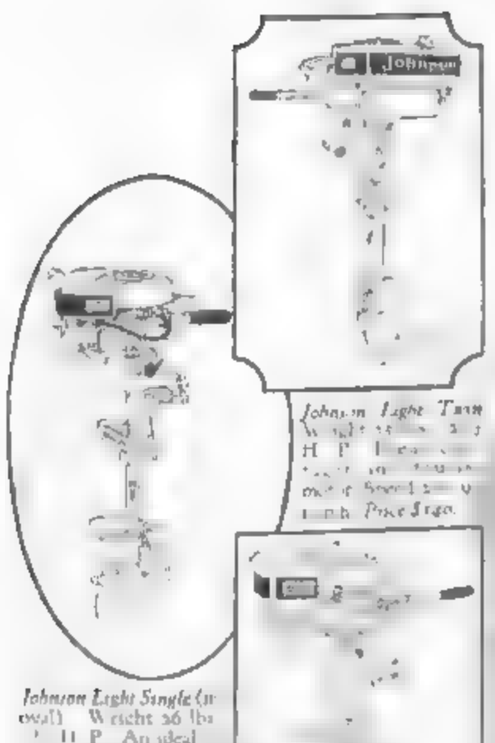

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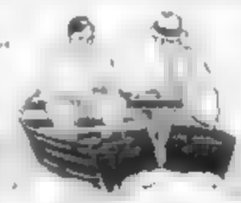

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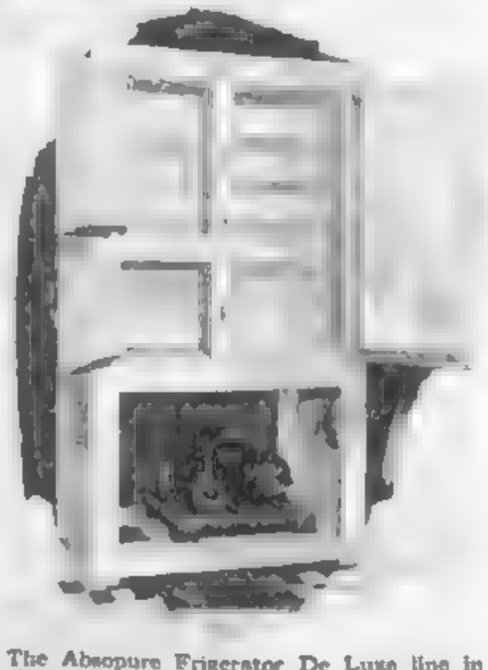

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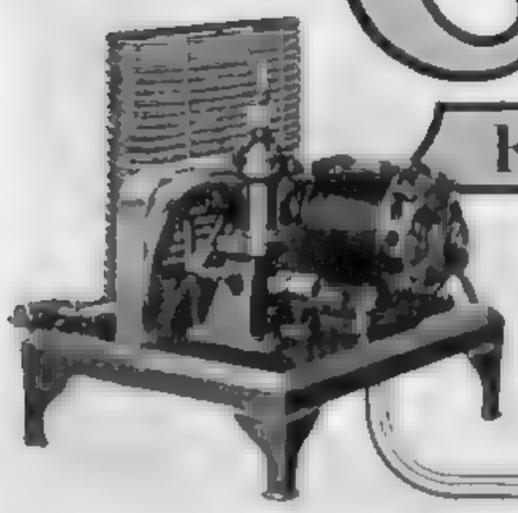

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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WHAT GOES WITH AN A. B.

(Continued from Page 29)

important, covers only one-half the question, the academicians will insist. Not how much a man earns but how much he lives is the important fact. Though not for a moment admitting that intensive intellectual training destroys a man's practical efficiency, something deeper, more fundamental and finer is sought through education.

That certainly was my objective, and, whether I reached it or not, the effort has rewarded me with three of the pleasantest years of my life. When I looked ahead to the long schedule of unbroken study superimposed upon the normal duties of professional work, the task appeared formidable for one not by nature a student. Today it seems but yesterday that I began. Had I been a retired millionaire, which I was not, seeking no other goal than a satisfactory method of filling my days with stimulating interest, I could have devised no more ingenious plan.

As a soul-satisfying luxury, if nothing else, I can heartily recommend an education to those who, retaining an intelligent curiosity about life, have found surfeit in the purely materialistic pleasures of a limited present. Well-organized study offers a far wider field than travel or sports, and may for that matter be undertaken in connection with those, if one is so fortunate as to have the means to indulge in all. Furthermore, one need not have either the spirit or the training of a scholar to enjoy the acquisition of knowledge. To me this taste seems like a purely normal desire on the part of any normal man. The only reason that it is not more generally satisfied is because of a lack of initiative on the part of many in later life, and because of the tendency of successful Americans to look to others rather than to themselves for the pleasures of their more mature years. Of what use is their hard-earned money if it will not buy out of hand enough to keep them agreeably occupied? So they go abroad once more and stare stupidly at surfaces, all the drama hidden from their eyes on the inside, or they join another club and yawn over another set of the same old faces, or they buy another motor car and wonder where to motor next. This attitude, with a slight shift of emphasis, is found in every layer of society, the search being always for effortless indulgence.

My point, based on personal experience, is that, ignoring all other values, there are thousands of somewhat bored and dissatisfied citizens in this broad land who, if they only realized it, could get more fun out of their leisure than they are now getting, if as a hobby they undertook, more or less seriously, some line of study and followed it long enough really to master it. If looked upon as amusement merely, here is an inexhaustible source which grows more fascinating the longer it is pursued.

Drama in the History Books

Though in one sense I have covered considerable ground in the process of securing a degree, I am just beginning to realize that, as a matter of fact, all I have done so far is to survey the ground. I see avenues opening in every direction that attract me. Take as an example my latest excursion—that into the field of the history of these United States of America.

I enrolled in this subject rather diffidently and somewhat as a matter of duty. I was ashamed of how little I knew of the background in which eight generations of my family had lived. Beyond a few half-forgotten details centering around Columbus, Washington and Lincoln, I was as ignorant as a Chinese laundryman. So, for that matter, are most American citizens, including a large proportion of our college graduates. That is due not only to the superficial familiarity with the subject, which breeds contempt, but also to the belief that compared with the vivid pages of Continental history, with its trappings of royalty and its tremendous figures, our own history is drab. I felt so decidedly before I knew better. I had reveled in the brilliant years of the Renaissance and in the drama of the tremendous dramatic duels which followed, culminating in the conflagration of the French Revolution, until it seemed to me that to return to this country would be like turning from epic drama to the prosaic pages of a dull newspaper.

Today I stand corrected. Beginning in 1750, with the thirteen colonies well established along the Eastern seaboard, I defy any man, however matter of fact, to stand unmoved while observing the events of the next one hundred years—the story of the most astounding national big-scale development the world has ever seen. England was a thousand years in the making, but we became her sturdy equal within the lifetime of two generations. There are people living today who have talked with those who talked with Washington, so near is that past. And yet it is only within the last decade that the truth of those remarkable years has been properly presented, undistorted by sentimentalism and with an evaluation of underlying causes.

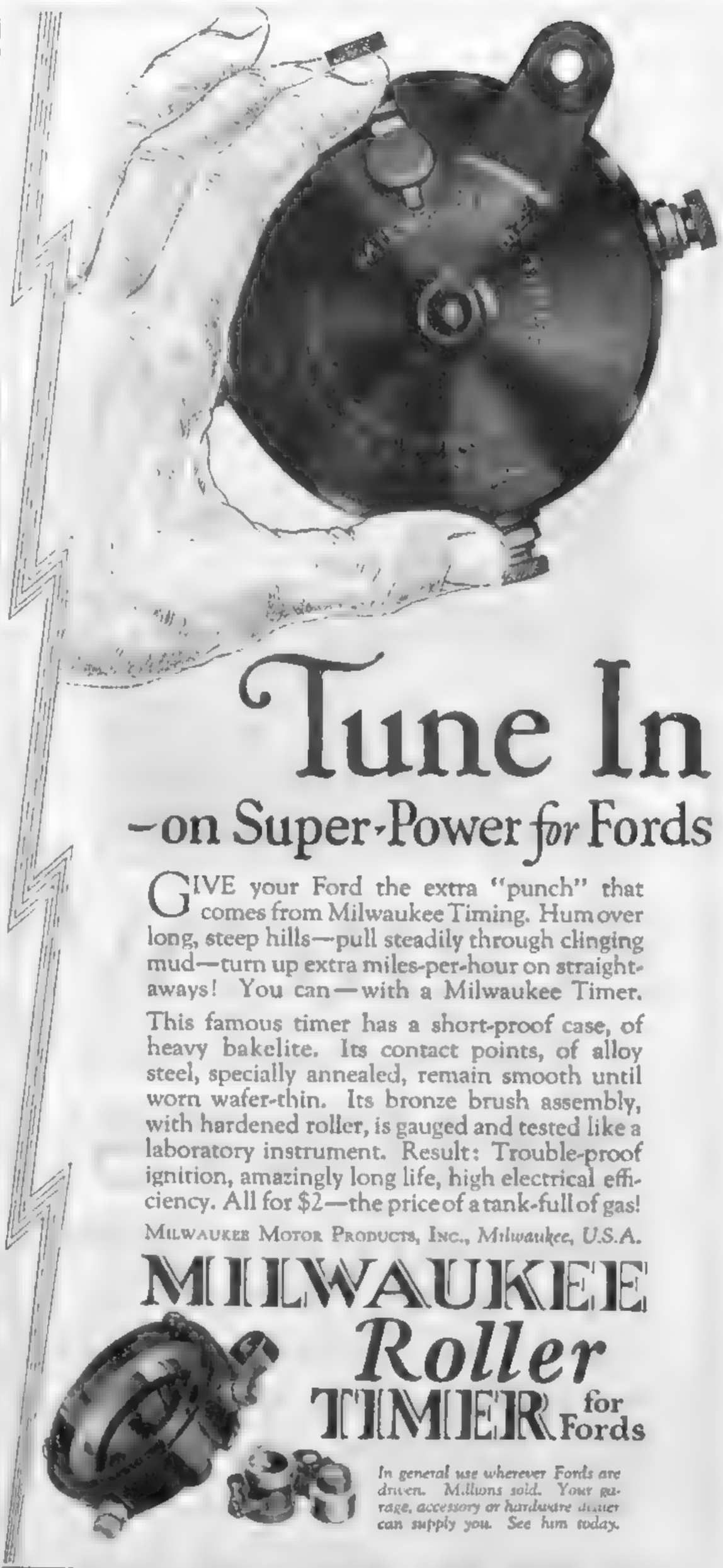
Getting Acquainted With Lincoln

This new presentation destroys nothing of the fundamental romance, but substitutes the genuine for the false. It makes the facts easier to believe and gives us a deeper appreciation of the work of our really great men, even though it turns topsy-turvy some of the childish traditions of our high-school histories. Today, with the wealth of new evidence which has been brought to light, sifted and presented by appreciative and scholarly historians, we can almost walk and talk with those men and make them an integral part of our experience of life. The more we read, the more intimate we become with them, until in a few years of study we enjoy the full benefit of having lived with them.

History approached in this fashion becomes an inexhaustible and cumulative source of delight. The trouble with most of us is that we do not get beyond the graveyard stage of narrative framework—the dry skeleton, articulated with dates. Not until we begin to clothe these white bones with flesh and endow the historic forms with intellect and emotions do we respond to them as one human being to another. Then the intervening years drop away and we find our forbears, blood of our blood, ready to be not only our companions but our advisers.

Although the later part of our history, from 1850 on, is still within the memory of living men, it is astonishing how far into the past it has receded and how imperfectly it is understood by the present generation. Most of them know there was a Civil War and have heard the names of Clay, Calhoun and Webster. Most of them are familiar with the features of Lincoln, but there their information stops. There my own information stopped.

In view of what I am now conscious of having missed for forty years, I am ashamed to admit this, but it is a fact. For an American not to know in very great detail the causes and conduct of the Civil War is to lose an opportunity to know his people inside and out. The best and the worst of us—the whole of us—is there revealed. Never, except perhaps in the French Revolution, did a nation so thoroughly unbosom itself in open confession. The dross was mercilessly exposed; but so, too, was the virgin gold—the fourteen-carat gold—as embodied in Abraham Lincoln. A college education which did nothing more than bring into a man's consciousness the influence of that figure alone would be justified. To know Lincoln root and branch is to acquire a new faith in the possibilities of our race.



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This may be done as well outside the campus as within. I have often had that called to my attention both by laymen and by professors.

"Why waste your time attending lectures and committing yourself to the drudgery of classrooms when you can cover the ground by yourself?" they ask. "A man beyond the cub stage ought to be intelligent enough to handle his own reading."

Yes, he should be; but the fact remains that he does not display this sort of intelligence, either about his reading or about a great many other matters. Generally I find it a sufficient answer to inquire of my critic just what he himself is reading. Nine times out of ten I discover that this consists of two daily papers, upon which he wastes an hour, when twenty minutes should be the maximum; an occasional magazine, which will occupy an entire evening; and, in the course of the year, a dozen current novels which have served no purpose but to help him idle through so many stupid gaps in his social schedule. If now and then his attention is called to some book like Charnwood's Lincoln, he will read that with enthusiasm and there stop for another long interval.

That, at any rate, was my own experience, and I suppose I represent a fair average. For twenty-five years I always intended to do more, because I had a taste for history and biography and was conscious of my own ignorance. And yet, though I had access to many libraries and, in fact, inherited a fair library of my own, I frittered away my time as aimlessly as a child poring over picture books. I kept posted upon contemporaneous events, some will declare. I did not. I kept posted only on contemporaneous gossip.

To understand events, either foreign or national, it is necessary to have more of a background than I then had. Though I had voted for twenty-five years, I had no more idea of how the Republican and Democratic Parties came into being, of how they developed, of what they stood for, than as though I had been born in Turkey. Without such knowledge, party politics degenerates into merely partisan politics. It was impossible for me to interpret intelligently the tendencies of national policies.

Or take a matter even more fundamental—the Constitution. When we so glibly use the phrase that a law is unconstitutional, what do we mean? Without understanding how this document came to be framed and the dominating spirit of the two schools which later interpreted it, the Constitution can have no meaning whatever. Nor has it to one American in a thousand. Today I know a good deal more about those important historical facts than I did, and five years from now shall know more.

Learning How to Learn

One thing, then, that a college education does is to shake a man out of his smug and indolent self-content and make him realize, at least temporarily, what an ignorant ass he is. The next thing it does is to reveal what an ignorant ass the other fellow is. The third thing it does, if his education is successful, is to instruct him how to remedy, to some extent, that defect in himself. He learns where to go for the necessary information, how to arrange it, and how, through study, to make it part of himself. Furthermore, he cultivates, if responsive, a taste for that sort of knowledge because he sees it makes for intelligence.

If college does not accomplish this much, it accomplishes little, for the amount of permanent knowledge acquired by the normal undergraduate is slight, and, unless constantly reënforced, soon disappears. I shall hold what I have learned longer than most younger men, because it interests me and because I shall apply and use it. But I am convinced that it would be the easiest thing in the world to forget within the next few years most of the mass of details I have recently acquired, unless in some way or other I make use of them. But I do not intend to forget. I mean to go over my notes and to fill in with continued reading the subjects which have most interested me

I doubt, however, if many of the younger graduates will make any such effort. And there is one school of modern thought which refuses to deplore this fact. It is not what one learns, they argue, but what happens to one in the process of learning that is important. These courses are only a form of intellectual exercise, a kind of mental gymnastics designed for the purpose of training the intelligence and of developing the critical faculty.

No one will deny that this is one of the fundamental purposes of education, but too often it is seized by the undergraduate and later by the graduate as an excuse for not making the extra effort necessary for retaining his academic knowledge. He takes a course in fine arts, and this undoubtedly serves a useful end in teaching him how to correlate facts. It may even improve his standard of taste. But if a few years later he cannot tell the difference between a Doric and an Ionic column; forgets whether Giotto painted in the fourteenth or the sixteenth century, or perhaps is not aware that he painted at all, but thinks he was an early Italian poet—it would hardly seem as though such a result was all that properly would be expected of an educated man, however brilliantly he may think within his own limited professional field.

Youth's Right to Dream

By the same token, a study of literature and history may have as one of its objects the improvement of intellectual taste and a sharpening of the critical sense; but if in a few years the student has applied this only to law, medicine, politics or theology, and no longer reads Chaucer or Shakspere and cannot discuss the major movements of history, one may feel that even if he has grasped many of the fundamental principles of thought, he lacks something that an educated man ought to possess. And this is exactly what, in this age of specializing, most Americans do lack. It is only too obvious among the teachers themselves, where often men of one department are not quite at ease when in general conversation with men of another department. Within their field they are experts, but outside that they may be as ignorant as the most ignorant undergraduate.

Man, in all probability, is something more than a mere thinking machine. The same type of undergraduate who protested at the old-time memory system is now growing rebellious at the reaction which tends to interpret life in terms of cold logic alone. They are voicing anew the protests of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson and William James. James particularly, who, against the logic choppers, insisted that both faith and chance have a rightful place in any system of philosophy, might have been expressing the thoughts of many undergraduates of today. Take, for example, the following passage from his attack upon the pure subjectivists:

"If this be the whole fruit of the victory, we say; if the generations of mankind suffered and laid down their lives; if prophets confessed and martyrs sang in the fire; and all the sacred tears were shed for no other end than that a race of creatures of such unexampled insipidity should succeed, and protract *in sæcula sæculorum* their contented and inoffensive lives—why, at such a rate, better lose than win the battle, or at all events better ring down the curtain before the last act of the play, so that a business that began so importantly may be saved from so singularly flat a winding-up."

There is danger in not leaving to youth the privilege of dreaming, and that is something which must be considered in the stress placed today upon the intellect alone.

One of the most popular and persistent illusions is that an education will increase the capacity of any boy, willy-nilly—that it is in the nature of what Carlyle dubbed a

(Continued on Page 189)

Put a bit of orange in the mouth

Instantly the mouth glands bathe the teeth with a fluid just right to protect them from the acid fruit

Chew a piece of meat. The glands produce a different fluid. Bread. And still another fluid comes to save the teeth and gums.

If the mouth glands falter, decay begins. The gums start to soften and bleed. The mouth loses its healthy sweetness.

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Even before our teens the mouth glands begin to slow up—age, for lack of exercise. For the soft foods we live on do not exercise them. It is chewing that makes the glands work. They are 20 times more active when we chew. Yet our diet of today is so soft, so easily swallowed that chewing has

become almost unnecessary. Long before they should, the lovely teeth and gums we are so proud to show begin to go!

In the mouth are tiny glands, three on each side

They should be working day and night to keep the teeth and gums safe and sound—the whole mouth sweet. It is important to keep them always functioning actively. (The numerals in the photograph to the left show where the mouth glands are located.)

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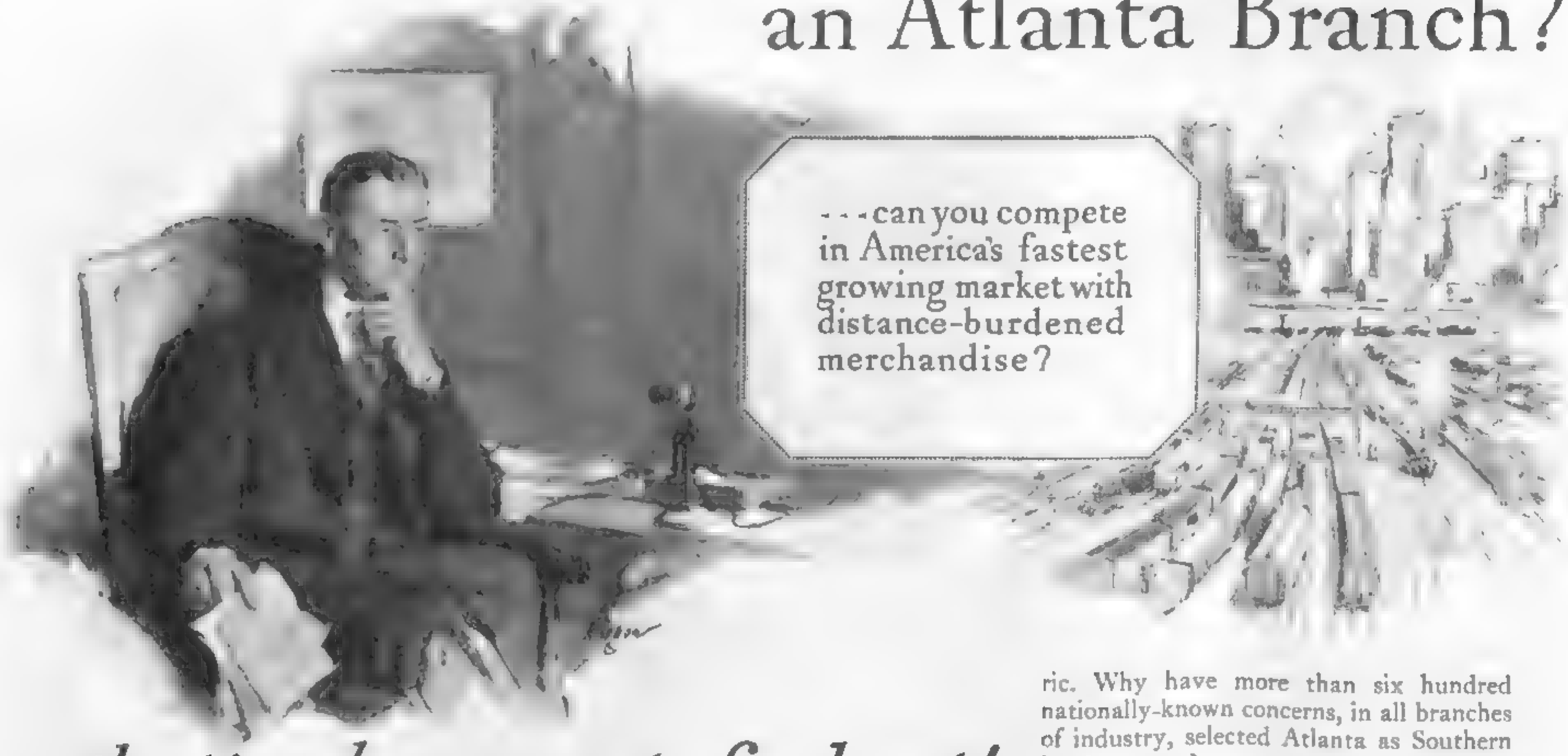

—the time has come to find out!

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Can your business afford not to know—and know definitely?

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Are you getting your share of Southern business? Are you sure?

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Find out why over 600 nationally known concerns after careful survey and comparison have selected Atlanta as Southern Headquarters. Send for this free booklet and profit by their experiences.

(Continued from Page 186)

Morrison's Pill, or a panacea "good for what ails you." As a matter of fact, Harvard and every other college is graduating yearly dozens of men who, as far as one is able to observe, have received no benefit at all from these four years. It is even possible to point to some who may have been injured.

I am not referring here to bad habits. The normal young man does not acquire any more of these at Harvard than he does in the world at large, except that on the whole he has more leisure. In both spheres there is always the usual percentage of heavy drinkers and men of loose conduct, with their satellites of weaklings. The undergraduate who has not found himself will discover opportunities enough for messing up his life, but at Harvard this is considered by the student body less the thing to do than at many small colleges. Excess here is more of an individual affair. The cheap sport is very much in the background and makes himself conspicuous only on especial occasions.

In the past three years and a half I have seen only two men the worse for wear in the Yard or classroom. The bootlegger has not been completely eliminated, but it is certain that the dissipated idler is less in evidence than he was twenty-five years ago. Furthermore, though the sport may have his admirers in certain of the clubs, he does not dominate his class. The college leaders are far too busy to be able to waste much time with him.

This change is not due to any particular effort on the part of the dean's office. Consistent rotters are not endured and dormitory violations of ordinary decency are punished, to be sure, but no paternalistic system is in force. A man's conduct, as long as he maintains his academic standing, is considered his own personal problem except when it is of a nature that would bar him from any healthy social group.

That Harvard should accept no direct responsibility for a young man's morals is perhaps inevitable, considering the size of the undergraduate body and the variety of types represented here. It is perhaps more open to criticism that it assumes even less responsibility for his ideals, except on the very general ground that rationality is supposed to foster intelligence and intelligence to beget an appreciation of the higher values of life.

Here, however, neither Harvard nor any other college is able to guarantee results. The universities do not claim to do so, and yet I think that the average parent feels this to be in the nature of an implied contract. This is based upon the belief that ethical development is synonymous with intellectual development. Yet any man who has lived a decade or more in the world at large must have found himself disappointed again and again at the faulty standards of many brilliant college graduates in business, in the professions, in politics, and even in social life. The batting average of the educated man may be high, but certainly it is not yet one thousand.

Speaking of Ethics

Most undergraduates come from homes where some sort of ethical code, generally affiliated with their religious training, has been the basis of their conduct. They may not have thought very much on the subject, but they have accepted certain rules in the spirit of faith. These—their social group—dominated by custom, have dictated to them, more or less. But in any undenominational college they find themselves suddenly in a different atmosphere. In the first place, the ethical system is separated from the religious. Then it is presented in the light of a dozen different theories. As the late Professor Royce, one of the kindliest and deepest thinkers ever at Harvard, put it:

"One of the familiar traits of our time is the tendency to revise tradition, to reconsider the foundations of old beliefs, and sometimes mercilessly to destroy what once seemed indispensable. This modern tendency in question has, of late years, been very notable in the field of ethics. Conventional morality has been required, in company with religion and also in company with exact science, to endure the fire of criticism. And although in all ages the moral law has indeed been exposed to the assaults of the wayward, the peculiar moral situation of our time is this: That it is no longer either the flippant or the vicious who are the most pronounced or the most dangerous opponents of our moral traditions. Devoted reformers, ardent prophets of a coming spiritual order—all these types of lovers of humanity are represented amongst those who today demand deep changes in the moral standards by which our lives are governed."

And a little later, in his book on Loyalty, he comments:

"But restlessness regarding the very foundations of morality—that seems to many of us especially discouraging. For that concerns both the seen and the unseen world, both the truths that justify the toil spent upon exact science and the hopes for the love of which the religions of men seemed dear. For what is science worth, and what is religion worth, if human life itself, for whose ennoblement science and religion have both labored, has no genuine moral standards by which one may measure its value? If then our moral standards themselves are questioned, the iron of doubt—so some of us feel—seems to enter our very hearts."

It is small wonder if in the face of this new situation many young men, disconcerted and bewildered, finally "throw out the baby with the bath," as another teacher phrased it.

In Search of the Black Cat

I do not know of any more disturbing element of modern education. It is the more disturbing because there seems to be no way of correcting it. Every orthodox suggestion seems like a step backward. All the logic is on the side of the intellectualist.

So most of the advanced thinkers, both among teachers and members of the undergraduates' Liberal Club, shrug their shoulders when this subject of general skepticism is raised. "What of it?" they ask with a superior air.

"Just what are you after yourselves?" I inquire.

"The truth," they answer instantly.

That would be a simple and convincing reply if they did not offer immediately so many different kinds of truth

"It's like trying to catch a black cat in a dark room," said one philosopher.

"What of that?" the scholar replies. "Your individual job is that of critic; to review all the evidence and select the school of thought which most nearly approximates your own conception of rationality."

In other words, the matter of standards is a personal problem. The ideal of a modern university is not so much to lead its students as to teach them how to walk by themselves. As a result, you will find them scattering in many different directions. The academic sign at the head of every path is always Pass at Your Own Risk.

This makes rather a serious business out of this matter of education. It means the boy must find his own ideals if he is to have any. If he succeeds in this fashion he has something permanent; if he fails—well, he fails, that is all. He will have that problem to wrestle with the remainder of his life.

I have tried to analyze from my own experience of the past few academic years just what effect this sort of training produces. Theoretically it is sound. The more a man knows, the better he should be able to judge; and life consists of nothing but a series of judgments. Looking about today, I feel that I am able to estimate the actions of men more fairly and tolerantly in the

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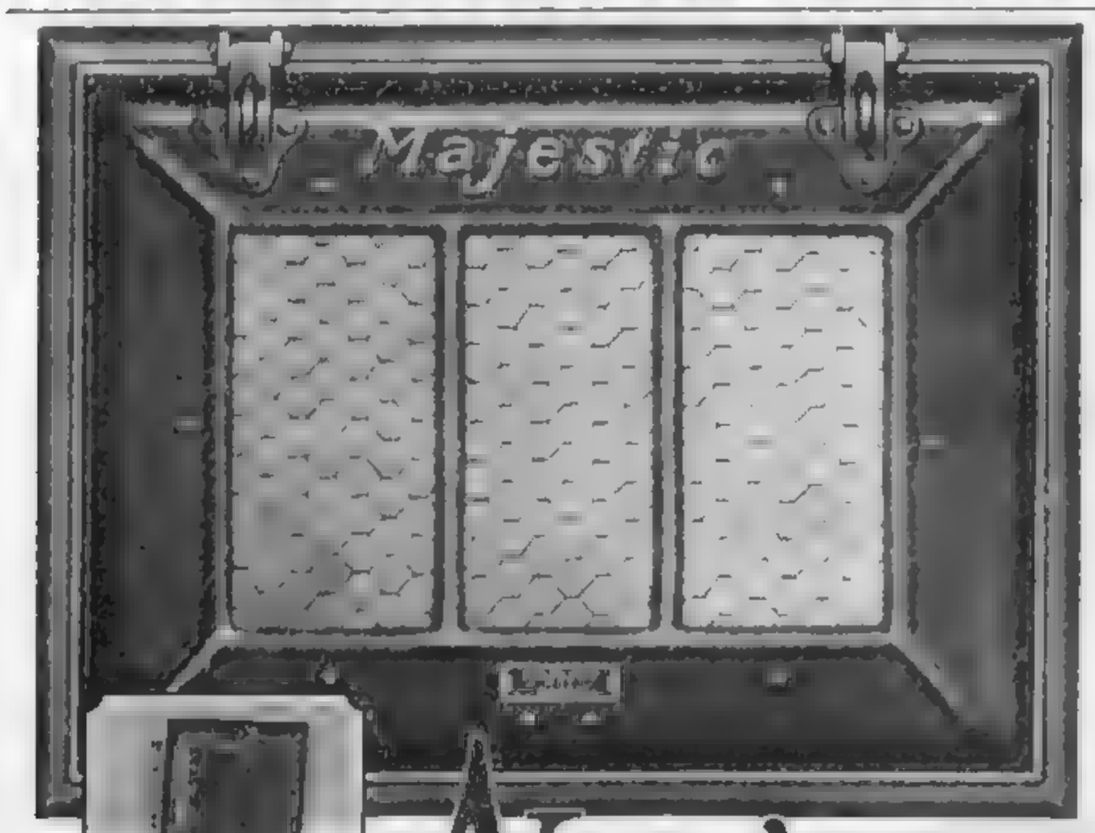

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light of the background of history I have acquired. I do not see why this should not hold true of the younger graduate, provided he remembers. And yet, in a way, this very tolerance tends to apathy. Not in this spirit have the great reforms leading to progress been undertaken. To see both sides of a question—and to cling with fiery zeal to the right—calls for a higher degree of spiritual power than most men possess. It is what makes Lincoln so great. More often it results in what Nietzsche describes as green-meadow happiness—an attitude of sunny or cynical indifference.

It is generally conceded that tolerance is a step forward in civilization, and yet we may as well face the fact that this high virtue may very easily degenerate into passivity unless accompanied by an equally high sense of justice. We must further face the fact that almost every great revolution has been effected by the intolerant—by the fanatical believers in their own righteousness. There is a driving force in bigotry, whether expressed in religion or politics or literature, that is often sadly lacking in liberal-mindedness. Breadth of vision plus enthusiasm is undoubtedly the ideal, but nothing is more difficult of attainment. As a rule, it is the enthusiasm which is sacrificed.

I have often wondered if this does not partly explain what has been called Harvard indifference—an attitude not altogether a myth and by no means limited to Harvard. Covering so much ground in necessarily so superficial a fashion—in spite of the new system of concentration—the undergraduate finds his interests scattered. He learns just enough to take the edge off some of his more youthful romantic conceptions of life without finding time to develop an adequate substitute. He becomes critical long before he is in any position to conceive any sound constructive policy. With the emphasis placed on the intellectual, the natural growth of the emotional side of his nature is checked. He is skeptical of enthusiasms and timid about expressing them. As a consequence, he assumes a worldly-wise pose of stolidness or seeks an outlet for this suppression in the field of radicalism, where, apparently, he feels he may run as wild as he wishes without compromising his intellectual standing. Here alone may he express individuality without fear of being dubbed a romantic dreamer.

There is no doubt in my mind that at this point something is lost. I am not sure but that, even at my age, I have had to pay part of the price of the inhibitive tendency of education. In a certain sense, the more we know, the less we dare. Or to paraphrase an old proverb, "Poets rush in, where scholars fear to tread." And after all, to venture is one of the functions of youth—perhaps one of the most important. "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions," said Joel. Modern scientific knowledge is not conducive to visions—except in the very great.

Source of Self-Consciousness

This may account, for all I know, for the curiously small number of college graduates in the creative arts. In my old class only one man who later won any distinction in imaginative work finished his course—and this one developed into a critic. The others dropped out, for one reason or another, before their junior year, and it was easier then to stay in than now. Of late years much time is given to a study of the technic of the arts, and yet most of the men and women who are actually producing are still pushing through the ranks outside our universities.

In looking back critically over my own life, I can say truthfully that I am glad I did not go on with my college education in 1896. As a writer, I should have lost something; something of freshness of point of view and something of self-confidence. One duty of the academic litterateur is, properly enough, to establish in his pupils the very highest standards of style and content by familiarizing them with the best that has been written. This ideal cannot, of course, be criticized; but too often it discourages the man of moderate talents from pursuing his own modest ends. To say that this is a justifiable result is not true. The lesser artists, even though not producing classics, have their function. However humbly, they are helping to interpret the life of their own day and generation. The writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, even though greater artists, do not suffice for the twentieth.

Even the cockiest of the undergraduate writers is a self-conscious workman. He has one eye on his classmates and another upon the English department. As a result few of them succeed in expressing themselves naturally and justly. I had an interesting example of that last winter

An undergraduate gave me a manuscript to read, and when I found time I picked it up with indifferent interest. It began in a formal stilted style and soon I discovered that I was dealing with unusual material. This boy, after serving in France, had become a linotyper, and as such knocked around from newspaper office to newspaper office in the manner of printers, until he had drifted from Norfolk to New York. He had less than a high-school education, but was alert and interested in life. While setting up copy of all sorts he had absorbed much of the content and had also acquired a taste for writing.

Cramping His Style

He became secretary to his union and was apparently settling down to his trade, when he saw a play of Shakspere produced. This awakened the artist in him. Night after night he attended this performance, and returning to his room committed the play to heart. Stirred to his very soul by the outlook this opened, he decided he would go to college in order to learn to write himself. It was a tremendous undertaking for him, but he saw it through and finally landed at Harvard. This manuscript was his story of that struggle.

The boy had ability, and from the point of view of a theme, this paper had been marked very properly A. He wrote smooth and correct English, and once fairly begun, he had disposed of his classical quotations and succeeded in dropping his affectations. And yet the paper as a whole was colorless. This was because of what he had omitted in fear of violating good taste. The vivid details that would have made him stand out as an unusual personality in an unusual situation he had deliberately suppressed. It was as a linotyper that he was interesting, but it was as a Harvard undergraduate that he was writing.

This shift of point of view was not the fault of the English department. There instructors always do what they can to encourage distinctive self-expression—make something of a hobby of it, in fact—but the thing simply cannot be done in a classroom. There is not only a different set of values here but a different atmosphere. It is like asking a rookie to be natural in the presence of his superior officers.

I have been amused, and irritated also, at my own reactions under these conditions. Again and again in the examination room I have become so self-conscious that my mind has literally gone blank. I would lose all sense of individuality and feel only like a student, aware of all my shortcomings from an academic point of view. Even before questions in my own field I often had stage fright at the thought that what I wrote was coming under the eyes of trained critics. On the whole, I think I suffered more from this sort of thing than the average undergraduate, who has the excuse of youth to fall back upon. It will take me a year or so after graduation to get over this feeling.

A college education, then, has some disadvantages. If it raises the level of the intellectual capacity of the average man, it is partly at the expense of certain other

(Continued on Page 193)

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* * * *

Left—A worsted jersey suit of solid color, with contrasting jersey collar and belt. It buttons down the front.

Center—A [illegible] worsted jersey [illegible], with contrasting top, and trunks with side stripe [illegible]

[illegible] rib knit worsted suit [illegible] Trunks [illegible] color top and skirt candy striped

Right—A piquant, flowered silk belted slip-over, with simple lines, but very smart

Right—This worsted jersey suit has broad striped shirt with solid color skirt and trunks: wide white belt

Center—A worsted jersey suit with godets and trimmings of striped jersey

Left—He wears a one piece worsted elastic rib knit suit with deep cut arm holes and narrow shoulder straps.

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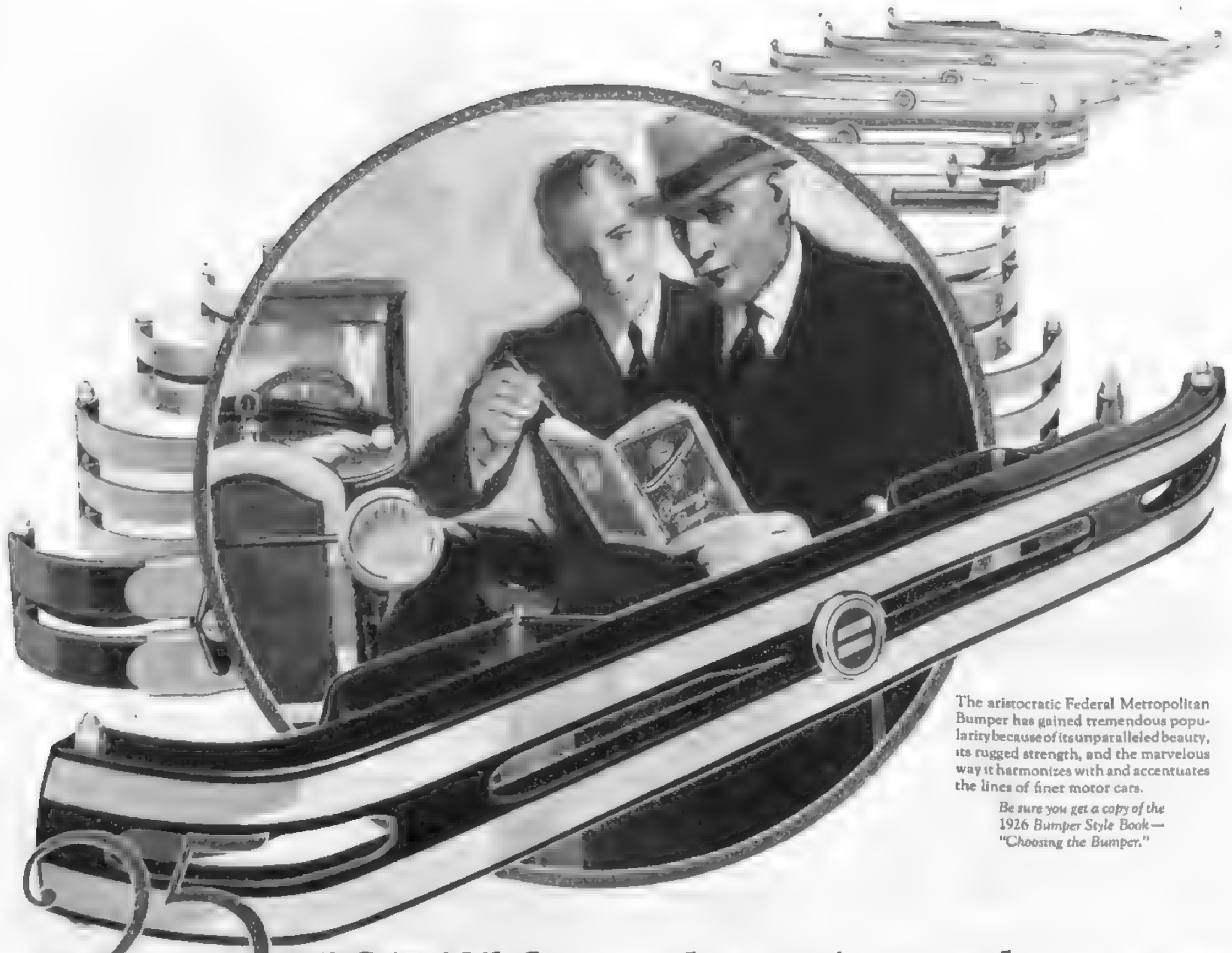

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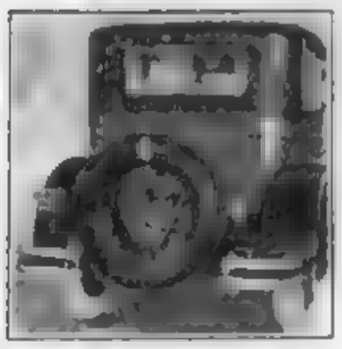

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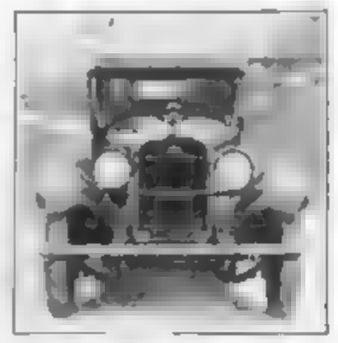

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FEDERAL BUMPERS

BUMPERS TO MATCH THE BEAUTY OF YOUR CAR

(Continued from Page 180)

very desirable qualities. It is difficult, for example, to imagine Abraham Lincoln as going through Harvard without coming out a loser, although he himself thought well enough of college to send his son there. This conclusion would hold true of Mark Twain or of Walt Whitman or any other man of distinctive original genius. I doubt, even, if so natural a scholar as Emerson benefited much from his college training, except that it spurred him on to attack the dusty academic traditions of his day.

Such men, being geniuses, are exceptions to all rules perhaps; but in a lesser degree, this same inhibitive influence is seen among men of smaller talent. I am beginning to wonder if there really exists that close union between truth—academic truth—and the sister virtues known as goodness and beauty, which we have so long accepted as traditional. As we develop our capacity for reasoning and build up our critical faculty, do we in the same ratio raise our ethical and æsthetic standards?

If we turn back to history for support of this theory we find an alarming number of exceptions. Many of the great thinkers of the past were surprisingly coarse rakes and blackguards. That holds true among scholars, artists and politicians. A cynical observer might make out a pretty good case on the thesis that the world owes its reforms as much to the villains as to the virtuous. Certainly, the biographies of many of our great artists would not make desirable additions to the old-time Sunday-school libraries. The careers of the great politicians and rulers of the past are equally destructive of many copy-book maxims.

These illustrations, of course, furnish no argument for the conclusion that ignorance is bliss or that greatness is wholly inconsistent with virtue. They simply point to the fact that there is no necessary corollary between a very high type of intellectual development and either character or culture. This is not an original observation, and yet I am amazed at the way in which this fact is constantly ignored both by educators and by the great body of parents who send their children to college. The assumption is still made, silently if not openly, that with a liberal education all the other virtues are automatically acquired.

Education a Route Guide

As a matter of fact, the modern university offers as little promise of this as the modern professional school—in some ways less—because in law and medicine men are taught to observe a limited code of professional ethics. It is possible for one to graduate from college without hearing the subject of ethics mentioned. Even if a student does enter a field where it is taken up as an academic study, he is apt to come out from such a course with the feeling that here is only one more theme for endless and futile debate.

Higher education today is concerned with the intellect alone. If we get hold of that fact we stand upon honest ground. The object of the curriculum is to spread before a young man as much data as possible in whatever field he chooses, and make him think this over and draw his own conclusions. On most subjects the faculty maintains a negative attitude. The professional staff is here to teach students to think and not to form their opinions. The latter every man makes at his own risk.

Obviously then, what this discipline does to the boy will depend upon the boy. Once his mind is awakened, the result is a gamble. He may turn out an idealist or a materialist; a conservative or a radical; a Republican or a Democrat; a cad, a gentleman or rotter, with or without culture. He may graduate with a conscience or no conscience at all, and his standards may be high or low or indifferent. The only fact his degree will indicate is that he has been given a fair opportunity to choose his path intelligently. Whether or not he does will depend upon a great many other subtle elements for which the university cannot hold itself responsible. The assumption which is made, however, that a man who thinks and who possesses the advantage of a knowledge of the past will on the whole handle himself better than the man who stumbles along blindly in the light of his own experience alone, would seem reasonable. At any rate, it is the assumption upon which civilization is based.

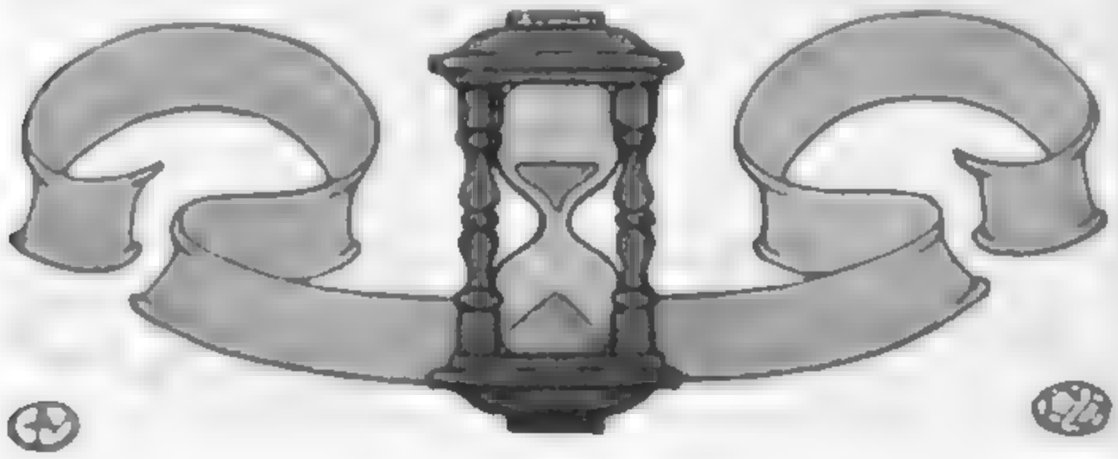
The Genius of Self-Development

Even if many men in college never learn to think very much, while some outside learn to think deeply and well, the percentage probably remains in favor of the collegian. If education is not a sure bet, it is the safer bet. If the very highest type of thinker is produced outside academic walls, the average is higher within. With conditions as they are today and as they appear to be tending, it would seem to be fair to predict this as holding increasingly true of the future. The press of incidental activities and the tension of modern business and professional life give a man little encouragement or leisure for the sort of slow education depending upon individual effort. Such a course of self-development produces, when successful, the finest results, but calls for a quality little short of genius.

In sending a boy to college then, most parents—of those who reflect upon the matter at all—are simply playing safe. However much faith they have in their children, they dare not trust their mental development to the sort of education which made Abraham Lincoln. Unfortunately, that sort of discipline no more guarantees results than a university training does. We have only to remember Lincoln's ancestry and relatives, whose names are preserved only because of one illustrious exception.

So far as we are able to judge today then, men progress faster when they are trained, through the medium of schools, to absorb the experience of others as written in books, and to apply this to the conduct of their own lives with a decent regard for the principles of rationality. If the results obtained seem pitifully small in comparison with the ideal, this at any rate is the surest method we know anything about at present. If, again, this involves dangers, so does any other plan so far devised by man. Perhaps the facing of danger is a necessary part of our education. If, too, this involves the sacrifice of some of the more subtle and delicate values, such as we see expressed through great poets and great spiritual leaders, education probably raises, even in this sphere, the general level of the average.

Neither Harvard nor any other college can promise to turn out either a scholar or a gentleman. They all, however, graduate annually a fair number of both. The weaklings—well, this is one way of uncovering the weaklings.



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ABSOLUTE' GUARANTEE' ANTIQUE, M'DAME!

(Continued from Page 10)

then call on Barney Flynn, a friend of mine in the furniture line and very, very artistic. I'd get Barney, who is under deep obligations to me—I'll say so, eh, Barney?—to set off the old hand-hewed beams of the living room with some of his snappiest up-to-the-minute goods, and mother would return and find herself relieved of the drudgery of picking out new furniture.

Before I could get mother away, however, business matters called me to a convention at Atlantic City. I returned to learn that while I had had my nose to the grindstone, down at this convention at Atlantic City all week, mother had been gallivanting the length of the road between Brielle and Doylestown, running daily on schedule. Scarcely waiting for the new varnish on my pet hardwood floors to jell, she had gayly gone forth in search of the hoary old highboy with the third drawer missing. Opposite the highboy reposed the darling old chest that little Uncle Elmer kept his guinea pigs in, out back of the barn, until he went away as a drummer boy and got plugged at Spotsylvania. Resting on top of the guinea pigs' pen was the matched pair of Colonial brass coal hods, one of them Italian, arranged on either side of the old pewter mush pan that somebody had unearthed when the ancient duck run was graded to build the garage. Oh, yes! All very arty.

Also some of my good money, I learned, had gone to buy a trailer to the car. Mother had found a new route, it seems, to Doylestown that ran through Freehold. Hence the trailer. Ever been there? It's worse than Doylestown. At Freehold they not only have all their own old stuff—or did, at least, until the missus acquired the freedom of the city—but they picked up everything that was hastily discarded from the British wagon trains when the redcoats had the rollers put under them at the Battle of Monmouth.

The Retreat From Moscow

In passing, let me interpolate right here that I began these remarks with the general idea of discussing the antique market in Europe, concluding with a brief narration of the frightful experiences attending a really serious happening when mother, just a few days ago, was intent upon some heavyweight collecting among peasant farmhouses on the wild cliffs above Nice. I shall come to that in a moment. If, in the meantime, I seem to overflow with thoughts about the way my new hardwood floors were messed up, back in Brielle, please bear with me briefly. These thoughts have been welling up in me for a long time, and the only way I can say my say round this shack is to wait for the midnight quiet that now surrounds me and then relieve myself at my typewriter.

But to come back to Freehold.

Freehold was almost directly responsible for our present sojourn in Europe. One incident on a stormy winter day at Freehold, at least, gave mother her first impetus toward her mania for the heavyweight collecting that in turn landed us over here. The missus, even back in those Freehold collecting days, was getting to be a pretty big girl to handle an impetus nimbly; nevertheless she took the new impetus on with a yell of delight, heard all over Freehold, when she stumbled upon an interesting bit of Continental field artillery. The Revolutionary field gun was, I believe, pure Chippendale artillery, with all the original dents in the original brass of the cannon and some of the spokes of the original wheels still intact, even after mother had embraced it.

I can still see ourselves coming home with the original Revolutionary field piece that blizzardy day, fighting our way along the original paving of the Upper Squankum Highway against a snowstorm that couldn't hit the ground in the high wind; the old car itself piled high with the incomplete remains of elegant kitchen Windsor chairs for our gleaming new living room; the trailer groaning under an authentic hired man's boudoir set of the Ezra Blah Period; the old brass field gun creaking along heavily behind, tied to the tail of the trailer; herself solidly breaking trail on ahead—there was just room left in the car for me to drive, standing up—and with her same original old hat blown askew by the storm into a sidewise Napoleonic effect. The retreat from Moscow.

"If you still could only get into your girlish Hepplewhite riding pants, ma," I remember calling to her from the wheel, "I could give you a leg up on the barrel of the cannon and ——"

A Coal Car for the Fireplace

That was as far as I got, which was farther than usual. Also as usual, the jesting did not get over. My stuff is too fast for her.

Late that night we finally got the old Revolutionary field piece home and into its present place of honor in the entrance hall, with the muzzle pointed toward the incoming guest. But that was the beginning of the end of my once beautiful hardwood floors—also the beginning of the end of my patience. To this day two authentic wheel ruts in my prized hardwood floors mark the passage of the cannon wheels the whole length of the entrance hall. Other deep ruts, curving off like railroad sidings, indicate where mother from time to time has picked up the big cannon by its tail and tried out its effect in new surroundings, only to trundle it back by the tail to its original resting place.

It was not long until the revamped cow stable was housing almost all the weightier museum pieces on the eastern Appalachian watershed of the United States, with mother beginning to work westward. Then one day, just a few months ago, I had an experience with mother among the crowds in the Grand Central Railroad Terminus, New York, that about definitely decided me to lure her to Europe.

We were crowding our way through the throng in the Grand Central Terminus when suddenly I found myself doing some of the talking. Once more mother had slipped her leash.

Without hesitation I climbed straight to the great balcony that overlooks the eastern edge of the big waiting room. It is on this balcony, doubtless you remember, that the railroad company has strung its interesting exhibition of original early American wood-burning locomotives and earliest Victorian freight and coal cars of other days. Mother was there. She was patting the original dirt on the original brake beams of the first coal car that ever hauled anthracite over the Erie to tide level. She was beginning to sob; and it is heart-rending to me to see a great big adult in tears, even when weeping for pleasure.

"Come, ma," I said gently, trying to lead her away. "These are real museum-piece locomotives and rolling stock. Even I, chummy as I am with the Vanderbilt boys, could never persuade them to sell a ——"

"Shut up!" she whispered reverently. And then she began to take measured paces the length of the nearest museum-piece coal car, her lips keeping count of each long, measured step.

Whenever mother begins to measure the length of a new find in paces I know that all bets are off. Our Brielle living room, back in its great days, held fourteen cows, not to mention stalls for the farm mules and other livestock. Bulk in an antique, therefore, never stops girlie. And she knows to

(Continued on Page 197)

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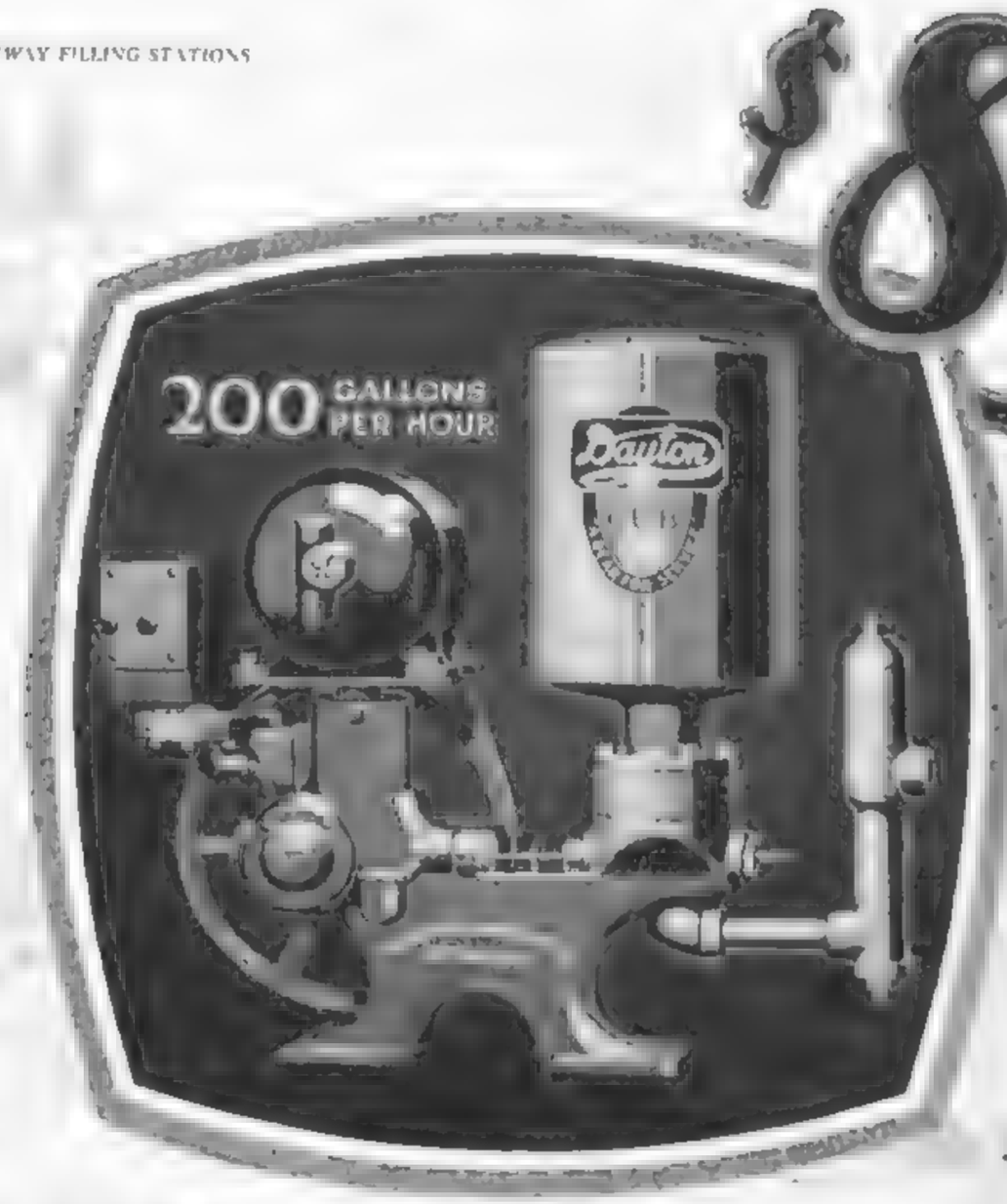

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Reo Motor Car Company
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(Continued from Page 194)

the fraction of a pace what the living room will hold. It seems impossible to fill it. I realized that fact particularly after mother had begun to collect her now nationally famous collection of earliest American curly-maple cigar-store Indians.

"Mother!" I began earnestly. "Surely you're not think——"

"Quiet! . . . Five—six—six and one-half paces. Yes, it would fit."

That final "would fit" from mother always means that it would—and does. If ever I find her pacing off a front elevation of the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris, I'm going to jump in and get an option on the site. Then I could do a little business there with a Paris friend of mine named Bill Hereford. Bill has an idea of opening in France a chain of street-curb wine-filling stations, on the same principle as our gasoline filling stations at home, with the same sort of tall, red, hand-pumping—— But I am not at liberty to go into the details of the venture.

Early American rolling stock now! If a mere piece of field artillery, which mother can swing round by its tail unassisted and I can almost move myself, had left my new floors looking like a railroad map of South Chicago, what would happen by the time the last of the coal cars had been shunted into the living room? My thoughts were bitter as we rode back to Brielle that night.

We were home before it flashed upon me that a sudden trip to Europe would at least postpone the new catastrophe. And it would not be so sudden. Weeks earlier, the missus herself had suggested a European trip. The idea had not appealed to me then and I had told her—rather gruffly, I fear—that the notion was ridiculous, thus ending the matter forever. But now

"I've been thinking, girlie," I artfully began, "that maybe there's something in this European idea of ——"

"Something in it!" she blatted. "Why, while you were gadding round Times Square this morning I was away down in lower Manhattan, visiting every steamship office in the Bowling Green district. Somebody has to do these things in our family. We sail over the southern route on the twenty-eighth."

Little did the poor simp realize that I was leading her by the nose. Now I had her exactly where I wanted her, so I didn't let out a chirp, but just let her go on thinking the whole idea was hers. A little of this sort of kidding 'em along diplomatically at times does no harm.

Some Old-World Antiques

We sailed over the southern route on the twenty-eighth, as we had planned. We must have been four or five days at sea before a brand-new thought one afternoon all but knocked me off the boat deck. For the first time it had flashed clearly upon me that the Eastern Hemisphere is bounded on the west by the Rock of Gibraltar—one of the bulkiest antiques in the dealers' catalogue—and then runs eastward all the way to the original Great Wall of China, with the intervening real estate all cluttered up with some fairly authentic pyramids and Giants' Causeways that would make Plymouth Rock itself look like a gnat's egg, fresh laid. And I had thought myself a smart little fellow when luring her unsuspectingly to Europe!

On our way to the port of Genoa, our port of debarkation, we had only a few afternoon hours at Naples; nevertheless at Naples we had to buy another trunk to hold the new loot. In other words, before really landing in Europe at all, we had a trunkful of weighty antique knickknacks, mostly beaten iron and bronze stuff. With a fair sea running during the trip up to Genoa, all night long our stateroom was clanking like a steel salesman showing goods in the sample room of a locomotive works.

Once we had actually settled ourselves in comparative permanence on Riviera soil, permitting mother to squint about a bit, her emotional state grew alarming. The little villa we rented stands on what is left of the original old pike that ran from Rome into ancient Gaul. In the next house to ours but one, Julius Cæsar used to live. The most recent gossip about the villa right next to us is that one night when Abelard was renting the place for the season, Héloïse and a girl friend who —— But let bygones be bygones.

Anyway, during our own first days on the old Roman road there were times when mother almost could not talk. You know how scared you get when you see your child, laid low with whooping cough or croup, pull in its breath and then gasp unsuccessfully to let go again. That's the way girlie was taken. Sometimes I was frightened; and you can't wallop girlie smartly on the back to bring her breath back again the way you can slam at a child. At least I can't. And except for the fact that it was not long before mother had regained her full powers of speech, things began steadily to go from bad to worse—so far as my peace of mind was concerned, at any rate—until the recent bloody and bloodcurdling tragedy, high on the sheer cliffs back of Nice, brought a terrible end to mother's title of champion heavyweight collector.

Marble-Top Tables

Long before the tragic ending—I'll come to the tragedy, by the way, in just a moment—poor mother had begun to change her whole mental attitude toward the American antiques which, but a few weeks before, she had thought so beautifully aged. One day of messing round the far more ancient junk of Southern Europe and mother was classing Fraunce's Tavern, the Woolworth Building, William Penn's old place on the Schuylkill, and Doug and Mary's new Hollywood bungalow as all belonging to about the same period.

"Girlie, the first Napoleon ——" I'd begin—merely begin.

"Not interested," she'd finish, always with the same finality with which she used to deliver that speech in antique shops. In fact toward the last mother's conversation sounded more and more as if I were just another dealer trying to put something over on her.

A few days before the final tragedy, I remember, I used to see her peering into the abandoned interiors of one or another of the old olive mills that clutter the terraced groves in the hills of the Riviera. Her accurate eye, I could see, was gauging the weight and circumference of the mossy old mill wheels, once used to crush oil from the olives. The wheels are comparatively thin slabs of stone, but they are about six feet, maybe more, in diameter. She murmured one day that one of the great wheels would make a unique top for a tea table on the lawn of our Brielle place.

"Then you'll have to grow even more childish than you are now, girlie, and roll it home like a hoop."

That, at least, was the thought that came to my mind. In the light of what so soon was to happen, up on the cliffs beyond Nice, I am just as glad now that I kept my temper that day and remained silent.

In one ghastly moment mother's Riviera collecting was finished before she had a chance to acquire one of the big wheels from the olive-oil mills, but in the last days she was making great strides with her collection of olive-oil jars of ancient make. You've seen them pictured in Maxfield Parrish's stuff—great earthen jars ranging in height from the comparatively small boys' and misses' size jars, merely three or four feet tall, up to the really enormous jars reaching almost to girlie's waistline.

When we started out on the fateful day that ended so tragically, mother had fairly well cleaned up the foothills of the Maritime Alps from Mentone westward to Nice. Owing to the nature of the stuff, most of it was necessarily stored out in the garden of our villa, almost all the gems running to heavier earthenware, ironmongery and the

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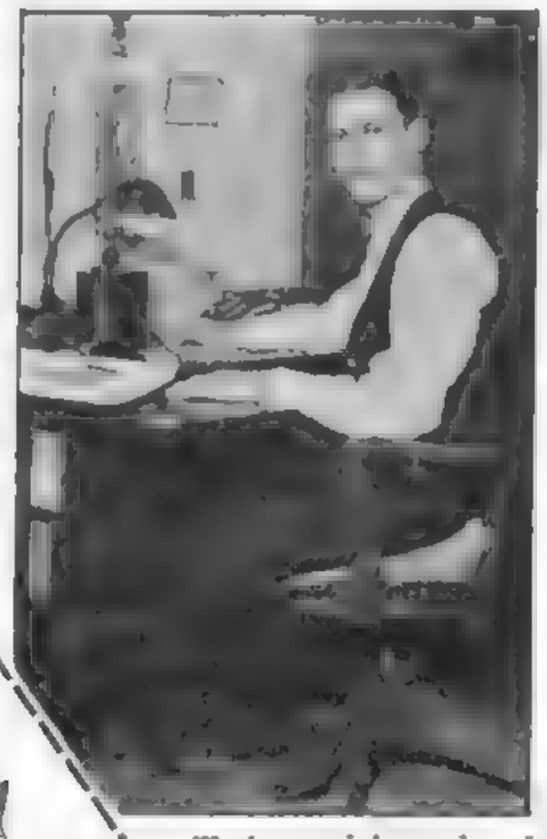

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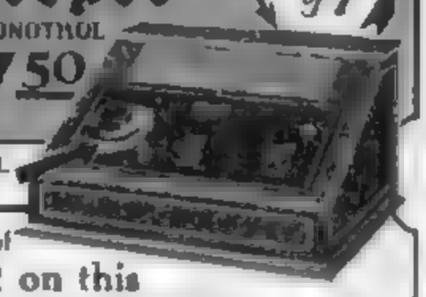

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stonemason's art. Well do I remember now that, glancing back over the collection as we started off from the villa, I was strangely impressed by the striking resemblance of the villa front yard to the display yards of the tombstone merchants that line the approaches to all eastern Brooklyn. A portentous thought, it proved to be.

Mother was helping me up a mule path, high above Nice, when the great moment came, and as we climbed we were thoughtlessly chatting—at least mother was. She was looking for a bird bath for our Brielle lawn that day—also for anything else lying loose, but particularly for a mossy old bird bath of stone.

"All I ask," she was saying, as she pushed me on up the mule path, "is something small enough to label, One Ancient Roman Nursery Bath, Work of Art, circa 240 B. C., or something like that, so that I can get it into New York as a work of art more than a hundred years old, duty free. If I "

Mother had suddenly interrupted even herself. There was silence behind me, except for one short, sharp cry, a crunching of loose stones on the mule path, the last rattle of pebbles rolling far down the path and over the edge of the cliff—and girlie was gone.

The seconds that followed are blurred in my mind. I now recall that moments passed before I could bring myself to step to the cliff edge and peer down below upon the great rocks lying a sickening distance beneath me. A moment later the second shock came, when, even as I still looked downward in a daze, the dear voice of girlie suddenly began to boom through the Alps. Not fifty feet back of me she was shouting her triumph in tones that made rock cliffs reecho.

"E-e-e-e-yow!" she was saying. "I've found it—here, in this cow yard!"

It seems that beyond a low wall, fifty feet back from the cliff edge, she had spied a stone cow trough and had scrambled over the wall to get it. I swung round from the cliff at her cry of delight. As I turned, mother was charging across the cow yard and was snatching the stone trough right from under the nose of a thoroughly startled French bovine.

A Useful Virtu

The next instant my blood froze again. One glance and I realized that the cow was a bull. Mother didn't. And there stooped mother, actually butting the wet nose of a savage big bull aside with her crimson-clad shoulder and snatching the bull's food from under him.

No bull will stand for anything like that, not even from mother. One snort and the bull was all set for action. And I was helpless; who would be left to care for our children? So I stood rooted to the mule path, my brain instantaneously picturing the terrible thing soon to happen. It happened within seconds, but my brain picture, terrifying as it was, was mildness itself compared to the reality.

My last conscious memory of the scene is that mother seemed suddenly to have sensed in some occult way that the cow was a bull. She stood there, I now recall vaguely, swinging the stone cow trough high above the oncoming horns of the savage beast, both feet braced in her always magnificent golf stance, her splendid back muscles drawn tight to put all her stuff into the wallop. And I could see she was losing her temper. I tried with one last supreme effort to stop her by shouting. Then, so they tell me, I fainted.

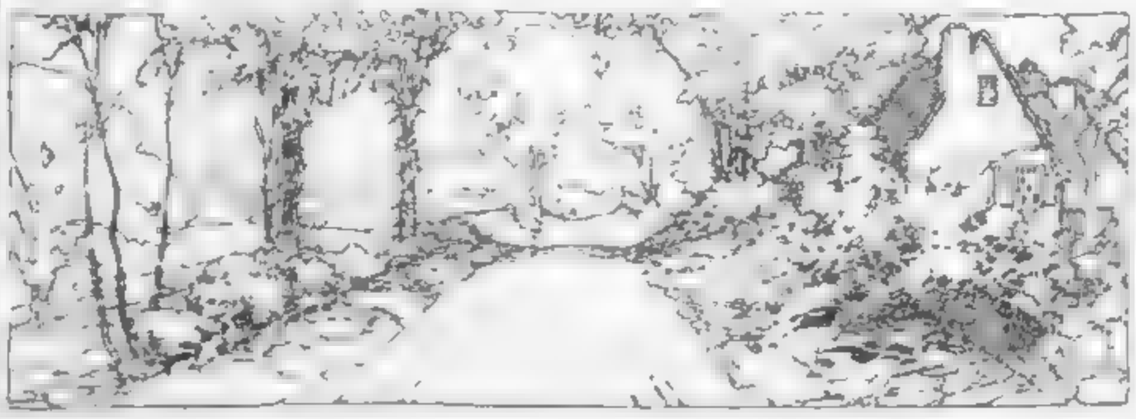
When I revived it was too late. The consequences were even worse than my brain had been picturing them before I had lost consciousness. I had been basing my brain picture, I soon was to learn, upon a wholly inadequate conception of the qualities of thrift in these French farmers' characters. At the moment mother had first begun seriously to mix it up with the bull I had been basing my mental terrors, I'm afraid, merely upon what had happened financially to Billy Irvine, a Brielle friend of mine, a few summers ago when Bill was motoring through France, heading for Italy. Bill's roadster had flattened out merely a part of a French farmer's rooster; yet when Bill had finally paid the last itemized bill for damages his finances were such that he had to cut out the trip into Italy. And Billy Irvine had merely dented a part of the rooster. Here was a complete bull!

How to Get Rid of Antiques

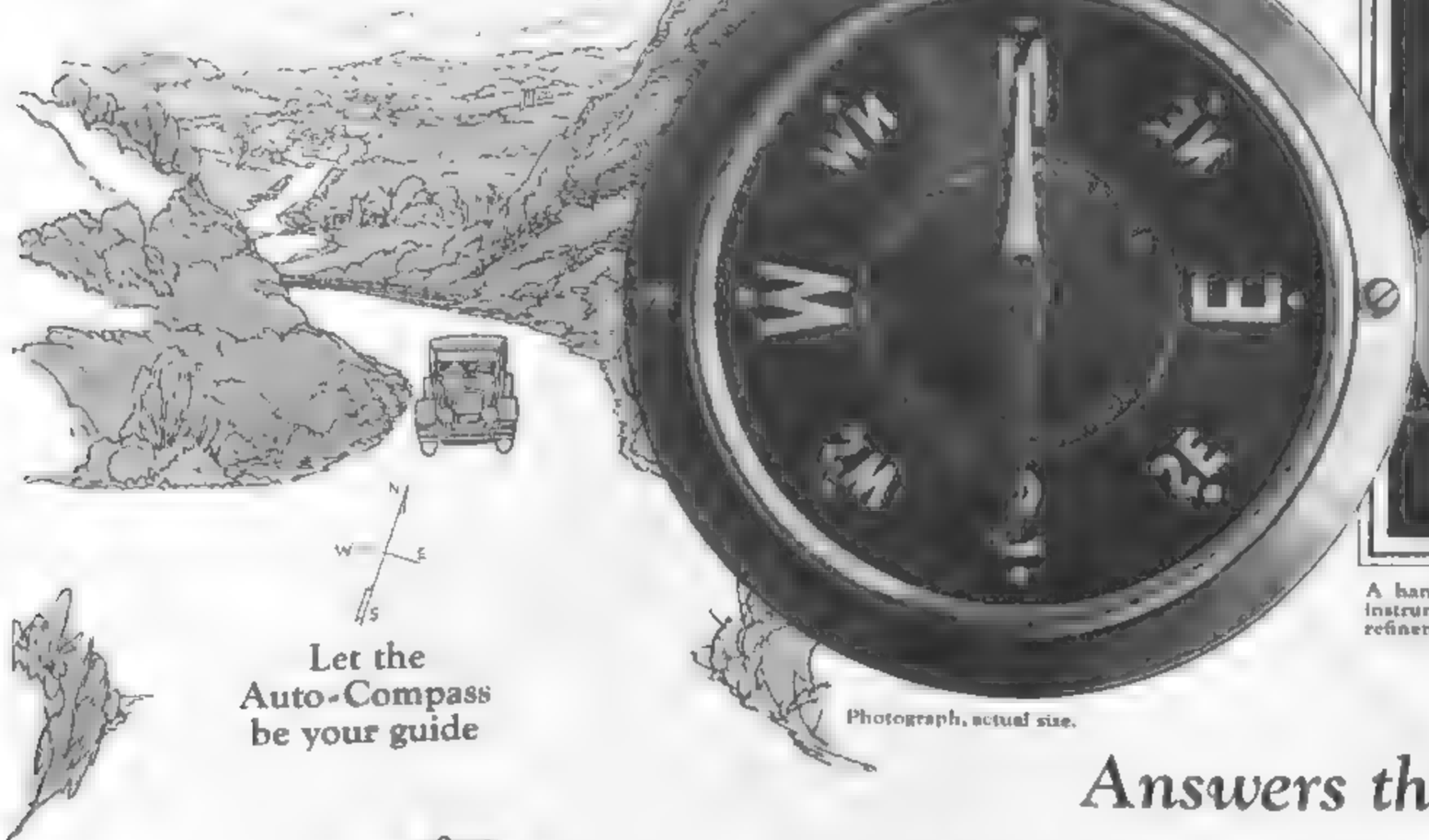
Worse still, this French farmer who owned the late bull has a son-in-law in Nice who is a struggling young French lawyer. Before nightfall on the day of the fatality, son-in-law had hastily closed his place in Nice and had moved his whole family up to father-in-law's farm, the better to take up a new career of expertly assisting father-in-law in compiling the bill against me for the bull and allied damages. And not since Napoleon's body was brought back from St. Helena for interment beneath the dome of the Invalides has the French nation seen a state funeral so impressive as the one accorded the bull. I didn't attend the obsequies; the statement is based solely upon a quick glance I have given to the first rough draft of the preliminary bill for damages submitted by the late bull's owner.

And mother is fit to be tied. In the first place, although there may have been enough of the bull left to bury, nothing of mother's weapon—the lovely old cow-trough antique that was to be the pride of our lawn at Brielle—was ever found again after the first fierce wallop. Then more trouble when I saw the total of the farmer's preliminary bill for damages and told him to go chase himself up a cliff. Lawyer Son-in-Law promptly habeas corpused or liened on—whatever you call it—all our chattels here, which included, of course, mother's entire stoneyard collection of European antiques. Many times, to compute conservatively, I have seen mother in one of her pets, but never anything like this.

We are waiting now merely for a night when the moon has waned a bit more. Then we shall flivver up the Alps along a back road and slide down the other side for a few weeks of Switzerland. Thereupon the owner of the late bull, no doubt, will annex mother's entire collection of antiques here, but that's all right with me. My only regret is that I'll not be on the job here when the farmer arrives at his tumble-down shack in the hills with his first load of mother's antiques. I've met the farmer's wife. She has broken into my bedroom here more than once to present her own personal side bill for damages. And I don't like her husband. I'd give a good deal for a ring-side seat when she catches friend husband in the act of trying to unload mother's stuff on her.



Now—Which Way?



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The Poets' Corner

Manhattan Transfer

SOMEONE has planted locust trees, feathery and fair,
Along the crowding rows of track so straight and bare;
The wind moves them, alive and free they stand in beauty there.

Beneath the rails lie other trees, steel pierced and bound;
Rigid they hold the rigid rails; they make no sound,
For they are dead. Sunlight and leaping air to them can bring no play;
Their sap is dry, their living hewn away.
Man's need required them, and so closed their day.

Is it in envy that their dead eyes see
The lusty leaves beside them, green and free?
Do they not long to be
Again that fairest thing, a growing tree?
Or do they murmur: "Brothers, we are close kin in giving—
Service we give to mankind, service and duty;
We our dead strength and you your quickened beauty,
And in your beauty we behold our own lost beauty living."

—*Sophie Kerr.*

Interlude

A Woodman's Requiem

THE pack is too hard on the shoulders,
The feet are too slow on the trail,
The log that was blazing but smolders,
And gone is the zest from the tale
Then why should we wistfully tarry,
Old comrades, grown feeble and few?
Come, rest on the shore of the carry
And wait for the silver canoe.

The silver canoe—and who guesses
What paddle is plied at the stern?
It comes in the silence that blesses
Through forests of cedar and fern;
It comes, when the twilight is fading,
Through shadow to moonlight, and then
It goes with its earth-weary lading
From moonlight to shadow again.

It glides to a lake of the mountains,
As blue as the skies that are fair,
And fed by the purest of fountains,
A lake of the woodlands—and there,
Oh, pathfinder, cragsman, frontiersman,
Your cabin is ready for you;
For peace is the goal of the steersman,
The bourn of the silver canoe.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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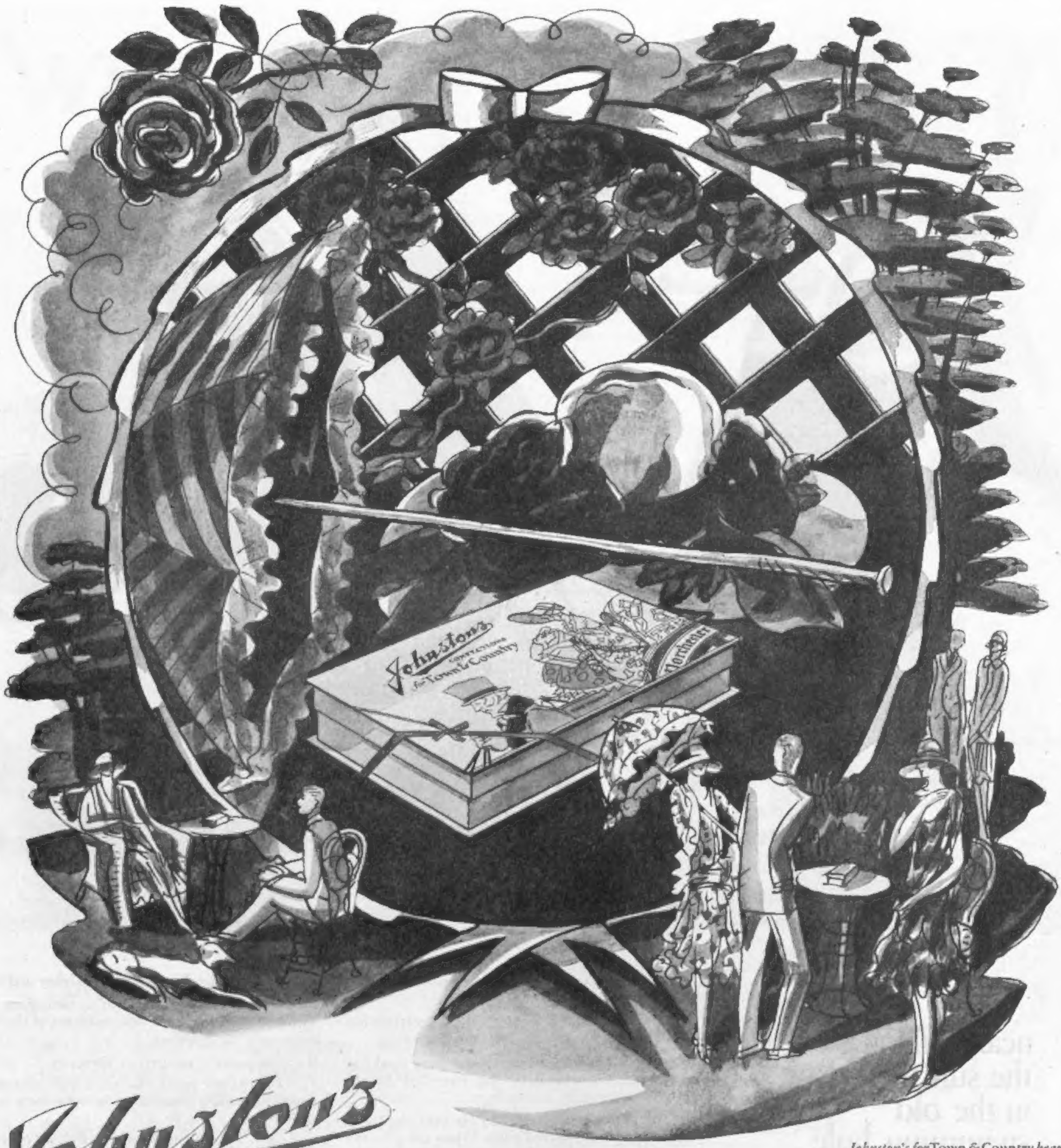

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES *for Town & Country*

Johnston's for Town & Country *beautifully packaged, at one dollar the pound . . . Among others, the Choice Box, 20-Odd, Quintette, Peacock, etc., at $1.50 a pound—Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at $2 a pound.*

For glorious summer days with a carefree companion, take Johnston's for Town & Country. An enticing array of delightful summer candies to pass vacation hours . . . Whether it's tennis or golf, dancing or riding or driving . . . whether you swim or only like to watch . . . you'll like Johnston's for Town & Country . . . As a week-end gift, or with your thank-you note . . . worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

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You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

TO·THE·MAN·OF·ACTION

Telephone your silverware dealer for an evening's FREE inspection of the set of silverware he recommends

DEAR SIR:

May we make this suggestion:

Please don't theorize about your wife's silverware needs. Her silverplate must live with her for a lifetime. The question is too big to be left to conjecture.

She wants correctness and smartness in the pattern, lasting beauty in the finish, and right balance and adequacy in the selection of pieces.

The beauty and design she can appraise with her eye. But will she know what is *beneath* it?

Your silverware merchant knows. Make him your friendly counselor. He has lived with silverware for years.

He knows the one make that has been the world's standard in quality and character for over seven decades.

Tell him to send over to you for an evening's inspection, the set he personally sponsors as the best for your home — in value, style, beauty and durability.

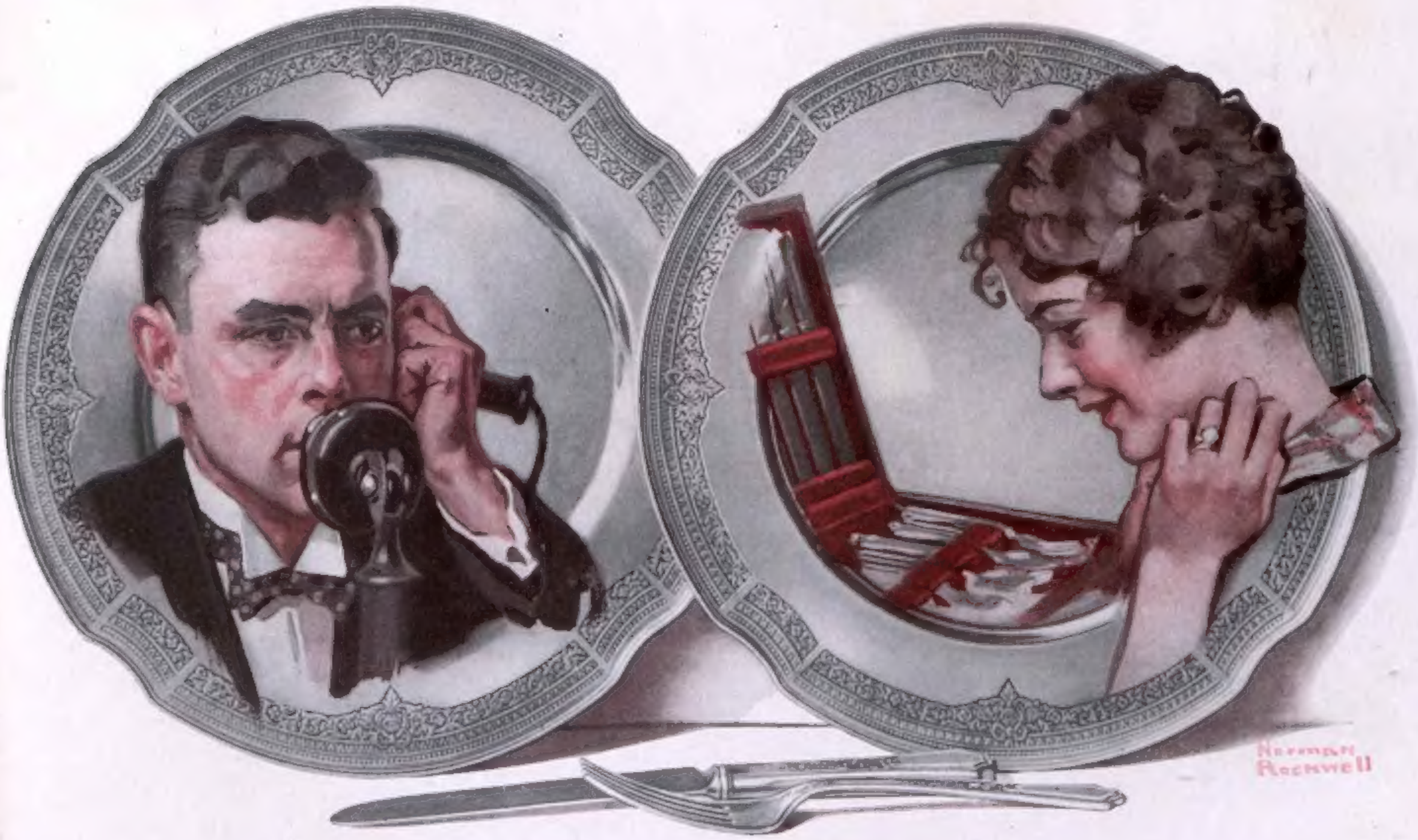
Ask him to include a Tea Service and a selection of Dinner Ware, all in a pattern to match that of the knives, forks and spoons.

This is the businessman's way of settling the silverware question, quickly and decisively. We'll abide by your dealer's selection.

* * *

MAY WE SEND YOU THAT FAMOUS BOOK "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense"?

Copy of this charming little brochure is yours for the asking... Ask for booklet T-90. International Silver Company, Dept. E., Meriden, Conn.



·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

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SALESROOMS:
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CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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A SUMMER night in the full of the moon. The right partner. Music as mellow as moonlight itself. Marvelous music, by a marvelous instrument—the new Orthophonic Victrola. *Never* have you heard music reproduced like that before. And in no other way *can* you hear it.

Why is this? Because the Orthophonic Victrola is scientifically correct in principle and in design and is the only reproducing instrument embodying the wonderful new discovery—"matched impedance"—which permits the smooth, uninterrupted flow of sound . . . *flawless* reproduction. This new scientific principle is controlled exclusively by Victor.

The Orthophonic Victrola is easy to operate. Record stops automatically. No springs to wind, when equipped with the new, perfected, concealed electric motor ($35 extra). Play it . . . and dance!

Unfailing entertainment for yourself and your friends is yours through the new Orthophonic Victrola and the new Victor Records. There's a wide choice of models, from $300 to as low as $85. Go to the Victor dealer's today and let your *ears* tell you there is nothing to compare with this *anywhere!*

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